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From a painting by Hans-Dahl.

Country Courtship in Norway.

VILLAGE LIFE IN NORWAY.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

THE sense of the picturesque is an entirely modern sentiment. Norway, which is, by common consent, the most picturesque country in Europe, if not in the world, was by travelers in the eighteenth century described as an ugly country, full of steep black rocks, of wild aspect, and intersected by somber fiords and icy rivers. We should probably quarrel with such a description now. From the individual point of view it may be perfectly true. And yet the man who should, in the present century, indulge in such language would write himself down a callous and prosy dullard. To the utilitarian eighteenth century, only that which was useful was beautiful; and picturesqueness in a landscape was held to be synonymous with fertility. Therefore Denmark, which is

monotonously flat and fruitful (reminding one, in its general features, of the state of Ohio), was greatly admired and its beauty extolled in prose and verse.

It is not to be denied that Norway, from the utilitarian point of view, has been treated by nature with scant favor, and whatever has been accomplished there has been done in the face of heavy odds. The sterility of the soil compels the peasants in the northern and northwestern provinces to cultivate large areas, or to pick up the small patches capable of cultivation which may be scattered, with long intervals, over widest stretches of country. Under such conditions the rural village, with its clusters of farmhouses, such as we know them in England, Denmark, and Germany, becomes an impossibility; and the peculiar features of life which village communities foster are conspicuous by their absence. The nearest approach to them is to be found in the more fertile southern and south-eastern districts where the farms lie close together, and neighborly intercourse is easy and frequent. Moreover the excellent roads, in the building of which the government has employed the best engineering talent, encourage the social impulses of the people by obviating the difficulties which the distances would otherwise place in their way. Another circumstance which militates against the formation of rural villages is the absence of a nobility and feudal land tenure. The Norwegian peasants own the soil which they cultivate, and have no rent to pay to landlords; but they frequently let out portions of it to small tenants, called housemen, who pay their rent by working a certain number of days or weeks every year at the farm. These housemen, who belong to the poorest class, correspond in

economic regard to the agricultural laborers in England; though they are in point of education, intelligence, and general worth usually superior to the latter: for the religious instruction, preparatory to the first communion,

which until recently was compulsory in Norway, had the wholesome effect of preventing any part of the population from sinking into absolute ignorance and sloth. The state not only supplies an elementary education, scant though it may be; but it compels each one to avail himself of the opportunity to obtain it.

In giving the reasons for the absence of the rural village in Norway, I have taken care not to deny altogether the existence of village life, but it is worthy of note that the Norwegian village is not rural but commercial. It consists usually of a single street with a



A village belle.

score of mechanics' and tradesmen's houses, a squat little church, with a tower like a candle snuffer, and perhaps a cemetery, with decrepit wooden crosses and moss-grown headstones. The people who live here are not peasants, but mostly hucksters and small dealers in dry goods, drugs, and groceries who eke out a scanty living by trade and barter with the peasants for the most indispensable commodities. If the village is on the coast, the great staple of commerce is, of course, fish, particularly cod and herring. The merchant, having perhaps saved up a modest capital, equips boat guilds for the annual cod and herring fisheries, and either pays the crews wages, or (what is more common) agrees to take their haul at a specific price, and to grant them a share of the proceeds. A certain amount of speculation necessarily enters into these bargains; for the catch of a fishing season is as uncertain as next year's weather, and the risk which it en-

tails has to be so distributed that loss as well as gain may be equitably proportioned. But for all that, it is always the merchant who grows rich on fish, and never, in a single instance that I know of, the fisherman. The former may also be beggared, to be sure, if he is rash and sanguine, and fails to take into account all the factors that may and will affect the market; for the silvery herring is the most slippery fish that swims the sea and slides up and down the financial scale with a dexterity and speed which are ruinous to the man who is on the wrong side of the market. Many of the tactics of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce and the New York Stock Exchange are familiar, on a smaller scale, to the Norwegian fish speculator, who buys the herring in the sea that may never be caught and gambles on the chance of a scant or an abundant supply, being "long"



A country fiddler.

or "short" of herring and cod, as our brokers are of wheat or "industrials" or railway shares. Expedients of more than doubtful morality are often resorted to to cripple a rival, or to send a competing boat guild on a wild-goose chase.

The favorite device for this purpose is the "herring lie" (*Sildeløgn*). It is a well-known fact that the herring is far less regular in its habits than, for instance, the cod, and is by no means sure to return to last year's spawning grounds. About the time when it is expected, the whole population is on the alert watching for herring visions, *i. e.*, indications of the approach of the schools. Spouting whales and dolphins and a screaming cloud of gulls and cormorants whirling over the water constitute a reliable "vision." But in a country where dolphins, whales, and sea birds of all kinds are abundant, it is easy to make a mistake. Like fire in withered grass the report that the herring has come spreads up and down the coast, and presently the sea is covered with boats scudding along, with every rag of sail unfurled to the breeze. Every one is anxious to be first on the spot; and the feverish rivalry often results in accidents. Before the extension of the telegraph to the extreme north, the herring lie flourished; and it was no uncommon thing for a fleet of boat-guilds, numbering many hundred people, to be sent on a wild-goose chase in the very opposite direction from where the herring had actually arrived, while the well-informed (who had probably started the lie) stole away under cover of night to the fishing grounds and reaped a silvery harvest. The very fact that so many people were concerned in the rumor, each man having eagerly repeated it without thought of harm, made it next to impossible to trace a herring lie to its source; and the immunity which "herring liars" enjoyed made the practice disastrously common. Now, however, the telegraph and the official government fish inspectors have sadly interfered with the business. Of course, it is still possible to lie by telegraph, though not without putting one's self on record and risking official contradiction.

The life in a Norwegian coast village during the fishing season is unique and interesting. On the beach are enormous mountains of the fish-heads and other remains, which before they are removed exhale a most unpleasant odor. This odor, however, in greater or less potency pervades the air everywhere and appertains to everybody and everything. The girls smell of fish, the wind is laden with the same penetrating perfume, and you yourself, whether you know it or not, have not remained twenty-four hours in the village be-

fore you are redolent, like the rest, of cod and herring. And it is not only the nose but the eye as well which is assailed by perpetual suggestions of the fishing industry. Miles and miles of nets are festooned on stakes along the beach; and all along the water front sea-booths and salting establishments receive the cargoes of the returning fishermen, and every man, woman, and child who is not otherwise engaged is pressed into service to cleanse the fish, deposit it in brine, and nail up the barrels for foreign export. It is particularly half-grown girls (the so-called *Ganepiger*) who are employed in the cleansing, and their pay used to be, in my childhood, ten cents a day, without board. Of recent years, I am told, wages have been increased in this as well as in all other branches of labor; though, I fancy, those of the *Ganepiger* do not even now exceed twenty cents.

The herring fisheries of which I have been speaking, occur in the summer and autumn, and women as well as men participate in them. For the herring always seeks sheltered ground for spawning, and is caught in the fiords and straits between the western islands. I have often seen the sea so jammed with herring that the boat could only with difficulty make its way through the schools, and you could stand in the bow, and with a landing net scoop up the fish until your cargo reached to the gunwale. But, at the cod-fisheries, I have been told (though

The prosperity of the whole coast population is more or less dependent upon the cod fisheries, the financial value of which usually



Hiterdal Church.

exceeds that of the herring fisheries. But, on the other hand, the hardships and dangers connected with the former also exceed, in a far higher degree, those of the latter. For, in the first place, the cod arrives in the stormiest season of the year (usually late in January), and secondly, he does not run into the fiords to be caught, but has to be sought far out in the open ocean.

The Loffoden Islands on the north-western coast of Norway, have the richest cod fisheries in Europe, and probably in the world; and there the peasantry from all the surrounding districts and from remote parishes as well, rendezvous in the middle of winter. Temporary villages, consisting of rude booths for the shelter of the men, spring up in every convenient harbor. They are not luxuriously appointed, these low, turf-thatched huts; for existence is here reduced to



Dairy huts in the mountains.

I have never seen it), it occurs at times that the boat actually does stick on mountains of fish, and the nets break like spider webs under the enormous weight of their drafts. There are, however, cod lies as well as herring lies, and this may be one of them.

the most primitive conditions. The earthen floor is trampled hard by iron-heeled sea-boots, and exhibits no other furniture than a bench in front of the berths, which are built in tiers, as on a ship. The hearth is often chimneyless and the smoke escapes through a

hole in the roof. A dense composite odor, the chief ingredients of which are tarred boots, wet clothes, and various human exhalations, makes the air well-nigh unbreathable; and it gives one the measure of the hardness of these people that they are able, not only to support existence, but to be healthy and cheerful amid surroundings which would justify a dog in growling against Providence and a pig in entertaining Mallock's doubt as to "the livableness of life."

It is a beautiful sight to see the fishing fleet start out to sea in the early morning. Singly or in companies of three, four, or half a dozen, the boats come scudding along with the one square sail set, until the whole sea seems covered, and a jagged line of masts defines the western horizon. When they have reached the fishing grounds, they let the sails drop; the hooks are baited and the lines are flung overboard. Those who have had nets set over night haul them in and row home, returning later in the day; for in order to give the deep line fishers a chance, the law prohibits the encumbering of the sea with nets during the daytime.

There are now government signal stations

cial "probabilities" are extremely fallible, often weakening whatever confidence people might repose in them by prophesying storms which fail to make their appearance; and failing to prophesy those which make widows and orphans by the score. It was only last year that a calamity of this sort made havoc in many humble homes in the north of Norway. Day after day and night after night every knoll and rock about the fishing villages would be crowded with anxious women, spying along the horizon for a glimpse of the well-known sail which they were never to see again. At the end of a week or two an arm or a leg with a sea-boot on would perhaps drift ashore and would be recognized by some mark by one of the many mourners. And then a funeral would be held over that ghastly remnant; and hymns would be sung and tears shed, and a lugubrious feast prepared in honor of the dead.

It is, in fact, regarded as a normal death to end one's life in the waves. I remember, as a boy of fourteen, visiting a relative of mine who was a clergyman in the north of Norway. Being greatly struck by the small number of graves in the cemetery, and those,



Arrival at church. A Norwegian scene.

From a painting by Hans-Dahl.

along the coast, which give warning of the probable state of the weather. But for all that, scarcely a year passes without a multitude of accidents. As we all know, such offi-

as the headstones showed, nearly all of women and children, I asked my kinsman, jocosely, if the men were immortal in his parish.

"No," he answered gravely; "but the greater portion of them are buried without benefit of clergy."

"How do you mean?" I asked, much mystified.

"There," he said, pointing with his stick toward the ocean, "there is their cemetery."

As I am in the chapter of personal reminiscence, I may as well relate in the first person my impressions of the queer little malodorous village in which I spent two weeks of almost ecstatic delight. In the first place the sea-booths were an enchanted realm; and to be hoisted up from the first to the second floor by a pulley, sitting astride a barrel, was an excitement of which I never wearied. And the rats, of which there was an abundant supply, invested the place with an added charm. To see them scurrying from corner to corner, or watch their domestic economy through cracks in the floor, was an unending source of entertainment. On the slope above the village was a kind of scaffolding with roofs, but without walls, used for drying and curing the salted cod, and there were times (though not during my visit), when all the rocks for half a mile would be covered by split fish.

There were a physician, a country dealer in all commodities, and a smith who was also carpenter, watchmaker, and dentist; and each one of them was a pronounced and interesting character. The physician, I remember, had a grievance against the government because it did not suppress quackery with the strong arm of the law. For, he confided to me, there was a certain "wise woman" in the

place who professed to cure by charms, incantations, and herbs that had grown under the gallows' tree or on the grave of a beheaded murderer. And whether I would believe it or not, the people in their gross superstition went to consult her even in the gravest cases;

and accepted it as the inscrutable will of God when she killed them.

My vividest recollection however, is the quaint old church where I sat with the pastor's family in the "genteel pew" and listened to the most solemnly discordant singing that ever assailed a sensitive ear. The school-master who was also sexton and cantor tried his best to keep the straggling voices together; but his own voice, though powerful, was neither true nor melodious; and its only virtue was a hearty sincerity and devotion which in a measure made up for

its musical shortcomings. Mr. Gladstone, who some years ago attended service in a Norwegian village church of this order, declared himself greatly impressed by the harsh solemnity and earnestness of the worship.

The query frequently occurs to me, when considering rude and simple lives like those of the Norwegian fishermen, whether they ought to be condoled with or congratulated on the smallness of their wants, the fewness of their demands, and their fatalistic acceptance of their lot, be it hard or easy. As I always answer this question in accordance with my mood, I shall have to refer its final decision to that agreeable figment of an author's brain, "the gentle reader."



Running on skes. Winter sport in Norway.

AMERICAN CHARITY MOVEMENTS.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN H. FINLEY.

Of Knox College.

THOSE who write and speak on the subject of charity so generally quote as a prophecy these words of the Master, "The poor ye have always with you," that some have come to look upon pauperism as a divine estate and as offering the opportunity for the cultivation of virtue. Indeed, a prominent minister has recently given expression to the view, in one of our magazines, that without the conditions which make charity a necessity the noblest sentiments of the soul would lie dormant. But while it is true that so long as there are rich there will be poor, and that so long as there are human weakness and human woe there must be human patience and human love, we are not forbidden by any prophecy, beyond man's, the hope, that some day the pauper may not be with us. The past indeed allows this hope.

One may indeed search far and wide in vain to-day for a pauperless community, but looking through the dusty records of our early history I once came upon a letter written late in the seventeenth century by the secretary of one of the royal governors of the province of New York to his superior officer in England, which boasts an entire absence of poverty in the colony. The secretary speaks of presenting to the local assembly a suggestion of the sovereign that a workhouse be established for the employment and shelter of the poor. "At this," he says, "they all did laugh, for there is not so much as one poor man in all this province." But it was not long after this, so the records show, that a workhouse was built on the banks of the Hudson, and I have no doubt it was filled the first winter, for public charity or private will always have as many paupers as it is willing to support.

This poorhouse, planted either by overzealous philanthropy or by selfish economy, or by both, was the prototype of those cheerless and dismal institutions found even in the midst of our most prosperous communities,—the dread of the independent poor, the haven of the indolent, the inferno of many a father and mother brought in old age to their C-Oct.

doors, the paradise of the vicious. The poorhouse, itself fashioned after the English workhouse, has become the corner-stone of our public poor relief system. Every person who is old, lame, blind, sick, decrepit, impotent, or in any other way disabled or enfeebled so as to be unable by his work to maintain himself, shall be maintained by the county or town in which he may be. This was essentially the provision of the English poor law adopted in the time of Elizabeth in the hope of thus putting an end to the beggary which flogging and drowning and hanging and burning were not able to diminish. Failing to banish the beggar by punishment our ancestors went to the other extreme of feeding the beggar and punishing those who would not pay for his support; and this was the method of dealing with beggary which the colonies adopted from their mother country, and this is the principle which underlies the poor relief systems in the various states of the Union at the present time.

In early times and in less thickly settled communities to-day the poorhouse, under this law, was and is the common receptacle for all the unfortunate and indolent, from the fatherless infant to the vicious and idle beggar. The insane, both acute and chronic, the idiotic and feeble minded, the deaf and dumb, the blind, the sick of whatever disease, the unfortunate but respectable poor, the tramp, the dissolute—all classes of dependents and defectives and even delinquents were housed and often without classification in this one house of hopelessness and despair, for there could be little hope of physical recovery or of the restoration of manhood in such a place. The poorhouse was looked upon as merely a place of shelter or of custody.

But with our increased knowledge of the means of treating disease and with the growing appreciation of the need and value of preventive work, has come a specialization in the care and treatment of the various classes once sheltered under this common roof. One class after another has been provided for outside of the poorhouse, either by public or by private agency, and, as a result, in many

communities the houses which were once veritable bedlams have become quiet homes for the old left without support, and for the hopelessly sick and the utterly helpless defectives.

The insane have been as a rule the first class for which special provision has been made. Once looked upon as persons possessed of evil spirits or as objects of some supernatural visitation, they were imprisoned or tortured or at best left without the care and keeping necessary for the restoration of their reason. But as people came to understand that insanity was a physical disease responsive to treatment as other bodily diseases, those who languished in poorhouses without care were placed in asylums, institutions in which the custodial character was made prominent, but where treatment was afforded for the acute cases. To-day there is in some of the states practically no line of hopelessness and all the insane are cared for in hospitals, institutions in which treatment is the first object. Thus in 1889 a law was passed by the New York Legislature providing for the removal of all the pauper and indigent insane from poorhouses of the state to hospitals designed especially for their care and treatment. For this large class there is now very generally hope where once there was hopelessness.

This is only an illustration of what has been done for many other classes of the diseased and for the defective. Institutions have been provided by the state for the education and training of the blind, and the deaf and dumb; for the custody of feeble-minded women, who in former times remained in the community or perhaps were sent to the poorhouse and permitted to transmit to future generations the defect or the taint which a wise care might have cut off with them; for the reformation of vicious and dissolute women doomed, under the old system, to lives of vice and of danger to the community; for the training of feeble-minded and idiotic children, and for the treatment and care of epileptics. The municipality and the private society have assisted the state in this specializing process, particularly in providing for the sick, for the relief of the poor in their homes, for the employment of the blind, and for the education of neglected children.

There is one other class once housed in the county almshouse, and now separately provided for in many states, of which special

mention should be made,—the dependent children. Allowed to associate with the adult paupers of all classes, as they once were, many of them grew up to be paupers themselves or worthless members of society. In some of the states, therefore, a law was passed prohibiting the detention of children in poorhouses after the age of two; and it is hoped that this law will one day become universal. In some instances the public looks after these children in Children's Homes or in state schools, while in others this provision has been made in most part by private charity. In some states, particularly in New York, the provision for the care of children in special institutions has given rise to an evil almost as great as that which their creation was intended to remove, less serious in character, perhaps, but of wider reach. The generous provision of public and of private charity for the care of children has in the first place led many parents to relieve themselves of the responsibility and expense of the care of their offspring during the years when the expense and care would be the greatest, and in the second place children brought up in immense institutions are deprived of the individual treatment and the care which a child should have. As a result of this there has been noticeable lately a strong movement in favor of family homes for dependent children. Private societies have been organized for finding homes for children and for looking after them in the homes found, and in many states the public agents do more or less of this same work.

This specialization of relief, of which examples have been given, has been in the direction of prevention of pauperism, that is of preventing permanent dependence upon the public. Many insane placed in hospitals have been restored to society in sound mind, the sick, once left to die in poorhouses, under special treatment have been enabled again to support themselves. The blind and the deaf and dumb have been taught trades; the feeble-minded and idiotic have been trained to self-help and in some cases to self-support; and children, doomed by the associations of the poorhouse to worthless lives, have been placed in homes to be reared as respectable, law-abiding citizens. And so I repeat, one of the most noticeable movements in the charity of America is that toward a higher specialization in the treatment and care of the dependent classes and in this way, as in

many others, toward the prevention of pauperism.

Another movement noticeable in public relief is that in the direction of increased centralization of control. The relief of counties and towns has been brought under the supervision and, to an extent, control of the state, and certain private agencies have been made subject to that same control. State Boards of Charities have been organized in many states and in some there are commissions to look after certain classes of the dependent and defective. This movement is obliging all the communities in the states where the supervision is close and exacting to approach the highest standard of care and treatment and is affording a practicable medium for the transmission of improved methods.

Public relief outside of institutions, that is, outdoor relief, has been found to be injurious in many communities because it is not sufficiently discriminating and because, no odium attaching to the recipient of such relief, it tends to invite the need which compels relief. This had led to a wide advocacy of the abolition of this kind of relief and to its abandonment in some communities and its reduction in others. In Brooklyn for example several years ago outdoor relief, amounting to more than one hundred thousand dollars a year, was entirely cut off in midwinter, and that too, it may be noted, without increasing the applications for indoor relief or causing any apparent distress. It has been entirely abolished in Philadelphia and practically abolished in New York City. A great deal is given in small towns in this way but the tendency seems to be to restrict this form of relief and to substitute for it indoor relief or private outdoor relief. Baron von Reitzenstein, a most distinguished student of this subject of poor relief, in a paper read at the recent International Congress of Charities and Correction at Chicago said, "Upon conviction of the evils by which the administration of the outdoor relief of the poor through the public officers is hindered and which are considerably increased through accompanying unsystematic private benevolence rests that new movement which is gradually winning more ground in England and thence has been transferred to America. It seeks to insure an individualizing outsidere care of the poor by the private organization and to limit the public care as much as possible to the institution."

In the field of private charity the movement has been similar; that is, in the direction of greater specialization and more particularly of the organization of charitable agencies. The private charity of the past and even of a quarter of a century ago in America was largely indiscriminate and unorganized. It was impulsive, it gave to the beggar because he was a beggar without attempting to remove the cause. Alms was its chief and often only expression. Most often it was selfish and was bestowed either to relieve the giver of unpleasant sights or sounds, to purchase ease of soul, or to buy a good opinion from one's neighbors. In ancient times when the individualistic principle was dominant and men "helped themselves," charity, or alms-giving we should rather say, was selfish in motive and harmful in effect. "Help others," was the injunction of Christianity, but under the ignorant though zealous practice of that teaching beggary rather increased than diminished. A good motive was substituted for a bad one but the method was still at fault. We have come to learn that the motive alone cannot be trusted; that unwise charity, if true charity can be else than wise, may be a curse instead of a blessing. And so the philanthropists of to-day have adopted this new motto with the old motive, "Help others but help them to help themselves." Their effort is to restore to charity that meaning which is given it in the revised version of the New Testament, the meaning which it originally had, and to turn that charity into channels where it will do most good. The method is suggested in the motto which some societies have adopted, "Not alms but a friend."

It must be obvious that with the increase in the agencies of relief there must be co-operation, else some who need relief will fail of it and others will through deceit and fraud receive help not needed from various agencies, each ignorant of the assistance given by the others. To meet this obvious need there have been organized, beginning in Buffalo in 1879, nearly a hundred societies in as many of our larger cities and towns, for the purpose of bringing into co-operation the various relief agencies, of suppressing fraudulent beggary, and of providing a helping friend for every needy person. These societies are known variously as Charity Organization Societies, Associated Charities, and Bureaus of Charities.

In some of the German states the conditions

which have given rise to these societies here, have brought into existence the Elberfeld system of relief, a system of public outdoor relief mainly. Such a system insures a careful investigation of every application. The town is divided into districts over which certain municipal poor officers have supervision and each of these districts is subdivided into smaller districts with a visitor in charge of each one. The visitor though he may be a volunteer is appointed by the city. Each visitor has but a few cases under his supervision. The whole work of poor relief is superintended by a board in which sit the superintendents of these districts as well as representatives of relief societies.

In this country, where the civic feeling is not so strong and where public office is so generally used for private benefit, the adoption of such a plan has not been seriously considered. Nor has the plan of compulsory visitation of the poor without compensation seemed entirely in harmony with the temper of American institutions. We have, however, independent it would seem of German example or influence, devised a system not only of like purpose but of like principle, only we have not gone to the extent of passing over to this agency the whole task of relief.

Our Charity Organization Societies differ from one another in function and scope, some giving relief, others none. But they all agree in this that they make careful investigation a condition of relief and that they aim through friendly advice and assistance at permanent cure. If they give no relief themselves, and many of them do not, they endeavor to bring together the relieving agency, whether it be the individual, the private society, or the public officer or institution, and the person in need. A record is kept of all applications for relief and of investigations made. This record is not open to the public but the society stands ready to give advice to any who desire to help the poor in general or to relieve individual cases.

Two serious difficulties, it may be noted, stand in the way of the extension of this movement: the first is that of securing enough competent persons with both the wit and the will to help in the most helpful way, those who need it; the second is that of bringing into co-operation all individual givers, the relief societies, the churches, and the pub-

lic relief agencies, so that there will not be a waste of charity's means nor yet an oversight of any of the needy. A prominent business man in New York City, whom I once asked to write of the city's needs in the way of charities, wrote in reply, "We do not need more societies. If a two thirds orphan could be invented to-day, there would be a society for two thirds orphans to-morrow. What we want is more sense; what we need is a Flesh-and-Blood Trust. If we could but combine in this city alone all charities, if we could but array into an army the scattered regiments, companies, and sharpshooters now skirmishing with want and drink and misery, we could win here and to-day a victory so splendid that it would be like a 'great rock in a weary land.'" So far as statistics are available, however, they do not allow us to hope that this victory will soon be achieved. Thus in 1890 there were in cities having an aggregate population of eight and one half millions only four thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight persons actively interested in charity organization, two thousand nine hundred and seventeen of this number being Friendly Visitors. Reports from twenty-four societies representing a population of six million seven hundred and eight thousand show that fifty-five per cent of the charitable societies of the cities, thirty-nine and one eighth per cent of private individuals, and seventy and two thirds per cent of public officials engaged in distribution of relief, co-operate with the charity organization societies.

Whether the movement has in it strength to overcome these difficulties or rather to invite to its support enough intelligent, patient, and willing men and women to bring into line all the relief agencies in our communities and so to permit us to shift safely to private charity the duties which have been in the past performed by the public, is a matter in some doubt. Private charity responds generously and nobly to calls in emergencies, but the question is, "Will it stand the strain and drain of a continuous demand?" The answer of countries where the pressure of pauperism and poverty is heavier is No. Germany has a system of state pensions for old age, accident, and sickness; in England a royal commission has just been appointed to consider the question of poor law on pensions for the aged and France has been discussing a system of state insurance. All this is in the direction of larger state provision, socialistic.

Here, where the problems of poverty give us less concern, the tendency now in poor relief seems to be anti-socialistic toward a larger private activity and a relatively decreasing public provision. But the present tendency may not be prophetic of that which will appear when the problems of the old world become ours. The truth is that under conditions requiring continued self-sacrifice, expense, and labor, the individual is always striving to transfer his burden to the shoulders of the public. But whether the public agencies or the private are to have an increasing share in the relief of the poor, it can be said with confidence that the movement toward centralization of control, toward organization and co-operation of charitable agencies will continue, for men have come to rec-

ognize the fact that charity, to be most helpful and least harmful, must be given with greatest discrimination and care and this is possible only through organization; that while relief must be as far as possible the helping of a friend by a friend, the evil of pauperism will not be overcome nor the needs of the worthy entirely met, unless there are intelligent union and co-operation of action.

The recent International Congress of Charities and Correction held in Chicago and the yearly National Conferences are a witness to the increasing and serious interest in the problems of philanthropy, and charity movements in the future will no doubt be directed with greater wisdom in the future than has been possible in the past.

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF ITALY.

BY COLONEL G. GOIRAN.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the Italian "Nuova Antologia."

CURIOUS phenomena take place in countries which are governed on the representative system, be that system more or less liberal. For in those countries ideas which are manifestly opposed to the preservation of the state are often objects of discussion, and are able even to triumph sometimes, either because they seem especially in harmony with the principles of liberty, or are more suited to the particular political ideals and economic interests; or for some other reason. In an absolute government such ideas would never enter the head of the rulers of state, not even in their dreams.

One of these phenomena has been recently seen in Germany, where the imperial Parliament rejected by a large majority the project of increasing that army to which Germany owes her unity, and which, since the incredible efforts made by France to give to her military status the greatest development possible, has lost that decisive numerical superiority which all at first granted that she possessed over the army of her rival. In the Parliament of Italy, there have been found those who are willing to offer a resolution, which had already been once presented, though with little success. This resolution or proposition is, to disband two army corps under the specious pretense of being able in this way,

by means of the savings which would be realized, to increase the permanent corps that would remain, and above all to augment the budget of the navy. As you clearly see, no other thing is proposed than to put into effect a principle more or less conformable to liberty and of greater economic convenience. The movers of this singular resolution desire in substance to give a different solution to the defensive problem of the country, and I propose to show that the adoption of this resolution would be both absurd and dangerous.

The question really comes down to this: Shall the navy be increased at the expense of the army? That is: Shall reliance be placed on ships in time of war rather than on land forces? As a representative of the army, and an officer in command, my reply to this much discussed question is known in advance. But it is important to look at the arguments on both sides.

Italy, like Germany, is a continental nation, obliged thus to guard her western frontier as well as her eastern. Somewhat more than Germany, Italy is a maritime nation, a fact which ought to increase and not diminish her preoccupation for her boundaries on land. Her great extent of seacoast can be added to support the claim that she, like England,

is rather a sea power, did the actual state of her commercial interests bear out this position. For they have not yet acquired sufficient development to call away attention from the traditional policy of the kingdom of Italy, which, as we all know, has won a unity by battles on land, and not by naval engagements. The nation began by solidifying the provinces of the North; Piedmont added to itself Lombardy, and Lombardy Venice and Tuscany, long before the very existence of a navy was an object of concern. And in 1866, at the completion of this task of freeing the soil from foreign domination, it was not to her few ships, ably manned as they were, that she owed the victory. So that in any movement to weaken her land forces to the profit of the naval her possible adversaries would rejoice, just as the enemies of Germany were pleased at the rejection by the German Parliament of the new military bill.

Years ago, in 1882, one could very well discuss whether instead of creating two new army corps it was not much better to agree on increasing and consolidating the ten corps which then existed. In my judgment, apart from the need of raising the *morale* of the files, it was even then advisable to create the two new corps. In fact a good military organization at the present day must permit Italy to enroll advantageously, and in a brief space of time, all the valid elements of the population which are disposable. For this reason there should never be a greater care than to provide for a large number of commands, well trained and of excellent *morale*. Beyond a shade of doubt it is better for the preparation of these commands, to have in time of peace a greater number of unities, though small in size, than a less number of unities containing more men. For these must then be very much multiplied in time of war and would require too many officers, which in the years of peace would either be kept as supernumeraries or stationed at their homes. There will be in the future a sufficient number of trained soldiers to form about twenty-four army corps, but there are already more than enough for thirty-six divisions or, in other words, for eighteen corps, counting in both regulars and militia, and leaving aside the *bersaglieri** or Alpine troops. Now I say it is better to have in time of peace twelve permanent corps, so as in case of war to form from the twelve

six of militia, than to have ten corps in peace and to make from them eight new corps for war. It is evident that the corps used only in time of war must either be made up out of elements taken from the regular corps, which must then be united in skeleton commands and filled up hurriedly; or they must be entirely constituted of officers and soldiers called back from their furloughs, which is a much more easy means of formation. It would also follow that the ten regular corps would lose by the subtracting process their essential strength and the two corps of militia, expanded suddenly into six, would not make up for the two regular corps which had been abolished, because of the necessary weakness in their formation. Also they would be mobilized* at a much slower rate than the reserve of the regular corps. And all this diminution of strength on entering on an active campaign is made for the assumed saving of twenty-five or twenty-six million of lire.†

Allowing that the saving of this sum or of any considerable part of it would be real, if actually tried would it be advisable, as its advocates contend, to transfer it to the naval budget? The present system in vogue is to re-establish every deficit in the finances of the country by decreasing the military expenses. There is therefore no guarantee that, when this supposed economy had been effected, there would be no further attacks on the sums devoted to the national defense. But leaving this possibility (and I may say even probability) aside, the military force on land, and thereby the national defense, would be certainly impaired. It is claimed that this loss would be made up in the greater efficiency of the sea forces. There is no doubt but that, by augmenting in just proportion the ordinary and extraordinary budget of the navy, Italy will be able to maintain regularly more powerful squadrons, and proceed more quickly to the reproduction and increase of the fleet, and to dispose of a greater naval reserve. But in doing all this I deny that the defensive and offensive powers will be improved sufficiently to compensate for the decrease of strength in the standing army. Not at any rate by adding to the budget twenty-five or twenty-six millions annually will the

*[Bär sä-lyä're.] The name for riflemen or sharpshooters in the Italian army.

*[Mob'i-lized.] Put in a state of readiness for active service in time of war.

†[L'ē-rā.] Silver coins of Italy worth about nineteen cents.

inequality be done away with which at present exists between the naval forces of France and Italy, because it will not be difficult for France to increase her budget by just as much and even more, and thus preserve or even augment her maritime supremacy.

France is Italy's greatest naval antagonist. Of European nations Italy touches at dangerous points her territories alone. For with Switzerland, her neighbor on the north, there is no possible fear of conflict or aggression, and Austria, the remaining state on the frontier, possesses but a slight strip of seacoast and but one considerable seaport. Hence in the natural course of events she is bound to give less attention to the organization of her navy than is Italy. But with France the case is different. By her geographical position and the present desire of her people to add important colonies to her domains, she is bound to pay more and more attention to her navy. It is already the most powerful navy of the world, next to that of Great Britain; and it would be unwise to draw more heavily on an already severely taxed resource in a patriotic attempt to equal her. Also, in the case of France, the development of her land forces has reached its height and can be said to have even passed its limit, while Italy has still a long way to go before utilizing all her resources. This can be done with reasonable organic reforms and, in the future, with slight additions to the budget. Consequently by decreasing the army there would be increased the disproportion which exists between the land forces and those of France, in order to make a useless effort to do away with the inequality which exists between the navies of the two nations. Such an attempt would bring to mind the well-known fable of the dog that dropped the mouthful which he had between his teeth, to snap up that which he saw reflected in the water.

Furthermore, in the event of a conflict with France, I maintain that two additional army corps assure the defense of the territory much more than a few extra vessels. The latter could serve only to prolong the struggle on water and not be an assurance of final victory. To win a definite victory a real superiority in forces over France would be needed. But the army corps is sure of driving back the enemy into the sea, if he succeeds in landing. In short it is evident that the sea is a free and open field, upon which France can, without an obstacle, deploy all

her maritime superiority, and make it tell, while, on land, whether through the nature of the Alpine frontier on the relatively limited strength of the troops which can be embarked on transports, or through the conditions by which the landings must be effected, it is very difficult—not to say impossible—for the French troops to have a numerical superiority on any field of battle whatever, provided of course Italy does not destroy any of her regular army corps. And this holds true even though the political situation should change and Italy should find herself in a war with Austria. It would be the army and not the navy which would give the greater guarantees of victory.

I do not deny that an increase of Italy's naval forces is desirable and suitable, so as to allow her to better protect her maritime cities against bombardments and to cover more efficiently her railways along the coast, in a word, such an increase as would contest for a longer time the dominion of the sea with her adversaries and would hinder them from making landings in force. But yet should victory smile on her and she should succeed in completely obstructing the action of the hostile fleet, still she would not be victorious in the war unless victory had smiled also on the army. While even though beaten on the sea, if the hostile army were defeated, her enemies would be made to pay dearly for the bombardment of her cities.

Continental states armies are indisputably the principal and most valid bulwark of territorial defense, as they are an indispensable instrument for the occupation of the soil. Fleets can aid the defensive and offensive operations of armies, they can carry war very quickly to great distances, and are above all instruments of national expansion. Still the time has not come for Italy to aspire to maritime greatness, inasmuch as she has not yet given to her land forces their complete development. She must first attain what I would call the continental objective, on which depends her national existence; then she may seek to attain the maritime. To reach both at the same time is impossible, not only because financial means are lacking, but also because there is not yet a merchant marine large enough to render possible the existence of a great navy. It is in this latter respect that Italy is bound at present to be inferior to France.

This element of inferiority springs from

the geographical situation of Italy. Like France, in time of peace she has many steamers and sailing vessels navigating far-off seas, and some thousands of sailors absent in foreign lands. These sailors are mainly in service on the Italian ships which sail the Mediterranean, but not a few of them are in foreign employ also, and the number of her sailors will increase as the movement of the merchant trade increases. It is, as we all know, necessary to make a levy on a good part of these sailors in order to keep up the crews of the war ships. The steamers themselves will be needed to a large extent to constitute the naval reserve in case of war, and to serve as fast cruisers in giving aid to the regular navy. Now in case of war Italy will never be able to hinder the French vessels and French sailors from returning gradually to their native country, while it will be very easy for France to prevent Italy's sailors and steamships, forced as they are to pass through the Caudine Forks* of the Suez Canal and of the Strait of Gibraltar, from entering the Mediterranean. The gradual and successive arming, then, of the ships which are available, the utilization of the auxiliary marine, will be more speedy and certain on the side of France. France will be able to impress, to the last one, her sailors and her merchant steamers. She will be able to repair, therefore, more easily the waste of her forces in campaign and battle. Italy will hardly be able to get together even her Mediterranean contingent, excepting in the case, of course, of being able to count upon the support of some other great maritime power. Truly the statesmanship of Italy should, for a long course of years yet, look toward this very alliance, and such a policy, if happy in its results, would render less necessary and urgent the increase of maritime forces.

The notion then of greatly augmenting Italy's naval strength and of emulating the French navy would be for the present a part of a mania for illusive greatness. Italy ought to be without doubt a great sea power in order that her ships may carry the national

standard and influence to the most remote coasts. The idea is illuring, but time is indispensable to obtain so large a result. To endeavor to arrive at this result now, by adopting measures detrimental to the safety of the state, and to political influence in the Congress of European nations, would be sheer nonsense. The danger in marking out such a course becomes evident in calmly weighing the situation which would inevitably arise during the practical carrying out of the plan; namely, to increase the naval forces at the expense of the regular army. For it is to be remembered that, in order to procure funds with which to improve the fleet, two army corps must immediately disband, and the remaining ones must be reinforced. But the creation of the greater naval strength, which is necessary, cannot be immediate, because it is not possible to improvise so many sailors, from whom to form the numerous crews, and much less to improvise the ships. This would necessitate several preparatory years, during which neither troops nor naval forces would be available. And all this without taking into consideration the confusion attendant on reorganizing the army and militia, in order to carry out the reduction of the active force, and the formation of the new commands in the reserve; measures which would call for a change and a different distribution of military districts, garrisons, and staffs, no less than a new method of mobilizing the entire land force in event of war, so there would result a state of unreadiness, and an opportune occasion to her adversaries for attacking Italy in her enfeebled condition. The very *morale* of the army and its confidence in itself, which is so necessary to any expectation of success, would be shaken by such an upturning.

In short, the condition of the army and the projects for its improvement should be made entirely independent of favorable or adverse financial breezes, and should be placed on a firm basis which would endure a definite number of years. The country treats its army now as a private individual does his retinue of servants, adding to their number and diminishing it according to the fluctuations of his investments. Such treatment excites a feeling of aversion and disdain, to which no officer of the regiments is insensible, because he cannot be convinced that it aids the greatness of the country to maintain

* Two narrow passes through the mountains of ancient Samnium in Italy giving access to a large plain that lay between them. It was in this plain that a great disaster befell the Roman army in the Samnite War, 321 B. C. Having entered the plain through one pass, the troops found the opposite pass blocked up and on turning back thinking to withdraw as they came, they found the first pass also occupied; and in the battle that ensued the entrapped Romans were completely overthrown.

useless sub-prefectures, and universities devoid of students, and to disband army corps instead of disbanding them.

Means of improving the moral and material conditions of the army should be sought. The first object is gained by dismissing all menaces to the formation of the army; the second would demand an immediate increase of the budget. This might be attained by a loan, for the war department, of some forty millions of lire—which could be furnished by the national savings banks—at a yearly rate of ten millions and covering four successive years. The military authorities could thus hasten on the new work necessary to defense, and yet keep the ordinary budget at two hun-

dred and forty-six millions, not including the sums furnished by the savings banks. At the end of the four years, principal and interest could be returned by an annual levy on the extraordinary budget. At all events it is unwise to strengthen the fleet, in a vain attempt to rival France—for Austria is not at all vulnerable by sea—at the expense of the army. By so doing Italy will become an enemy less to be feared and an ally of much less importance, since it would forbid her to make the weight of her sword felt on the scene of the decisive battles. For should Italy, through impaired strength, become useless to her allies, she would inevitably fall into isolation perilous to her very existence.

HOW TO STUDY HISTORY.*

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"GOOD wine needs no bush," † and if there were need to urge the reading of history it would be a proof that history is too dull and unattractive to be read. We read history all the time, not only in text-books and formal histories, but in the magazines and the newspapers; history is philologically almost exactly the same word as story, and the world is as determined now as it was in the time of the Athenians "to hear and to tell some new thing."

History in a more formal sense has been introduced into many schools of every grade throughout the Union, and a literature has sprung up of advice, suggestion, and illustration, on proper ways of teaching the subject. Hence, wherever there is a good school and a good teacher, history is sure to be taught.

Nevertheless reading history and teaching history are neither of them necessarily studying history. What we learn from the atmosphere of newspaper gossip in which we are all enveloped, even what we gain in the schoolroom, lacks the essential quality of the real study of history, because it usually means the acceptance of whatever reaches us from the first comer, the first book, or the

first teacher. Learning by heart tables of dynasties, presidents, or battles, is not studying history. Brer Rabbit* was always "studyin'," but study with him meant putting his mind upon the problem before him, considering how far he could depend upon the historical statements made to him by Brer Fox, and soberly discounting the oratorical flights of Brer Turkey Buzzard. The study of history, then, means the attempt to form for oneself an independent judgment upon historical events, a judgment based upon the most trustworthy accounts within reach.

In the study of history the first essential is that we should have before us not general history but some definite subject. Well does the writer remember his struggle to learn Freeman's Outlines, and ill does he remember any part of those Outlines, except the distinction between orthodox Christianity and Arianism;—and just what that distinction was has escaped him at this moment. Such a book as Professor Gross' translation of Lavissee's Political History of Europe is interesting, suggestive, and broadening, but it only attempts to describe tendencies and general results. For purposes of study a general history is no more possible than a general text-book on science, or a general treatise on

*Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.

†The old proverb, quoted by Shakespeare in the epilogue to "As You Like It," alludes to the custom of hanging out a bush of ivy (which was sacred to Bacchus the god of wine) or of any shrub or branch as a tavern sign. Such sign was also called an ale-garland or an ale stake.

*This and following two Brers mentioned are the names of animal actors which appear as characters in the legendary negro tales given in "Uncle Remus Folk-Lore," written by Joel Chandler Harris.

mathematics, or a general history of all literature.

What subjects shall we choose, especially if we have no guiding teacher or sagacious friend to lay out a course for us? There used to be a current idea that any history answered the purpose, that Rollin's *Ancient History* and Josephus were intellectual nutriment even for boys and girls. There is a malicious Italian story about a condemned criminal who was reprieved on condition that he should read all of Guicciardini's [gweet-char-de'nee] *Wars of the Italian Republics*. At the end of the eighth volume, he returned to the executioner, and asked to have the original sentence executed. Many things that have happened even to emperors are not worth studying. On the other hand, the world has been full of great crises when men came forward and performed splendid deeds, made new civilizations, and built up commonwealths. Let us choose such great periods.

What are the criteria of selection? In the first place, since the field is so enormous, both in the period of time covered and in the number of nations which have had interesting history, we surely may find a few countries which by their central situation, their importance as leading powers, their influence on later civilization, deserve the study of all ages. Let us choose, therefore, countries which have nurtured striking, strong, characteristic, and original men such as The-mis'to-cles, Sulla, Charlemagne, Luther, Richelieu [rêsh-eh-loo], Cromwell, and Jackson. Let us especially choose countries which have raised men who summed up in themselves for the time being the nation's life, men such as Pericles, Augustus, Hildebrand, William of Orange, William Pitt, and Abraham Lincoln. Let us choose out of universal history the nebulae of human events in which sparkle the stars of human character.

In the next place let us avoid wars and rumors of wars. Of all subjects upon which the human intellect can be employed, military history is one of the least profitable. To follow campaigns on the map teaches military science, but it does not teach history. To know the names of battles and of commanders and the numbers of their troops is to follow the method of a worthy but wrong-headed teacher of art in a young ladies' seminary in Massachusetts.

"What is this picture?" she asked at an examination.

"It is a picture of the Apollo Belvidere."

"Where is that statue?"

"In Rome."

"In what part of Rome?"

"In the Vatican."

"In what part of the Vatican?"

"In the eastern corridor, the third alcove to the right."

"That will do."

The description of a museum is as valuable as the description of a battle, except in so far as either puts us in the place of artists, or of the commanders of troops, and enables us to share their spirit and to sympathize with their purpose. Hence let us choose no period simply because it is studded with wars.

Yet, on the other hand, it is the plea of historical writers that times of peace are so dull and uneventful that the chronicle of a happy, contented, and advancing people has little to attract the attention; while wars mark the conflict of great moral principles, the establishment of a new order of things. Some of them do so. Who cares about the interminable annals of blood in India, wars in which one throne or dynasty simply succeeds another? The battle of Tours was decisive because the great organization of Christendom stopped the advance of the great Moslem organization; the victories of Marius over the Cimbri and Teutoni were decisive because they beat back the tide of barbarian immigration for four hundred years; and Waterloo was decisive simply because it permitted the nations of Europe each to work out its own salvation without the interference of France. The interest is not in the day of battle, but in the days after, when the influence of the military struggle becomes evident.

The next essential is that we should study the history of people who thought. The ancient Germans were such good military men that they finally beat the Romans, but their history is of less account to the student than that of long-peaceful Switzerland. Above all let us study the history of nations that thought about government and law, because those nations have contributed to that stock of political ideas out of which our own government is built.

Perhaps we may now choose the history of half a dozen nations, during limited periods when the minds of men were most ac-

tive. First of these in time, purpose, and importance, is the history of Greece, during the splendor of Athens. The struggle of the Greeks against Persia is one of the noblest of all assertions of freedom against despotism, and has inspired hundreds of armies to stand resolute against great numbers. It is a period abounding in great as well as despicable characters, a period full of romantic inspiration, prolific in political inventions, glowing with literature and art; a period which has had something to teach to every western nation. Then comes the counter-period of Rome the Conqueror—that is, Rome from the beginning of the Punic Wars to the widest extension of the Empire. It is a period full of the overmastering power of organization, of combination, of the repression of excesses, of well-knit administrative discipline, of experiments in government, successful and unsuccessful. Next, chronologically, comes the period of the Crusades; though the military result was the defeat and almost the disgrace of the Christians, they restored to Europe an interest in literature and science, and began for the second time to unite the histories of Europe and Asia.

The next period especially worthy of study, is the movement known in Italy as the Renaissance—the rebirth of literature, art, and philosophy. No period in the world's history more abounds in mighty characters like Dante, like Petrarch, like Cosmo di Medici, like the Sforzas. Of equal interest as a study of human character, and more interesting to Americans on account of its immediate effect on our forefathers, was the Reformation, the counterpart of the Renaissance. It is the reassertion of the idea that people's thoughts are not to be cut and dried for them by earthly rulers, or by spiritual potentates. While the English Reformation is to us the most interesting episode in that epoch, perhaps the most instructive single period of English history is the struggle with the Stuarts, during the whole of the seventeenth century. Here began to take form those mighty ideas of free representative government which are the great political force of the present age. In this century sparkle many of the greatest names in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race; it is the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, of Milton and Cromwell, and of William the Third. French history is of particular interest because France has ever since the time of Charlemagne been

a sort of nucleus of European politics and constitutional development. Out of that long rich history the most absorbing period is the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, from 1789 to 1815, during which the French experienced almost every form of government known to man, from the despotism of a tyrant to the worse despotism of a Convention.

Since the end of that period there have been two great episodes in modern history. The first is the reconstitution of Europe, grouped about the unification of Germany. We do not realize that in ages to come the gathering together of three hundred mutually repellant German states into one nation and of half a dozen Italian principalities into another is one of the triumphs of history, and was accomplished by two of the greatest men of the last four centuries, Bismarck and Cavour. The other episode comes closer home to us, it is the establishment of a free republic in America, the long slow-burning struggle against slavery leaping into the flame of the Civil War, out of which a new nation has arisen, with renewed power.

Having selected the period, the next step is to find the material. First of all some brief books are necessary, to cover the whole ground in a summary fashion. There is now such a supply of "Series" and "Epochs" that on any interesting period such an "eye-opener" is readily to be found. It should be read, read carefully, and read more than once, so that the student may have in his mind the dimensions of his subject—but it is never to be memorized. Such a book corresponds to the architect's preliminary sketch. Then comes the process of widening, the working out of the ground plan of the historical edifice. For this the general student should choose such standard works as are recommended by teachers, or by such guides to historical study as W. F. Allen's *History Topics*, C. F. Adams' *Manual of Historical Literature*; Gordy and Twitchell's *Manual*. William E. Foster's *References to the History of Presidential Administrations* and R. R. Bowker's *Reader's Guide* give lists of books on American history, with some criticism on their relative value. In the better brief books on any period will be found lists of classified authorities. One may read history in one author; one can study history only by a comparison of various authors.

Just here comes in the value to the student

of owning his books. There is no more useful adjunct to the study of history than a good sharp lead pencil, or red-ink pen, with which to annotate the margins of the book that one is using. Very few books have a convenient apparatus of running headings and dates and there is no better way of fixing attention than to put in over the page headings the missing guide to the contents. An exercise still better, but which does not interfere with that just described, is to make out in one's own mind a logical analysis of the book as one goes on, and to write the headings of that analysis point by point in the margin. A third convenient method is to indicate the author's thought by underlining the significant words in each paragraph. These three processes, consistently combined, accustom the mind to search for the essential thought of the pages before it and to put into brief and significant terms a key to that thought. Whenever the student has occasion to use that book again, he will be surprised to see how the argument comes back to him through his own abstract. Again, one may enjoy in his own books that which would be a crime if committed on the book of another; he may write down his reasons for agreement or disagreement with his author. In the Harvard College library are the books which Carlyle used in preparing his *Life of Cromwell* and nothing could be more humorously characteristic of the writer than some of the comments which he has scribbled on the margins of some of his pompous authorities: "It was long after 'this' "—"Stuff!" "Error!"—"Never above 6." If you must use borrowed books, then let your attempt be to return them as clean as they came, and to take whatever abstracts you can in a note-book of your own. The point of all this system is that by seeing, or trying to see, what is in the author's mind, you furnish your own mind with that outline upon which historical knowledge must be built.

To keep in mind such an outline is an easy task, provided one uses only one or two parallel authorities; but, as the student proceeds, he begins to find that one book effaces another. The methods, the order, the proportions of one writer do not agree with those of the next; and the knowledge of men and events so laboriously acquired begins to dissolve in the very multiplicity of facts. This is the time for the historical student to make up some sort of written topical outline of his

subject. He now knows not only what is important and what is accidental, but he has also in his mind a theory of how facts and events fit together. He is in the position of the architect who has framed mentally what he wishes to place on each floor of his building; the next step is to draw in the partitions so as to divide off each enclosure from its neighbor. There is but one way in which a large amount of historical knowledge may be co-ordinated, and that is by keeping a sort of table of contents of the whole subject in one's head and arranging one's material in that order. If such a system is adopted, each new important fact fits into its place as it comes; and no matter how different the mode of treatment by a new book, the mind sifts out of it what is unfamiliar and assorts it according to its own system. Hence some kind of written topical arrangement is necessary, as one proceeds from book to book.

Of course much may be done by subdivision of labor; in a class of bright people all studying the same general subject together, one may take up one phase of the subject, and another a different phase. On the French Revolution, the first may take revolutionary statesmen; a second, the Convention; a third, the army; a fourth, the navy; and still another, the revolutionary societies. This means that an assignment is to be made as soon as all the co-workers have the general period in their minds; then it becomes the duty of each member of the class to use all the available material upon his subject and, so to speak, to sub-analyze that material until it becomes clear to him.

Long before the work has reached this stage, however, the necessity of taking written notes of some kind will become apparent. A very eminent American historian is accustomed to take his notes as they come in a note-book. When the note-book is finished, he indexes it and begins a new one; when a sufficient number of such books accumulate he indexes them all; and at last account he had more than eight hundred such note-books in his collection. That is, after all, a cumbersome system; it is quite as easy to take notes upon the most complicated subject in such a form that they will index themselves. Suppose that this eminent author in collecting material for his next volume—let us say on the War of 1812—should use separate half sheets of paper of uniform size and ruling. Upon the first half

sheet he notes an account of Hull's surrender, upon the second of Commander Rogers' first cruise, upon the next of the departure of Pinkney from England. Thus he goes on taking a fresh sheet for every fresh topic until he finally strikes a second reference upon Hull's surrender; the notes on this point may be put upon the original sheet for this topic; and thus the recurring accounts will each fall into their logical place, where they may be compared. When one half sheet is full another may be begun; when a sufficient number of half sheets have accumulated to make it worth while to keep them separate, they may be laid together loosely within a whole sheet of the same size, upon the outside of which the general subject is noted. With a little practice it is not difficult when one meets a subject to find the sheet upon which that subject had previously been noted. As topics accumulate, a subdivision of each topic will suggest itself, and the sheets may be sorted and stowed away accordingly. Thus in the end the student has a bundle, not of disorganized memoranda but of consecutive material. It is almost a book in itself; it is divided into chapters, sections, and even paragraphs; and when the material for any literary work is collected the work is already half done!

The question of note-taking is perplexing at the best. Students usually take too many. They are anxious to get exact quotations from books which are perfectly accessible, and which they could reach a second time if necessary. They do not know how to digest the author's statements and to reduce them to a brief form. If you are trying to get sim-

ply a good general idea of a period from the use of a small number of works, take notes in very brief form, with a view simply to comparing the statements and opinions of one writer with those of another, and at the same time of so arranging your notes that you may have a general view of the subject.

Shall the student use sources? Yes, if he has sources and has judgment. One may often get a more vivid and exact picture of an epoch by reading a few contemporary accounts than by going over a series of parallel writers. After one has read a brief account of the Puritan Revolution and Gardiner's careful and scholarly treatise, one would better read some of Oliver Cromwell's letters, a poem of Milton's, and Sir Harry Vane's opinions on government. It is very easy to overdo the comparison of standard writers; but no historical study is complete without the experience and flavor of sources which come from using sources; and no ordinary student need expect to study the sources carefully enough seriously to disagree with Gardiner.

In a word, the object of the historical student is to bring before his mind a picture of the main events and the spirit of the times which he studies. The first step is to get a general view from a brief book; the second step is to enlarge it from more elaborate books, reading more than one, and to use some system of written notes keeping them complete. The next step is to read some of the contemporary writers. Having done these three things carefully, the historical student carries away an impression of his period which will never be effaced.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE REV. J. H. BARROWS, D. D.

[October 1.]

"From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."—*Ps. 90:2.*

THESE are words from the Psalm of Moses, and they express that view of the nature of God which was given to the Hebrew reader in the mysterious name Jehovah. From the burning bush at Horeb the Lord revealed Himself to Moses as the "I Am, the Existing One, the Eternal." The word Jehovah is regarded as meaning

"the Living" or "Self-Existent." It was a sacred word with the Hebrews, never pronounced, and expresses that aspect of the divine nature on which reverence and awe most easily fasten. The sublime conception of a God, the dwelling place of His people in all generations, to whom a thousand years are but as a watch in the night, existent in absolute perfection before the mountain ridges were lifted, or the world's foundations laid, a God before whose dateless antiquity

the life of man is as grass growing up in the morning, and in the evening cut down by the mower's scythe, this sublime conception was the refuge and rock of Israel, and is a part of Israel's legacy to the Christian mind of every age.

God's eternity is thus seen to be a very ancient and familiar thought, but in the heart of an old truth is a vast realm of new truth awaiting exploration. Since we use language so thoughtlessly, since we daily pronounce words that are weighted with infinite meaning, mindless of their significance; since, even in prayer, we are habitually employing phrases about God without ever having pondered them, it will be wise for us to contemplate the old Hebrew doctrine that God is eternal, a doctrine associated in the New Testament with the nature of Christ, who is declared to be "the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever"; and who said of Himself, "Before Abraham was I am." I propose then as our theme of meditation, "The Eternity of God, the Proof and Moral Uses of the Doctrine." From the scriptural representations, it is manifest that God's existence is different in its mode from our own. "I Am," not "I have been," or "I shall be," is His wonderful name.

Thus we are carried to the edge of that insoluble mystery, so inspiring in its sublime lifting of our thoughts above ourselves, and that there is with God a mode of being entirely different from our own; that all that is, or has been, or will be, is a part of His serene and ever-present consciousness; that God is to what we call time that which He is to space; that He who inhabits immensity, also and equally inhabits eternity. Think for a moment of space. The mind sees it, and knows that if there were nothing else in the universe space would be left. The mind perceives that space extends indefinitely in all directions, that the imagination can put no Chinese wall about it, since infinite space lies beyond every inclosure which the mind can construct. The enormous distances in our solar system are but a finger's breadth in that universe which the telescope has already disclosed. But God filleth it all. Now transfer this to time. We know of time only by a succession of cycles or events, that is, by motions in space. But God is to time what He is to space. He filleth it all. That is, He is the habitant of a realm of changeless existence, what the Scriptures call eternity. With

us time is either past, present, or future. The years come and go. But the living God, the "I Am" of Moses, dwelleth in an "eternal now,"—all that has been, is, or will be, the perpetual and abiding possession of His infinite mind, being known to Him truly—that is, in their relations to each other as first, midst, or last—in that realm of time of which we are subjects, but equally known to His changeless intelligence. As creatures we can but *think* of God as existing in space and time, and subjecting Himself to our limitations. The Scriptures hint at the divine reach of being; and philosophy has affirmed it, as differing from ours in that it is absolved from temporal conditions. But, as created beings, we can conceive of God only as related to us, with succession of thought and activity, so that we shall sum up all that can be clearly revealed to us of God's eternity, when we declare of it that it includes these three truths, that God now is, that He ever has been, and that He ever will be. The sublime words of Moses give us the full truth. "Thou art God," God exists; "from everlasting thou art God," God has always existed; "to everlasting Thou art God," God will exist forever.

[October 8.]

First, then, God is. This is the chief fact of human knowledge. Men are so predisposed to believe in God that the first evidences of His being are sufficient to produce the conviction of His existence. It is certain that men generally have recognized that they are intimately connected by spiritual blood with the Author of all things; that hence they are bound to worship and please Him, and that without His favor they are plunged into despair. In view of what is observed in the world of mind and the world of Nature, men have been convinced of their origin in a supreme power, their need of a supreme love, and their peril before the supreme Author of the moral law within. The human mind, in its natural working, is strongly theistic. You sit down by a piano, and some friend with long-practiced fingers renders for you a rhapsody of Liszt or song of Mendelssohn, and you look on and listen in delighted astonishment, amazed at the sweet or intricate harmonies which the composer has written, and at the manual dexterity which throws them off lightly from the piano keys, and you will not for one moment believe that all those

marvelous combinations of musical sounds are the chance thrummings of an idiot. You lie on the rocks by the Atlantic coast and see the foaming billows following each other to the shore with mathematic march and precision; you listen to the musical sobbing of the waves sliding up the strand, and remember that the pallid moon and the glowing sun by their weight and heat lift the ocean up and down, ruffling his glistening mane till he roars with a voice which is heard by the capes and promontories of every zone; you listen to the moaning wind sweeping over the sea, bringing health and freshness from the arctic region which sends its cooling tides and breezes along the North Atlantic shore; and then you turn from the sea, and gaze into some tiny salt pool in a hollow of the rocks, a home of life and beauty, with green mosses stretching their fairy arms over the barnacles that open their eager mouths to take the food which nature has provided, the whole scene a picture which no human painter can approach; and, as you listen and gaze, no prattler of atheism will venture to tell you amid such surroundings that there is no wise Thinker in the universe, no heavenly Musician, no celestial Artist, no omnipotent Ruler, but you will rather give heed to the voice of the Hebrew Psalmist and say with him, "The sea is His and He made it, and His hand formed the dry land."

Some of us have looked at that white marble wonder, the Cathedral of Milan. We have stood beneath its spacious arches; have walked about its carved pediments; have gazed with delight at its hundreds of pinnacles and thousands of statues; have wandered over the roof, a tropic flower-garden of sculptured stone, and, from the central spire, have looked down on the whole beautiful pile at our feet, instinct with thought and devotion, a priceless jewel on the brow of the queen of Lombardy, and no one could persuade us that all this strength and splendor of architecture sprang from a volcanic explosion in the marble quarries of Carrara. Such skepticism is not launched at the petty cathedrals which man has builded, and very rarely at this majestic cathedral of God, this pillared and pinnacled Cosmos of beauty and power, whose music is the chant of morning stars.

Secondly, in the doctrine of God's eternity is contained the truth that God ever has been. This follows necessarily from the first state-

ment that God is, or, in other words, that a First Cause exists. If God is the First Cause of all that is, then He is without beginning. If He began to be, then He were not first. That which is a First Cause is uncaused. There is nothing back of a First. That which is first must be from eternity. If there ever were a time when God was not, there is no God now. He never could have come into being, for there was nothing to cause His existence. God's life, then, never had a beginning. By searching we cannot find a period before which God was not.

[October 15.]

Fifty years ago many of us were not born, many were in their cradles, and those who were men and women grown were reading Webster's speeches in the Senate. Fifty years ago is a remote epoch. But there are some now living who remember a period still more remote. Eighty years ago there was no railroad, or steamship, or telegraph, and the West was almost an unpeopled solitude. But stand in the entrance of the Old South Church in Boston, and think back more than a hundred and fifty years to the day when, at the dedication of this building on the site of an older structure, the pastor, Mr. Sewall, gave out the prophetic text, "And the glory of the latter house shall be greater than the glory of the former, saith the Lord of hosts!" But God was then the dwelling place of His people, even as now. Cross the Atlantic, stand in Westminster Hall in London, and number the kings there crowned, before La Salle first sailed the waters of Lake Michigan, "before the acorn fell which grew into a keel" for the *Mayflower*. But God was the dwelling place of His people, then as now. Go to Jerusalem, enter the Holy Sepulcher, lay your hand on the stone of unction which was kissed by holy lips that grew cold in death before the English nation and the English language were born, yes, a thousand years before Columbus turned his prow toward the New World. But leaving the sepulcher, you may lay your hands on the ruins of a temple reared a thousand years before Jesus walked in Jerusalem. Or you may stand by the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and gaze at a monument which was finished before Abraham crossed the Euphrates, aye, two thousand years before Romulus laid the foundation of Rome. But God was then the dwelling place of His people, as now. Go

back to the morning of history. Walk with Adam in Paradise, and then, instructed by modern knowledge, let your mind retire into those far-distant ages, millions of years ago, when this world was formless and empty, floating as a part of the fire-mist, and you have not reached the cradle or the birth-hour of God.

And when we have heard and heeded the voice of science declaring that these cycles of life, of which we are a part, were preceded by others enduring through millions of ages, and these by others equally vast, through whose numberless centuries worlds slowly came into being, planets emerged from nebulous vapors, and heat and ice worked their miracles in upheaving continents, and grinding the rocky promontories into the soils out of which vanished forms of organized life were builded; when we remember that all the incalculable periods which geology and astronomy disclose, with vast suns waning slowly through epochs innumerable, are but an instant to the eons that preceded them, a moment's ripple of life beside the oceanic expanses of infinitude, an insect's flutter and gleam after sidereal ages and cycles of ages, rolling back into the immensities of time, even then we have not reached the beginning of God, of whom Moses said, "He is from everlasting"; of whom Isaiah declared that "He inhabiteth eternity."

But, thirdly, involved in the truth of God's eternity is the doctrine, not only that God is, and ever has been, but that He ever will be. He who is "from everlasting" must be "to everlasting." It is impossible that that which has been, in infinite and undiminished life from all eternity, should ever know diminution or cessation of being. God can suffer no hurt, can experience no decay. He cannot be destroyed by another, being omnipotent. He cannot destroy Himself, being perfect. Therefore we may send our strongest-winged imaginations, not only backward but forward, and never reach the limitations of God's endless being.

From the contemplation which our argument has forced upon us, it will be felt, first, that the conception of God's eternity is a most powerful incentive to worship, for it is not a part of God that is possessed of this sublime attribute, but His whole Infinite Nature. His power is from everlasting to everlasting. Not one slightest element of force has ever been subtracted, or ever will be

taken therefrom. And so God's knowledge and wisdom are eternal. He has never been learning, and He has never forgotten. "Known unto God are all His works from eternity." So, too, of His mercy, His justice, and His holiness. They are from everlasting, and they endure forever. In Him the venerableness of immemorial antiquity is united with the splendor of immortal youth. We are adding year by year to our knowledge and experience, seeking new truth and new joy. But we are also leaving behind us something of the beauty and freshness of life's morning hours. Not so with God; eternally old, he is immortally young; the same in all His adorable perfections, yesterday, to-day, and forever, "without variableness or shadow of turning."

[October 22.]

When you see a great and holy man, weighted with the wisdom of seventy years, venerable with prayer and devout meditation, a man who has seen two generations pass to their echoless graves, you stand in reverence before such a life. But, while you revere, your sad thought flies onward to the swift-coming day, when, amid tolling bells and tearful crowds, the good man shall be laid away in the ground which his footsteps hallowed, and men shall mourn that his voice of heavenly wisdom is forever silenced. But suppose that this man had lived on the earth from the beginning of time, had been the contemporary of Adam, and Noah, and Moses, and David, and Paul, and Augustine, and Luther, and Washington; suppose that the "good gray head" was venerable with seventy centuries, instead of seventy years, of meditation and experience; suppose that he had been the companion of patriarchs of the elder world; that he had watched the Syrian stars in the tent-door with Abraham, and had sat with Jesus beneath the olive-trees outside Jerusalem; suppose he had seen the first stone of the Pyramids planted in Egyptian sand, and the gilded cross placed above St. Peter's dome, and had himself built the first temple of Christian worship on the shores of America; and suppose that, with all his weight of years, he was still in the heyday of youthful life, and you knew that he would yet watch a hundred centuries to their death, in the ages to come, until his Master had subdued all the earth by His reconciling love, with what augmented awe and

reverence would you salute the wise and holy man of God whose life had been parallel with the life of humanity! But what is even such a life to that of God? It is less than the first falling sand in the hourglass.

The ninetieth Psalm, the Psalm of Moses, is a trumpet call to adoration. "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." And David answers with a note equally worshipful, "They shall perish, but Thou remainest, and they shall wax old as doth a garment, and as vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." The mighty evolutions of the past, which science is disclosing, are illustrations of God's eternity, calling us to our knees. And how we may well commiserate those in our time, who, gazing at these stupendous unfoldings, see no eternal Father.

"Mourn not for them that mourn

For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart;
God's hand will bind again what He hath torn
He heals the broken heart!

But weep for him whose eye

Sees in the midnight skies a starry dome,
Thick sown with worlds that whirl and hurry
by,

Yet give the heart no home;
Who marks through earth and space

A strange dumb pageant pass before a vacant shrine,

And feels within his inmost soul a place
Unfilled by the divine."

But, secondly, God's eternity introduces the thoughtful heart into a boundless field of consolation. When the archbishop of Canterbury left the cathedral after his consecration, the English crowds were wont to shout after him, "Remember eternity!" "Remember eternity!" This word of solemn monition I would transform into a word of comfort, and say to every believing heart, wounded by affliction and burdened with care, "Remember eternity." It is the habitation of God. From everlasting the Infinite Father has been mindful of you, who were "chosen of Him before the foundation of the world," and who are not to be snatched from Him by the principalities and powers of evil or to be separated from His love in Christ Jesus by things present or things to come. God's covenant with us is D-Oct.

sure, because He is eternal. He who hath loved us from everlasting abides to everlasting to fulfill all His promises. Heaven and earth pass away, but the word of the Lord, who is eternal, endureth forever.

[October 29.]

Why not throw every burden of life on the bosom of Eternal Love? Sorrow and loss rob us of treasure and of joy—but our best friend is one who, older than the everlasting hills, abides unchanged when hills perish in smoke. Our Father needs His children and will call them home. We are to expect no Buddhist's heaven, the dewdrop of life slipping at last into the "shining sea" of a passionless repose, but something infinitely sweeter and more ennobling, even a conscious immortality.

And, thirdly, this sublime attribute of God is a continuous warning to all wickedness, disloyalty, and unbelief. Sin never seems more presumptuous than when considered as an affront to the Eternal God. It is refusing to bow the heart to the supremely Adorable. It is robbing God of what is due His infinite excellence. It is the pride that prefers its own way to the counsel of the Everlasting, who saith, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" It is the audacity of an insect of the hour despising the ancient sun in the heavens. It is the conceit of an infant child seizing the scepter of government from the hand of its reverend Father and King. It is worshiping the things which God hath made more than the Eternal Creator, and this is pouring contempt on Him before whom the angels sing with veiled faces, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

O how wicked and pitiable is the pride which affronts God's eternal being, despising His eternal law, and defying His eternal justice, and which is certain to be smitten by His eternal wrath. For if our transgressions have not been covered over by the Redeemer's blood and thus blotted from His book of remembrance, then, as the Psalmist declares, they are all set, even our secret sins, in the light of His countenance; all the iniquities of the past of which we may be oblivious, all the greed and worldliness which He calls idolatry, and all the voluntary rejection of our Savior, are set in the light of His face, to whom a thousand years are but as a watch in

the night. There they are, perpetual offenses to His eternal holiness, and we shall confront them and learn by experience infinitely sad that God's warnings are not idle words. When a ship is sinking in mid-ocean, and the captain informs the passengers that in an hour all will be in eternity, even hardened natures are impressed by that solemn word.

The great Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, once began a sermon in the open fields before a congregation of many thousands, by saying over and over again the word which in the Welsh language is equivalent to eternity, a word which, I am told, is in that language more sonorous and weighty even than in our own. "Eternity!" "Eternity!" "Eternity!" he said in slow and solemn accents, looking at the great multitude which would soon be beyond the realm of earthly changes, and then, with eyes uplifted to heaven he spoke the word "eternity" thirty times over, until it seemed that the other world brought its solemnity down upon the waiting multitude. Men looked at

each other with faces whitened by fear. Women sobbed and prayed, and hundreds cried to God to have mercy on their souls! May God make that word mighty to us. May God give every one of us that vision of values that comes to the dying saint when the breath of eternity kisses his face, and he knows that while heart and flesh are failing, God is the strength of his heart and his portion forever. Then he is amazed at the folly which, for a moment, could have preferred the perishable trifles of earth to the enduring treasures of God, and which, in so many, craves the selfish pleasures which are like glittering baubles, before those holy joys which are like the durable diamond ledges underlying the palaces of eternity.

May the Holy Spirit lead each one of us unto Him who is from everlasting to everlasting, and who hath revealed to us redemption in Jesus Christ, whom to know aright is life eternal.—From "*I Believe in God, the Father Almighty.*" *

* New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

BY PRESIDENT J. G. SCHURMAN.

Of Cornell University.

WHATEVER be the province and function of philosophy, it must be admitted that the subject has fallen into some disrepute. Whether this evil fortune be due to the general tendency of our age, a tendency which is vaunted as "practical" but which in reality has much in it that is utilitarian and materialistic, or whether it be due to characteristics inherent in philosophy itself, we need not here pause to inquire. The fact itself will not be disputed. And in view of it, I concede that there are many desirable or useful things in the world which philosophy cannot procure us. It cannot sow corn, or bake bread, or build steamers, or construct railways, or make new inventions in the application of electricity. It has never increased by a single dime the temporal possessions of the man who cultivated it strenuously and for its own sake. Nor yet has it contributed to the wealth of nations. Measured by money or money's worth, philosophy is a quite useless subject,—unless it

be as a butt for the worshipers of Mammon!

Yet in the long history of mankind, philosophy has been sedulously cultivated, and that by the greatest minds of the race. It was believed to be concerned with the most important interests of humanity. Thinkers of all ages have in fact repudiated the monetary standard as the measure of human good. They have recognized that a man's life consists *not* in the abundance of his possessions. They have taken their appeal from what is material to what is spiritual. In the true, the good, and the beautiful, they discern objects of higher worth than all the gold of the world. In the laying hold of the things of the spirit man realizes his truest life. Were material utility the supreme test, then the world might dispense not only with philosophy, but also with virtue and righteousness, which are sometimes in the way of a rapid accumulation of wealth by certain peculiar methods! Like goodness and piety and truth, philosophy is one of the ideal goods of life.

So long as these are nourished by the heart of man, so long will philosophy hold its place in the world.

But we have escaped the swamp only to meet the deluge. Has it not been shown that however excellent and desirable a thing philosophy may be, it cannot perform the task which it has undertaken? Is not agnosticism the last word upon the subject? I know not if it be the latest theory, it is certainly not the wisest. Indeed, the agnostic exposes himself to a strange contradiction. In one breath he asserts that philosophy is impossible; in the other he criticises the theories of all his opponents. If agnosticism is the final philosophy, it cannot even utter itself without contradiction. This is hidden from the amateur agnostics who consider they have said something of momentous consequence when they declare, "No one knows." The agnostic is a speculative philosopher; he differs from others of the class simply in the character of his results.

Those who would blot out philosophy from the intellectual world of the present are ready to admit that in the past at least it has achieved great things. Even the skeptic must realize that human culture would be much poorer than it is if we were, for instance, to wipe out for good and all, the name of Aristotle. Nay, have not Locke, and Kant, and Hegel contributed important elements to modern thought? Now it seems strange that men should do homage to the speculative thinkers of past ages, and yet conclude there is at the present day no scope for such thinking. This anomaly is probably due to the modern spirit of division of work and specialization of study, which has the effect of indisposing the mind to take a broad view of things, or to form such a single conception of all existence as is the goal of philosophy. Instead of philosophy, the agnostic points us to the sciences.

Is then philosophy superseded by the sciences? To answer this question we must determine the function of the sciences. Now the aim of physical science is to read order into the happenings of the material universe by referring them to simple laws of matter and motion. These laws are the first principles of physics; and every science dealing with the phenomena of the material world may be regarded as applied physics. Be the

scientist a geologist, a chemist, or a physiologist, his aim is simply to describe the way in which events happen in terms of the ultimate laws of matter and motion. Physical science has no other task. Let us then suppose that its work has been accomplished, though in fact it has little more than begun. Would all problems regarding the material universe have been answered? Far from it. We should still have to ask such questions as these: "What is that matter whose laws you have formulated?" "What is that space in which particles of matter move, and what is that time by which their velocity is measured?" "Are matter, and space, and time self-existent, or are they dependent either for their being or for their attributes upon the mind which we say knows them?" "What is the relation of mind to the objects of knowledge?" "Is there for both a common ground which we call God?"

Such questions force themselves upon the inquiring mind. They are as legitimate as any other investigations. The interest of the human mind in a question is sufficient justification for putting it. No problem in science has any other warrant. I submit, therefore, that even if physical science had accomplished its task of showing *how events happen*, it would still remain for metaphysical philosophy to show *what things are*.

In the same way the historical sciences, not less than the physical, need to be supplemented by philosophy, if the legitimate interests of intelligence are to be satisfied. History is the record of what men have done and suffered and achieved. It takes account of arts, languages, literatures, politics, and religions, of all the institutions and all the spiritual products which the mind of man has called into being. Now suppose that in this broad conception of it history had fully accomplished its task. What should we know? Why, we should know how in the realm of human action certain things have taken place. We might have more or less general laws of human conduct. Doubtless also we might infer something of the nature of the human spirit which originated the various creations under investigation. But our conclusion would be miserably inadequate unless it had been preceded by a first-hand study of mind through introspective reflection. This study would have revealed the various functions of mind as cognitive, emotional, and volitional; and in discovering

certain ultimate notions, ideals, and norms—such as those of truth, duty, and beauty—our descriptive psychology would lead up to logic, metaphysics, ethics, and esthetics.

I hold, therefore, in full consciousness of what the sciences, historical and physical, are doing and can do, that the problems which have always pressed upon the human mind under the name of philosophy will still remain, and must remain, because the sciences have absolutely nothing to do with them. Science is but the record of the way in which things happen, how they go together or how they follow one another. Philosophy is a view of reality as a whole, but as related to mind,—a view, therefore, which must satisfy at once the demands of the intellect and the ideals of the heart.

Philosophy is as old as human reflection. It originated with the Greeks, who were also the authors of science and letters. And from that time to the present it has claimed the services of the greatest thinkers of mankind. One may fairly ask what under these circumstances philosophy has achieved. It is sometimes claimed that it has had no fruits; and its barrenness has been made a reproach at the present day. George Henry Lewes wrote a history of philosophy to show that each succeeding thinker had destroyed the system of his predecessor, and that nothing had been established by the long series of philosophers except that nothing could be known. This is a tawdry view to take of any kind of human work. It is an especially tawdry view of the highest activity of the mind. And it is as much lacking in historical insight as in just discrimination. The history of thought knows nothing of such a resultless battle of conflicting forces. Always something of the old is maintained when the new is supposed to take its place. And apart from this ever-increasing richness of our systems, it is something that there goes on also a constant deepening and broadening of the problems of philosophy. It is no inconsiderable service of philosophy that it reminds us with growing emphasis of the mysteriousness of this mysterious world in which we find ourselves. But along with this lesson, concerning the greater significance of its problems, philosophy seems to me to have established, by way of solution of them, certain fundamental positions, which I will proceed to enumerate.

Beginning with metaphysical philosophy, I may say it has two problems. One is the

problem of being: What are things? and the other is the problem of knowing: What can we know of things? In relation to the first of these problems, that of the ultimate nature of existence, one very definite result, as I read philosophy, has been surely established. We may describe it negatively or positively. Negatively described, it seems to me settled that philosophy cannot hereafter be materialistic. Early peoples consider material things the most real; indeed they scarcely distinguish any other reality. This was also the case with philosophy in its infancy. But with growing consciousness, with deepening reflection, philosophy has come to see that matter is only a symbol, and that real self-subsistent existence can be predicated of spirit alone. Since the time of Berkeley, materialism has been an anachronism. The men who explained thought as a function of the brain overlooked the fact that the brain and the particles which compose it are merely symbols created by thought for the description of certain visual, tactile, and motor experiences in consciousness. Such is the lesson with which nervous physiology is to-day reinforcing the teachings of philosophy. The ultimate reality is not material things, but intelligence which apprehends them, or (shall we say?) which makes them what they are.

The recognition of spirit as supreme reality is not at all inconsistent with the assumption, made alike by physiologists and psychologists, that mental processes are conditioned by physical processes. Every thought, every emotion, every resolution has its nervous or cerebral concomitant. The physical and the psychical go hand in hand. But if you inquire which of the two, ultimately considered, is the more real, I answer unhesitatingly that mind is, and that material things are but symbols used to designate certain peculiarities in consciousness.

The second problem of metaphysical philosophy has to do with the extent and validity of our knowledge. It is what in recent years we have come to call (coining a new term) the *epistemological* question. The issue is pre-eminently a modern one. Plato and Aristotle never dreamt of calling in question the possibility of knowledge. But within the past two centuries philosophers have arisen to map out the limits of our knowledge. In his famous "Critique of Pure Reason" Immanuel Kant demonstrated, at least to his own satis-

faction, that while the human mind can apprehend the things of sense and time, it is doomed to remain in ignorance of the supersensible. This view has been adopted by Herbert Spencer, a speculative philosopher of the first water though without being aware of it. The early portion of Mr. Spencer's "First Principles" is as metaphysical as anything in our language; but its result is that knowledge is limited to the sequences and co-existences of sensible things, so that no one else at least is permitted to write on metaphysics! But of all those who limit human knowledge Hume is the philosopher who is most thorough and consistent in his work.

Hume's starting point is that sensations are the sole material of knowledge. We can know what we see or handle or hear or in any other way apprehend by sense; beyond this we can know nothing. But we seem to have knowledge which is independent of sensation. What of physics, of mathematics, of theology? Hume could put aside the latter as superstition. But physics and mathematics stood in better repute. They then must be squared to the sensational theory of knowledge. And in accomplishing this task, Hume furnishes us with a great object lesson, which has unfortunately been lost upon his successors, because Hume is not as thoroughly studied as he ought to be. I cannot here give the particulars. But it is substantially correct to say that Hume, setting out with the sensational theory of knowledge, demonstrates the illusiveness of every belief, whether it be of a scientific or a popular character. Belief, he says, is generated by the influence of custom on our imagination. Hence everything may be doubted. The sensational theory of knowledge ends in skeptical nihilism.

Those who deny the possibility of knowing certain kinds of truth should consider Hume's result and the remorseless logic which led to it. We must either take for granted the possibility of all knowledge, or, like Hume, we must say that all knowledge is impossible. We cannot, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, dogmatically assume a middle position. I know no reason for the validity of physical or mathematical knowledge which is not equally tenable for metaphysical or theological knowledge. In each individual case it is simply a matter of evidence. Is it said that we cannot know that God exists? By the same logic I assert that I cannot know of your existence. For the suppressed premise

from which the skeptical conclusion is drawn is that I have no knowledge except through my organs of sense; and *you* (for *you* are not your body) I do not thus apprehend. I say, therefore, that the evidence on which I believe in your existence is just the same sort of evidence as that on which I believe in the Divine existence. Of course there may be a difference of degree: the inference in the one case may be more cogent than in the other. All I am now contending for is that it is not competent for a philosopher to say, "I know of the existence of finite spirits, but the Infinite Spirit is unknowable." This is illogical. Hence, as I am convinced, agnosticism is a dead issue. The modern philosopher must open his eyes to every realm of existence, and reach his own conclusions, not under the influence of a *priori* prejudice but solely with reference to the evidence adduced.

Thirdly, philosophy on its ethical side has always busied itself with the ideal or end of life. What is the Supreme Good? And the end being determined, we must inquire if man is free to realize it. Now, in answer to the first of these questions, all will admit that the goal of human life should be perfection. And though this notion is vague, its content is rendered pretty definite for each of us by that ideal of a higher life which we find in our own consciences and in the sentiments and institutions of society. That type of manhood which we should realize, that something which we ought to become, is not so far from our thoughts that we find any difficulty in grasping it. Some prefer to call it happiness, others blessedness, others duty; but, however named, it is the perfect realization of that which we have it in us to become.

But here the question arises, whether we make our own destinies or whether we are machines propelled by forces from behind. There is no logical contradiction in conceiving of men as automata. This has always been the philosophy of the materialists. Of course it leaves no room for the influence of ideals. The same criticism cannot, it is true, be made upon spiritualistic philosophy when it inclines to determinism, nevertheless I am as little able to believe the course of my life inexorably determined from the spiritualistic as from the materialistic standpoint. If I have not the power of free initiative I cannot understand my moral life. The ideal or law which shows us what we ought to be or do implies that we have the capacity of being or

doing. In moral life we become conscious of ourselves as free, originating, creative spirits. The great danger in current philosophy is that even spiritualism takes too mechanical a view of mind. We can understand what mind is only by our own consciousness. Physical analogies are misleading; they suggest relations of dependence. Mind is self-activity. So far is it from true that our mental life is conditioned and determined, like a series of physical events, that we shall find our best description of the human spirit if we conceive it as self-active, creative, godlike. Yet I cannot hide from myself the fact that modern philosophy is in the main deterministic.

Fourthly, philosophy enables us to believe

and to feel the reality of religion. It shows that the universe is not an atheistic machine or the heavens of brass. It discovers in spirit the ultimate reality; and it discloses the possibility of communion between man, the finite spirit, and the Infinite Spirit, who is his source. Now religion is this life, fellowship, union with God. Much that has passed current in the name of religion will be sloughed off in the course of history. Many things that our fathers thought essential our children will consider accidental. But the underlying essence of religion is as enduring as the human heart. And philosophy, far from being hostile to it, vindicates it on grounds of reason.

A HALF CENTURY OF ITALIAN HISTORY.*

BY PROFESSOR ALEX. OLDRIINI.

Of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, England.

I.

THE CONSPIRACIES. 1820-1848.

IN the character and virtue of the Italian nation lie the moral and material reasons of her being what she appears to have been alternatively in the course of time: now dominating in the realm of thought and powerful in that of action; then corrupted, slave, and divided against herself, an easy victim to adversity.

It was in the profound study and analysis of such reasons, and owing to his historical theory of a harmonious return of things and events, that G. B. Vico, the originator of the philosophy of history, predicted more than one century ago the third resurrection of Italy as an independent nation. The Latin family that had affirmed itself as one of indomitable vitality and of universal genius during the loftiest events, perhaps, known to history, the Roman civilization and the Renaissance of arts and sciences of the Middle Ages, could not, in the appreciation of the solitary Italian thinker, disappear from the path of humanity. Moreover the Roman race had, in his mind, sufficiently expiated the crimes against humanity charged by history to the Empire of the Cæsars, and to an utterly depraved nation whose morals and ethics had turned toward brutal force and irretrievable sensualism. The means by which atonement for

such crimes and vices was made, he believed, had been terrible and had lasted probably too long. Since, from a dominating worldly power, the Italians had been reduced through it to most humiliating conditions, he thought that new times seemed near at hand for them. From his historical and ethnographic* standpoint no other human family had ever given such proof of race power as the one given by the descendants of the Romans ever since the fall of the Western Roman Empire; no other had supported a heavier burden of renewed calamities than these brought to Italy by foreign invasions during the whole of the Middle Ages; none had shown greater power of resistance against a redoubtable foe such as the papacy proved to be for centuries, the temporal power of the church of Rome whose policy and secular aims always stood in the path of a united Italy and is still now in dire antagonism with the ideal of an Italian independent civil state.

The recent fact that Italy has been reorganized as a nation of thirty millions after many centuries of an adverse destiny, by the inextinguishable faith and moral courage of her people (much more than by unforeseen favorable events or by occasional political alliances) is the accomplishment of the prophecy

*[Eth-no-graph'ic.] Pertaining to eth-nog'ra-phy, the scientific description and classification of different races of humanity. From two Greek words meaning people and to write.

Italia from 1815 to 1859.



of the philosopher; to those who are conversant with the lessons of history these premises are a positive pledge that the reviving Latin genius of Italy is once more engaged in the field of superior human achievements and before long will rise again as a powerful factor of civilization among the greatest nations of the earth.

The sacrifices and long series of efforts by which modern Italians succeeded in getting rid of their foreign conquerors and also of the temporal power of the Catholic pontiffs,—by whom, as a rule, these conquerors have always been favored, or directly called to invade the peninsula,—are so well worthy of being related for the full comprehension of the character and tendencies of modern Italy, that a summary survey of the historical period in which they happened (1820–1870) seems a fitting

preface to the exposition of the progress and achievement made by Italy since 1870 to our day.

When in 1789 the French Revolution in its intellectual correspondence with the peals of the American bell of liberty that rang “unto all the inhabitants of the land,” started a new era in the conception, both political and social, of law, liberty, and human welfare, the masses living between the Alps and the Mediterranean Sea were not prepared at once to draw quick profit from that mighty event.

But if the Italian masses, kept in the horrible bonds of superstition and ignorance by their foreign masters and the church of Rome, were unable to understand the motives and the aims of the revolutionary movement of France; if in many instances they even opposed it fiercely, a minority among them fully understood its sense. They were poets, thinkers, artists, scholars, imbued with that spirit of Rome that had come down to them

through the glorious Italian republics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and their learned universities of Bologna, Padua, Pavia, Salerno, etc. Remembering with pride the triumphs of Dante, Raphael, Galileo, Columbus, and hundreds of immortal Italians, they came forth as a sacred phalanx to affirm once more the existence, nay, the persistency and the superiority, of their ancient race, one and all ready to seal their faith with the ineffable sacrifice of their own lives. It took them, these precursors of modern Italy, more than half a century to educate by speech and example their humiliated countrymen to the vision of a higher destiny; and to communicate to them that burning hope and faith by which alone a human family can redeem itself from a state of slavery.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the Italian who had

made France the controlling power on the European continent, could have created as early as the peace of Campo Formio* (1797) a united Italy, and still more easily could he have done so at the birth of his son (1811) whom he called "king of Rome." He was then at the summit of his power and could have accomplished almost everything; but he thought of Italy as of other nations, only within the compass and the conveniences of his own ambition. He was a tyrant.

His fatal dream of a universal empire excluding the right of a nation to independence prevented him from assuring his motherland a national destiny and freedom, and this, notwithstanding the wishes of his own mother who had remained an Italian in her heart, and the earnest expectation of the Italian patriots of his time, such as Foscolo and Alfieri, who, for that and that alone, had granted him the unrestricted help of their genius. So that when hard times came upon his fantastic empire, the ephemeral kingdoms in which the new Caesar had distributed to his lieutenants the Italian peninsula vanished with him (1815). However the principle of nationality did not disappear under the ruins of the Napoleonic world. In spite of the immediate re-subdivision of Italy by the Congress of Vienna (1815) which according to the sarcastic words of Prince Metternich of Austria, "reduced Italy to a geographic expression," the ideal of independence survived to fortify itself through a long period of conspiracy until its final victory.

The treaty of 1815, of which nothing is left nowadays, provided that Italy should be subdivided and ruled by eight potentates, seven of whom were Austrians and Bourbons, the only national one being the king of Sardinia of the old house of Savoy. The pope claimed and was given a full share in the division of the spoils of the unfortunate country. Everybody then candidly believed that Italy's doom was sealed forever; but the memory of the last three centuries of foreign domination and of the empire in which they had taken an active part since the first campaign of Bonaparte (1796) had already so transformed the Italians as to render the return of absolute foreign rulers an unbearable yoke to the most intelligent and thinking element. Hence the period of numberless conspiracies followed by mar-

tyrdom that was soon opened against the new and old tyrants throughout Italy.

To the dreamers of 1814 who, headed by Delfico, Corvetto, Rossi, had gathered in Turin for the constitution of a new "Roman empire," of which, in their illusion, they intended to offer the crown to Napoleon, then a prisoner at St. Helena, many others succeeded with a more practical aim in view. Men of high rank and talent, such as Caracciolo, [kă-răt'cho-lo], Cirillo [che-reel'lo], Mario Pagano, Serrao, etc., and heroic women as Louisa Sanfelice [săn-fă-lee'chi] and Eleonora Pimentel [pe-men-tel'], who left their lives on the gallows at Naples for the independence of Italy, and other martyrs still, in all the regions of the country, exiled by the hundreds, imprisoned, shot or hanged between 1820-1848, the names and deeds of the most celebrated of whom only can find place in this synthetic historical review.

Many a secret patriotic society was originated by them throughout the Italian peninsula as such was the only course left to their patriotism during the blind, cruel rule of the reinstalled foreign princes. The most powerful secret society of those days was one whose members were called "Carbonari." * Powerful to fascination it proved to be among the Italian people, with the mysterious attraction of its symbols, statutes, and conventional language! Both the low people and the tyrants knew that the most prominent citizens had joined it and that its final aim was the reconstitution and unity of Italy under a national rule. But as its secret doings were secretly kept by its members, inflamed by the highest sense of duty to their country, the Austrian, Bourbonian, and papal police sent their blood hunters in all directions, instructing them to use all means whether atrocious or treasonable in order to discover the plans of the conspirators; the reaction against the spirit and the principles of the French Revolution proved very hard in those days for the friends of liberty and freedom for Italy. Many illustrious citizens of learning, wealth, and fame were arrested on a simple suspicion, sometimes, of being acquainted with a "Carbonaro," whether father, son, or friend, and summarily sent to jail and to hard labor.

* A village in northern Italy at which the treaty of peace was signed between France and Austria, which terminated Napoleon's campaigns in that country.

*[Car-bo-nă're]. The word is derived from the Italian word for a charcoal burner. Their place of muster the members called a "hut"; the interior was "the place for selling charcoal"; the outside was the "forest"; and their political enemies were "wolves."

But all that to no purpose! Their trials and illegal condemnation had only the effect of oil poured on a fire, and the work of conspiracy went on with a multiplied intensity toward insurrection. The first important movement attempted in this direction by the "Carbonari" happened in 1820 at Naples. King Ferdinand of Bourbon, whose cowardice was but equal to his ferocity, was by it compelled to grant a constitution and a parliament to the victorious national element. In his heart and soul, however, he meant treason, and no sooner did he secure the military help of Austria (then the most formidable of the foreign rulers) than the parliament was disbanded, the constitution repealed, and hundreds of members of the national party, among whom Morelli and Silvati, Angioletti [än-jō-let'te], and Gen. Pepe [pä'pä] were indiscriminately exiled or sent to jail when not to the gallows.

Amidst the consternation spread in southern Italy by the government of the Bourbons, which the young William Gladstone, after visiting the prisoners of Naples, speaking before the British Parliament, termed "the negation of God," the ranks of the conspirators trebled, the best element being recruited among young artisans and students whose mission consisted in the propagation of the conspiracy among all classes for future events.

An outbreak similar to that of Naples and for the same purpose happened the next year (1821) in Piedmont [pēd'mont] where the liberal element both civilian and military clamored against the national ruler for a constitution inspired by liberal principles. Then also, however after many internal complications and the sacrifice of the noblest leaders among the "Carbonari" such as Santarosa (who, however, could make his escape but to die (1825) like Byron for the independence of Greece) the Austrian bayonets intervened and in the battle of Novara [no-vā-rā] the insurrection was utterly defeated.

A third important movement was at that time on the point of taking place in Lombardy at Milan where the leaders, all "Carbonari," belonged to the most aristocratic gentry. But the Austrian police had, through corruption, warning of the plot, and promptly suffocated it in the blood of many noble victims. Among those who were sentenced to death by courts martial, the most illustrious were Count Arese [ä-rä'sä], Marquis Pallavi-

cini [pä-lä-ve-chee'ne], Count Confalonieri of the Italian nobility; and authors of fame such as Foresti, Maroncelli, and Silvio Pellico, whose book "*Le mie Prigioni*,"* a most pathetic narrative of the sufferings of Italian prisoners at the hands of Austria, had such an echo in the hearts of the nations, namely of France, England, and United States, as to compel the government of Vienna to defend itself before the high tribunal of public opinion on the bare accusation of cruelty to noble prisoners, victims of their love for their country. In the middle part of Italy also several uprisings took place in correspondence with those of Naples, Turin, and Milan; but with the help of Austria the petty tyrants of Parma, Modena, and the pontiff succeeded in crushing in their states the liberal insurrectional movement set on foot by the "Carbonari," in the blood of many a noble citizen.

The masters of Italy thought that after such a bloody repression the Italians would enter no more the dangerous field of the conspiracies; and in fact everything seemed to justify the words of the French poet Lamartine that "Italy was the land of the dead."

When, toward 1830, the dynastic revolution of Paris which put the branch of Orleans on the throne of France,—having affirmed the political principle of "non-intervention" in the affairs of Europe, that is a principle by which foreign domination was condemned, Italy, allured by the promises of fraternal help, rose again to insurrection in order to stamp out of its natural frontiers the domination of Austria and her associates.

Central Italy and the Papal States were the fields of the insurrection of 1831. After many struggles between the people and the foreign princes who at one moment seemed on the edge of their defeat, the help of France failing to come, the numerous regiments of Austria had again the final word. The petty princes that had fled from their capitals were reinstated by their powerful protector and the prisons were filled once more, while the gallows sealed the fate of the leaders. Ciro Menotti was then the central figure; a patriot of great learning and of an indomitable faith, he died on the gallows at Modena pronouncing while grasped most brutally by the hangman those memorable words that resounded in the heart of every Italian and enlisted thousands and thousands of new proselytes

*"My Prisons."

in the cause for which he suffered martyrdom : "The delusion that leads me to my death must teach the Italians never to count on foreign word or help for their liberty and regeneration, but to depend solely on their own courage and on their own strength." Together with that of the great leader of 1831 the names of two members of the "Carbonari" came forth, well known afterwards to history although in very different ways ; that of Louis Napoleon, later on emperor of the French, and of Mazzini [mät-see'nee] the founder and the chief of the powerful secret society *La Giovine Italia** which has led the Italian movement ever since the disorganization of the "Carbonari."

Mazzini centralized in Marseilles at first the débris of the insurrection of 1831, then, after having recruited around his new society the young elements of Italy, he directed from Switzerland or from England the general movement toward independence. To Mazzini, the most illustrious philosopher and conspirator of modern Italy, his countrymen owe an unbounded gratitude from the very fact that while all hope seemed lost with the utter disorganization of the "Carbonari" and the disappearance in jail or the death of its leaders, he, an exile himself, without other means than his intellectual power, could by his action and his writings communicate to the masses a new vigor and an undoubted faith in their final regeneration. Of the several trials toward insurrection made by Mazzini on several occasions, none, however, met with success. It is in one of them (1834) at Genoa that the name of Garibaldi appears for the first time.

In affiliation with *La Giovine Italia*, he

* Young Italy.

was then sentenced to death "as an enemy of his country and of the government," but he was able to make his escape through the mountains and sail for South America, where, always fighting for liberty, his name became conspicuous as a military chief. Later on, in 1844, two naval officers, the brothers Bandiera, with a group of members of *La Giovine Italia*, made a desperate attempt to shake the throne of the king of Naples, calling the people to arms for the establishment of a republic. Betrayed and arrested, they heroically died martyrs of the Italian cause under the bullets of the soldiers of the Bourbon king. With them the period of conspiracy not, however, that of martyrdom, comes to a close, and the spirit of revolution passing in the realm of the idea, an intellectual movement of political propaganda, led by a minority of superior men, takes place in behalf of Italy. The masses understand now and engage with them in the ideal crusade. They are poets and writers like Manzoni, Giusti [joos'te], Berchet [ber-shā'], Guerrazzi [gwër-rät'see], D'Azeglio, [däd-zäl'yō], and philosophers and historians such as Romagnosi, Mamiani [mä-me-ä'nee], Nicolini, Tommaseo, Balbo, Gioberti [jo-bër'tee], etc. The headquarters of the movement is at Turin, the capital of the small state around which will henceforth gather the leading elements of the finally successful period of the Italian wars for independence, running from 1848-1870, in which period the republican influence of Mazzini on the Italian movement gradually diminishes and is replaced by that of the princes of Savoy, who putting themselves audaciously at the head of their countrymen, and risking their small kingdom for that of Italy, realize the rôle assigned by Dante and Machiavelli [mäke-e-ä-vel'lee] to a national prince.

End of Required Reading for October.

COLORS OF THE SEASHELL.

BY LOUIS HARMON PEET.

THE music of the moonlit sea
Sang night by night within its walls
And crystallized its melody
In opalescent mists of sheen
And rainbow hues of azure green
All through its pearly halls.

A POINT OF ORDER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

"MY parents," said the witty author of a mock autobiography, "my parents though not poor, were respectable." There are still modern problems wrought out upon good carpets, and bitter lessons learned (or unlearned) by the excellent citizen.

This story is not located in the slums. It does not concern itself with squalor, beggary, and low morals. It deals with none of what are called the socialistic problems of the day,—as if, perforce, these lay only in tenement horrors and anarchy, starvation, and crime. It is an unfashionable story. It concerns respectable, even high-minded people. Let it be admitted at the outset, though at the risk of losing a few readers, that they were people of an assured income. To be bolder, let it be stated clearly:—they were not without social influence, and the refinements of nature which sometimes accompany that fact in a human history.

It was not a luxurious income; though it quite removed them from that stabbing anxiety as to the landlord's temper and the grocer's bill, which reduces so many otherwise serene and useful minds to pitiful and degrading tactics with the forces of concealed poverty. The Grevilles were what we call well-to-do, in the quiet, New England, suburban sense of the term; they could even have afforded to live in town, though it was impossible to convince their most intimate urban acquaintance of this fact; for, as is well known, the town imagination is hopelessly dense in this direction. Docia Greville began her married life by enthusiastic attempts to explain to her city friends the passion of the true suburban, who would no more exchange his lawn and garden, his pet apple tree, and the curve of the untenanted fields where his boy coasts, the wine and snow in the morning air that leaps in at his bedroom window, the far, wide solemn view of Graychusett from his library,—than he would abandon his twenty minutes' access to town, for a Vermont farm. Mrs. Greville began with the rashness of youth, by asserting that the suburban's was the ideal if not the only life.

"Why, Fred and I *prefer* it!" she used to

say. But she had long given up saying anything at all. The polite, incredulous smile with which her mildest statement on this subject was received, had disheartened her; for she was a warm-hearted, enthusiastic person, and she had settled down in her pretty home at Sweet Briar, in the silence with which those of us who have passed our first youth learn to cloak our peculiar personal preferences when these do not coincide with the convictions of society at large.

It was, as I say, a pleasant, desirable home; full of the little comforts of ease and taste, brimming over with sunshine, and lovingly guarded at the right distance by the precious maples and larches and Bartlett pears which Fred had planted and fostered with his own patient tenderness—for he was, more than most of his sex, a patient and tender man.

On the particular occasion with which we are concerned he stood alone in the library, looking down the avenue under the snow-bent branches. The gas was not lighted (the parlor maid's memory lacked a higher education) and the house was rather cold. He had come in tired from his day's work and a blockaded street car and had gone to the furnace perforce before his gloves were off. Now he stood with his back to the Franklin coal fire in the grate, looking down the avenue while he got warm.

He had the profile of a refined and reserved man; his eyes were blue, large, and sad; the mood of his mouth was well veiled by his brown beard and one might have inferred that, on the whole, he was glad it was.

He could not truthfully have said that he expected to find Docia at home. Yet he was watching for her. A kind of hopeless eagerness distinguished his attitude and expression. He was one of the home-loving, fond men who care to be met. He was, or he used to think he was, dependent on the little things,—the dear words, the quick, sweet thoughts, the tender intentness of love. His mother used to call him her home-boy; and she had four.

The house was still, and dusky, and lonely. It began to darken under the branch of the arbor vitæ that touched the curve of the ave-

nue with its ice-laden finger. That branch came in the way—he could not see the concrete sidewalk—and he moved restlessly to one side to look up the street.

Some of those incidents of our fate with which we are most familiar, we never grow used to; he had no reason to expect his wife to be at home to meet him; yet he never got accustomed to it. He walked to the window, put his hand to his eyes to peer out, sighed, and turned away.

The maid came in, and, not too graciously, lighted the gas.

"Is it time to draw the shade? Yes. Well, I suppose so. Yes, Kate, yes."

He spoke reluctantly, and his next question came with something like timidity.

"Did Mrs. Greville leave word when she should come home to-night?"

"No, sir. Not as I know of. You might ask the nurse."

"Is Dodo in the nursery?"

"Yes, sir. She's got a little cold. Now I think of it, Mrs. Greville said to tell you it was her—I think she said it was her A. K. Z. W. night."

"I don't recall any alphabetical charity of that precise formula," observed Mr. Greville with a touch of that bitterness so rare and therefore so impressive in a gentle and amiable man.

"Sir? Well, it might be the W. T. P. Q. Or maybe it was the A. B. C. D. E. I gets 'em kinder mixed," added Kate; "I suppose if I was educated I shouldn't."

"She said you 'd understand," continued Kate carelessly, after a pause. "Maybe it was some other letters; but anyways I don't think you'll see her right away. There's some of them capitals keeps her longest, and seems to me these were one of 'em. Cook will know, on account of the trial to her keepin' dinner along. Besides, her last lady took it out on her that same way, and she's kinder got 'em by heart."

The parlor maid left the room with the half-veiled pertness characteristic of the national servant when she has been too long in the family; and Mr. Greville stood staring about uncomfortably. He had the air of half pathetic, half ridiculous helplessness peculiar to a man left alone in the house.

He supposed it was all right. Of course it was all right. He knew that Docia loved him dearly. It was not in his temperament to blame her. And she was such a useful

woman! He felt proud of her prominence and influence, her importance and cleverness. He could not have forsworn a latent idea that the philanthropy of New England would languish into a medieval, even a rudimentary state without his wife. He was quite aware that many men did not mind being left alone a good deal by their wives; in fact, rather liked it. Sometimes he wished that he were one of those men.

Sometimes, but gingerly, he occupied himself in remembering. He did not enjoy this reminiscent exercise and usually stopped as soon as possible. Good heavens! The time had been when Docia watched for him!

He began to walk up and down the long library feverishly. His head fell upon his breast. His hands were clasped behind him. He had paced to the green leather-covered lounge and back again, and out toward the dining room; when a little cold touch crept into his clasped fingers and slipped beneath them.

It was the child.

She was trotting up and down beside him silently and demurely. She had mischief in her eyes. She coquetted with her father like a little Yorkshire terrier with his master. She had on a fresh white dress and broad pink sash, and looked like an early Mayflower.

"Why, Dodo!" he said, and caught her to his shoulder.

The vestibule of Saint Agatha's church was thronged. Women surged down the aisle in a thick murmurous stream whose current writhed slowly to the outlet of the sharp winter air. It was growing dark; in fact, the gas had been lighted before the president began to speak. She moved leisurely in the rear of the throng, preceded and flanked and followed by squads of those purring, personal admirers who play about prominent philanthropists, and upon whose adoration it is natural and easy to support one's own faith in one's last public address. Mrs. Greville's had been the feature of the occasion, on this arctic afternoon in the church of Saint Agatha.

The distinguished president of the Society for the Maintenance of University Settlements in the Polar Regions always commanded a full hearing. She was vivid, picturesque, fearless, and fine-looking. She had perfect faith in her cause and in herself, as

related to its needs. She drew more hearers and raised more money than any other woman in her position had ever looked at. She was invaluable, popular, generous, and was worked by her constituents through these qualities for—if we may use one of the rich slang phrases which sometimes offer too much nutriment to be ignored—for all she was worth.

She drifted down the broad aisle, flushed and smiling. Her breath came fast. The passion of the orator was yet upon her. She had made two thousand women cry that afternoon—and Docia felt gratified at this proof of the state of things among the Esquimaux.

"Dear Mrs. Greville!" purred a very young lady, "what would become of us without you?"

"She is so beautifully situated for our work," Docia overheard a middle-aged matron murmur. "Only that one child—and I understand she has such a tractable husband!"

"Yes, her domestic circumstances are perfect,—trained servants always, you know. She is a fortunate woman."

"Indeed, yes! Her house runs itself, I have been told. She has such a *grasp*. She's sure to be re-elected—Oh, don't you think so?"

Docia came out, smiling, into the biting air, and stood for her car in front of the church. It was one of the twenty-minute suburban routes, and she had to wait some time. That old lady who kept her at the foot of the platform to ask her whether she believed in specific answers to prayer had just cost her a car.

Her cheeks burned but she shivered under her sealskin sack. The church had been very hot. She buttoned her furs to her throat, and drew up her Medici collar to meet her little French hat of black velvet and lace dashed with pink.

It occurred to her that it was rather dark and she turned to look at the great church clock above her head.

When she saw how late it was, a little cold revulsion crept over her elation of feeling. She had not meant to be late to dinner again this week. That delay at the S. P. C. T. W. on Tuesday had been unfortunate. The car was late too. How cold it was! She experienced a certain moral chill and let down suddenly, much as she had felt the stroke of the winter air smite her, after the high thermometer of the church. She stamped the

snow impatiently to warm her feet, and answered her nearest and youngest admirer with such irrelevant distance of manner, that the young lady wiped the tears from her blond lashes under her spotted lace veil, and went home quite dejected.

It was as dark as it would ever be, as the phrase goes, when Mrs. Greville panting and cold put aside the low branch of the ice-laden arbor vitæ, so that it should not hit the pink pompon on her bonnet, and hurried into the house.

Fred was watching for her at the nursery window—he always watched for her—and he came quickly down the stairs. He was in time to take her in his arms as her latchkey clicked in the door. The house seemed very warm and bright to her, and orderly. The sheltered homelikeness and pleasantness of the evening had replaced the dreariness of the gray afternoon hour before the lights are lit and the dinner served. Her husband's kiss fell warm on her cold lips. The child's laugh rang from the open nursery door.

She took these things as matters of course—she had always had them. He was such a home-staying, thoughtful husband! He still acted as if his wife's society were a privilege, and they had been married twelve years. Docia Greville, for all her public peregrinations and protestations, was one of the sheltered, shaded women. Never a blast of fate, were it of the storm or of the sun, was suffered to fall upon her handsome head. Outside of her child, her dining room, and her philanthropies, she had not a responsibility. He had always taken every care from her. She could not have told whether or why the cellar was drained, nor the price of furnace coal, nor the cost of grading the terraces, nor what was the carpenter's bill for the new piazza. She never knew when the chimney leaned, or the shed needed repairs, nor why the abutters must keep the sidewalk clear, nor what the damages might be if they didn't.

When they went away for the summer the necessity and difficulty of providing a suitable person to sleep in the house was never at all clear to her. She regarded it as a personal idiosyncrasy of Fred's, that he took so much trouble about what he called the thirty days' clause in the insurance policy—a vague fact concerning which she had few, if any, intelligible views. She did not even leave such things to her husband. He took them,

bodily, away from her mental horizon. Her life was as free from large and harassing responsibilities as the child's in the nursery. She was without pecuniary anxieties—almost destitute of pecuniary grasp and sense of proportion—almost, we may say, of the monetary idea. She had never earned ten dollars in her life.

She had become accustomed to her husband's reliable and continuous personal devotion, and took it as one of the elements of existence, precisely as she did the fact that he paid the bills.

She lifted her face for his kiss with the quietness of habit and assurance; of course Fred was glad to see her—why not? and it was with some surprise that she felt in herself on this evening a little stab of something like regret or moral uneasiness.

"I did not mean to be so late!" she gasped almost apologetically, as soon as she could get her breath. "Is the dinner spoiled?"

"I presume so; but never mind! How cold you are, my love! Here, come to the register. Give me your cloak. I will take off your rubbers. You seem chilled through!" So said Fred gently.

"I am chilled through," admitted Docia with chattering teeth. Her lips were purple and shrunken. Her eyes had too bright a gleam; and her cheeks blazed.

"I stood a little too long, I think, waiting for the car. It was rather warm in the church. But we had such a remarkable meeting! The house was packed, and we raised—where is Dodo?"

"She has taken cold, and I have kept her in the nursery," replied the child's father gravely. "She is not to come down again to-night. I have been up there with her for some time,—I'm glad you've come, Docia. You must take some hot soup directly. You must get warm. You have been—I hate to have you expose yourself so!"

He spoke with unusual emphasis for Fred Greville; but a far more sensitive woman than his wife could not have thought that he blamed her. Docia looked at him blandly.

"I won't again, dear," she said with the smile that made her so popular in committee rooms. "I couldn't help it this time. I will go up and see Dodo after dinner—as you say. Do you mind if I keep my bonnet on? It will save so much time—and you must be starving, poor fellow! Come!"

Mr. Greville was quite accustomed to sit

opposite a bonnet at table; even at dinner it would happen. Docia was one of those New England women who live in their bonnets, and hers were always becoming. Her husband looked at her with loving admiration as they went arm in arm to the dining room; and Kate served the burnt soup and overdone grouse with the little slaps and slams and blazing eyes of the maid who cannot "answer back" when dinner is an hour late and her evening out is spoiled.

"I am so glad to get home!" said Docia with more than usual warmth.

"It is the best place after all," replied her husband quietly. Docia glanced at him with a puzzled, inquiring expression. But he was innocently and absorbingly occupied in the effort to capture a square of browned toast that was floating around his burned white soup.

"It was the most inspiring meeting I have attended this winter," began Docia, speaking rapidly. "There were nearly two thousand people in the audience."

"Ah? Was it so? I don't wonder Dodo and I seem to be rather a small house," he responded, smiling in his pleasant way.

"Why, Fred!" said Mrs. Greville, laying down her spoon.

She looked so surprised and grieved that Fred Greville, stricken with remorse, hastened to undo the effect of his mild innuendo. For he was constituted much like the good woman who regretted that she had been too severe with her dissipated son; and on being asked what she had done, replied: "Why, I said, 'John! John!'"

Fred could never bear to make Docia unhappy. He pushed back his chair, and came over to kiss and comfort her.

Was it morning? Was it night? Was it dark or dawn? Docia turned heavily in bed and tried to raise herself against her pillow. She fell back exhausted. Her head blazed and her feet were carved of ice. Atlas sat upon her chest, and her breath came through a tunnel of pain and strangulation which she remembered to have formerly called her throat. She tossed her burning hands up, and tried in vain to push back her hair from her fiery forehead,—the pretty hair that never looked so charming as in its long, soft braids tied with pink ribbons and falling behind the lace ruffles of her nightdress; for Docia was not one of the women who make gorgons of themselves at night with crimping-pins.

But she felt her arms taken in a firm grasp and put gently back beneath the bedclothes. Then she saw that the gas was lighted and that her husband was up and moving hastily about the room half dressed. Already he was putting on his boots. A glance at the pole of the nearest damask curtain, where the folds fell off from the rings, and left the little loop of sky which always constituted her clock at night, showed her that it was still dead dark.

"What has happened? Who is hurt? What is the matter? What are you doing?"

Docia shot out these questions feverishly, without waiting for an answer to any of them. Apparently, as many more were left on the tip of her tongue.

"I am going for the doctor," interrupted her husband. "Lie still, Docia. I have rung for Kate. You shall not be left alone. Do not try to talk."

"Who is sick?" persisted Docia in her impatient way. "Is it Dodo? Why, I thought it was only a little cold!"

"Lie still!" repeated Fred imperiously. "It is *you*."

There are many worn-out women to whom an acute illness is, clearly, a godsend. The thousand burdens of household life fall off from breaking shoulders. Poverty, pain, cares, anxiety, exhaustion, sink into a blessed Nirvana. For once, there is no child to nurse, or dress, or mend, or scold, or comfort. At last, some one else will get the dinner. The price of lamb stew harasses now no more. How the boy shall get his overcoat and the girl her winter flannels, or whether the cook has given notice, or how long the coal will last,—these burning questions fall to ashes. Even one's chronic headache and back-ache and heartache cease to be subjects of interest. Death looks on at the worn-out woman, and smites the little woes and wants of life to dust. For her there is no rest, except upon the threshold of the grave. It is only in the shadow of death that she gathers force to live. The machinery of care gapes, ready to draw her in again, as soon as the force is fused.

To Docia Greville a dangerous illness meant none of these things. About her house, her child, or her husband, she exhibited no concern. No anxiety as to the doctor's bills or the price of the trained nurse visited her imagination. It never need occur

to her whether the furnace were on draft too long, or whether the servants were quarreling. Like the hand of heaven, her husband's held the helm of the disarranged and anxious house. Not a breath, not a mist of care was allowed to approach her. She was shielded from it as she was from the drafts that the padded double windows kept out of the sick-room, where the thermometer never rose or fell, by day or night, below or above the precise degree prescribed for his pneumonic patient by her fashionable doctor. How should she know—for who was there to tell her?—how many times on those bitter, winter nights, Fred went to the furnace to fight the terrible weather and obey the inexorable beck of that tiny globe of mercury which watched over her life?

Her thoughts took quite different channels. As the delirium of her disease came on, her wanderings became somewhat interesting to the doctor, who was of psychological tendencies, and he noted them, not without curiosity.

"She is occupied," he said with a keen glance at her husband, "entirely with public life."

"She is an eminent and useful woman," replied Greville. "She is much before the public, as of course you know, in philanthropic work."

He tried to speak proudly; but his voice shook. He would have given his life to hear her talk of him or Dodo. But the ceaseless stream ran on.

"Ladies, I have the honor to-day of presenting to your consideration—"

"You are mistaken, madam. That work belongs to the A. B. C. F. M. Ours is a different line altogether."

"Ladies, I rise to a point of order. This is unparliamentary language!"

"No,—It was a faction of the S. P. C. A.—How stupid I am! Not the S. P. C. A. W. It must have been the W. C. T. U. No? Strange! Was it the A. M. A? Or the Y. M. C. A.—wrong again! Try the Y. M. C. U. Ladies, you must excuse me. I think I cannot be well. I am not wont to blunder in this way upon the platform.—What! Raised only \$35.62? Impossible! The treasurer's books recorded \$300.72. Ask the subcommittee. The chairman will inquire into the matter at once, sir. I assure you that our association will give every satisfaction. Our books have been the best audited of any in the city,—I

fail to understand why the treasurer should call *me* to account for this deficiency! This is not my department. I do not excel in monetary management. I am called to a different line. Our methods have always been called inimitable. They have been the envy of the X. T. Z. and the S. T. U. V.—no, no!—I should say, the Alpha, Beta, Gamma—wrong again! . . . I am not well. I surely am not well. I seem to labor under an alphabetical delusion . . . or confusion. . .

"Ladies, I must ask your pardon. I am afraid I must be excused from the platform. I have—a difficulty—in expression. There is a weight—upon my lungs. I see that my voice does not fill the hall. Will those in the back seats kindly come forward out of consideration for my condition?"

"Ladies, I appeal to you! Once more! In behalf of the cause whose sacred demands upon human sympathy we represent. . .

"Madam, may I trouble you? My seal-skin sack, if you please. (*Sotto voce*. Honestly, I doubt if those Esquimaux are any colder than I am!)—Ladies, as I was saying: the importance of university settlements in the Polar Regions cannot be overestimated—

"Who rises? Who rises to a point of order?"

"Who? My husband?—Fred? *You!* Oh, that is right,—that is good. Take me off this platform! Dear, there is such a draft on me—I am so cold! My voice does not fill the hall. I am not well. Take me home, Fred. Hold me, Fred. Dear Fred! Was it *you* who rose—to a point of order?"

"When you get well," gasped the husband, choking, "if you live, my darling—when you are well, I think I shall arise to a point of order."

She lived. A few more black days decided that. But she got well so slowly, that Greville deferred and still deferred arising to any points of order. By tacit agreement, all painful subjects were elided from the sickroom. This was done with the ease by which husband and wife manage to sustain the unexpressed in daily life; its exigencies and occasions being best sustained by a silence that neither shall question.

It was many days before she asked for the child, of whom neither had spoken. At last Docia said distinctly:

"You may as well tell me, Fred. Where is Dodo?"

"We thought it best to keep her out of the sickroom," replied Fred evasively.

"Have you sent her to mother's?"

"No."

"Cousin Jane's, then. Well, that is nearer. It is a good idea. It would have been so much care—for you."

Docia lay quite still for a while; her wan face rose like an ivory carving above her lace ruffles; the pink ribbons on her long, braided hair gave a ghastly tinge to her sunken cheek.

"Fred!" she said with sudden imperiousness, "it's no use. You are keeping something back. Where *is* Dodo?"

"I shall tell, if you don't, sir," observed the nurse, somewhat sharply. "It's time—Mrs. Greville, your child is all right. She is getting well. But she has chosen this time to have the croup pretty badly—poor little thing! and your husband—with all the rest that blessed man has done—has taken care of her."

"Oh, poor Dodo!" cried the mother. It was as an afterthought that she said:

"Poor Fred!"

As she regained her hold on life the tense and terrible lines on her husband's face relaxed. He went back to his office. Dodo came in, with her own nurse, and played about the sickroom softly,—a thin, but laughing baby; for nothing could sadden Dodo; she was born happy; she always sat in the sun; she was easily comforted, and seldom complained; she had been the sweetest sick thing on earth to take care of. Mother and child blossomed into life and strength together; the joy of convalescence throbbed through the March weather and one day Docia found herself in her seal-skin sack again, driving with Dodo through the sunshine and the thaw, in the little glass carriage that Fred had ordered for her protection;—and before she knew it, she was at her desk, tense and determined, ready to attack the ramparts of philanthropic correspondence that had accumulated during her illness. Already her lips had assumed their platform expression. Already her cheeks flushed with the sympathy and adoration purring through scores of young ladies' letters. She had dipped her pen in her silver inkhorn to make an engagement to preside at the great National Convention of the A. Q. P. F. P. (or the Association for Quenching Pauperism among Finns and Portuguese) and still Fred Greville had not arisen to any point of order.

She heard his step in the hall, as she sat with her pen uplifted, hesitating between April the seventh and the seventeenth, for her first public reappearance in the philanthropic world of New England. He had come home at an unusual hour.

His step was heavy, uneven, and dragged a little. She laid down her pen, and went into the hall to meet him. It occurred to her that he did not look quite well. Although those lines which she had learned by heart on his face while she was sick had given way from his mouth and eyes, others had taken their places. It struck her for the first time that these were not agreeable substitutes. He looked, plainly,—he looked sunken and sore at heart.

"Fred!" she cried. "Something has happened!"

"I came home early on purpose to tell you, dear," he answered quietly. He came into the library, and closed the door.

"I have got to go away, Docia,—for a time. It may be a long while."

"I don't understand!" gasped Docia. She backed into the library, and sank down on the green leather-covered lounge.

"They need a superintendent out at the Yellow Rose—" he began.

"The Yellow Rose? That is—a mine—your mine?"

"Yes; the Yellow Rose Mine. The company, in short, want me to go. It is a question whether the mine will go under. They think if any man can bring it up, I can. I've got to go there, and—you see—live a while."

"Live? How long?"

Docia had turned very pale.

"I may be back in July. I may have to stay a year. I thought you and Dodo could go to mother's. Of course it will come pretty hard on me; but *you* can bear it. You have so many resources. . . . You're at it again, I see." He glanced at the last circular of the A. Q. P. F. P. with a sad, slight smile.

"I did think at one time I should ask you—when you got well—to—that is to—not abandon all your public usefulness—but reduce its claims a little; for your own sake; and sometimes for Dodo's, or even mine. But all these amusements and distractions will occupy you while I am gone. You might miss me less. Perhaps it is better as it is."

"Amusements and distractions! The Yellow Rose Mine! Colorado! July! A year!"

Docia ejaculated these words in a dull voice.

E-Oct.

She sat with her hands clasped across her knee, and looking up at him. Dodo pattered down from the nursery, and ran in and slipped her little fingers into her father's hand, and began to walk up and down the room with him, in that pretty way she had.

He looked down at the child and choked; but did not speak.

"Where and how are you going to live?" demanded Docia.

"Oh, anyhow,—in some sort of a camp—in a log cabin, I suppose. I shall get along. There will be other men. Of course it will be—lonesome—at first. But I shan't be allowed to suffer. The company will take care of me," said Greville, bravely.

He went out to hang up his overcoat, and left his wife staring after him. She sat stricken dumb. The child followed her father.

He was gone some little time, and when he returned, the library was empty. He rang for Kate, who reported that Mrs. Greville had put on her things and hurried out of doors. Kate added that she supposed she might be takin' it out again with some of them capitals; but she couldn't say which ones. Greville sighed. It did seem to him a little thoughtless in Docia,—just then. His lip quivered under his iron-gray beard. He took Dodo into his lap and rested his forehead on her bright, soft hair, to hide his face from the parlor maid.

As fortune would have it, the doctor was in his office, and Docia flashed in, out of breath, with blazing cheeks and bright eyes. She was quite well now.

She dashed out a few hot questions, and stood breathless. She would not sit down, but paced up and down the office wildly. The physician glanced at her and arose, too. Then he spoke these words quite distinctly:

"Mrs. Greville, you are perfectly able to bear the truth now, and you shall have it. Your husband goes west by my orders. He is a worn-out man. You will recall that he took care of you—and the child—for a good many weeks, in that terrible weather. He was up nights, a great deal, straight from his warm bed to the cellar, seeing to the furnace, and the Lord knows what. His anxiety for you was excessive. You did not realize, madam—women don't sometimes."

"Is he sick? Is Fred sick?" asked Docia, in the tone of one who propounded the incredible.

"To put it about right," replied the doctor

dryly, "he is a very sick man. His lungs are threatened. I have ordered him west to save his life—if you want to know it."

"Doctor! And without his wife?" The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"That is for his wife to say, madam."

She ran up the avenue, dashing aside the arbor vitae and pushed in. Dodo was climbing the stairs, clinging to her nurse's long white starched apron-string and singing shrilly as she crossed the bar of sunlight from the hall window. Fred was sitting in the library alone. He had thrown himself down upon the green leather-covered lounge. Docia came in softly. His eyes were closed. Now that he thought himself alone, he had thrown off all the little masks of love and courage that he wore before her day by day, and his face had fallen to its natural appearance. She stood shocked to see how ill he looked. In a moment he seemed to have become a very sick, aged man.

She crept up to him without a word, and sank upon the carpet at his feet. He opened his eyes and sprang up:

"Docia! You!"

He stooped to raise her. But she clung there and hid her face upon his knee. It seemed to her that she could not get low enough. She sobbed so that she could not look up into his patient, longing face. She took the edge of his coat, and patted it, and brought it to her lips.

"May I go too?" she humbly said. "I'm going anyhow!" added Docia, bringing her head up suddenly. "Dodo can go to mother's."

"Dodo could be made safe enough for that matter," said Fred, smiling hopelessly. "If I took my family, I should provide for them properly of course. It is a good climate. We could live near people—and things. I could ride over to the Yellow Rose. But it is out of the question, Docia. I *couldn't* take you. There is no use talking about it."

"Very well," said Docia, rising. She put her lips together in a way he knew so well. No Association for the Advancement of Anything ever failed to thrive, whose interests Mrs. Greville ever undertook to lead with that expression of the mouth.

"What are you going to do, Docia?" he asked doubtfully.

"Obey my husband, of course," said Docia meekly.

It did occur to him that—for once—she obeyed rather too easily. But he said no more; and they began to pack his trunk that afternoon; trying to make the best of their trouble to each other as married people do.

He reached Chicago, by the limited express, a week from that day. He found the journey severe, as he had expected; and, as he had planned, he stayed over at his favorite hotel for a night's rest. He had arranged to write and to telegraph Docia from this place, and he hurried down to do so, as soon as he could. It took some little time as such things go, to write his letter (it was a long letter) and get off the dispatch; and then it occurred to him to telephone her by the new Long Distance Line. It would be a pleasant surprise to her; and the poor girl must be a little lonely. She had cried when he kissed her good-by, and clung to him; but she had said very little. Truth to tell, he had experienced a vague feeling of disappointment, he could hardly have said why, when they parted. She had accepted their separation—well, why deny it?—so comfortably, on the whole! Too comfortably, the depth of his heart muttered to its surface; but the loyal fellow reminded himself how busy his wife was. She had so many interests. And she had Dodo. She could not understand what it meant to start off in this way, alone and sick. He repeated to himself stoutly:

"She offered to come! She offered to come with me! It is my own fault. I would not let her.

"A fellow can't tell," he muttered as he went down drearily to the telephone office. "How does he know that he's going to feel so under the weather as this?"

It comforted him greatly to feel that he might even yet talk with her. There was no Long Distance from the Yellow Rose. This was his last chance, and he took it feverishly. With ill-suppressed impatience he ordered the operator to give him Boston. But the line was occupied, and he had to wait some time for his turn. The operator was not of a cheerful disposition, and gave him Boston at last with the manner of a man who would have given him a warmer locality if he had dared.

"Now Sweet Briar. Quick as you can, please."

"I don't see any such office on the book, sir," sniffed the operator. "We don't com-

municate much with the rural villages."

He glanced at the pale, sad-looking traveler with objection in his eye.

"Sweet Briar is a suburb of Boston," insisted Greville, with a return of his usual dignity, "an *important* suburb. There are twenty Long Distance connections in the place. Tell Boston to give me Sweet Briar, Dr. Pellet's, at once."

The operator obeyed, muttering a general disapproval. It was the doctor's office hour and with that incredible swiftness by which modern science astonishes the out-going generation, the familiar tones of the family physician rang brusquely in Greville's homesick ear. He thought—if he had been a woman for instance—that he could have cried for joy when he heard them. As it was he blurted,

"God bless you, Doctor, anyhow!"

With a dry laugh, a thousand miles away, the doctor's voice came back:

"Are you paying twenty dollars to telephone from Chicago to tell me *that*? I've had appreciative patients in my day, but—"

"None of your chaff, Doctor! I've got a pulse up to 108° in the shade to-night. You'd better be easy on me. *You?* No! Thunder, no! It's my *wife* I want! Might I trouble you to send your boy over to bring her to your telephone?"

"She's just across the street," he explained boyishly to the operator; "keep the line for me. It won't take two minutes."

It took, he thought, scarcely that; then from dear departed Sweet Briar, the doctor's answer slowly came; it was given with evident reluctance, and the medical tones were less assured and cheery than before.

"She isn't in."

"Isn't *in*? Can't you get her *somehow*?"

"I'm sorry—but—no, I can't. I can't find her. It's too bad. How's your cough?"

"Oh—anyhow—I don't know."

"What did you say your pulse was?"

"Somewhere below zero—I can't remember. I'm pretty tired. Never mind! Give her my love, Doctor. Tell her I meant to surprise her. I suppose she's at some meeting, somewhere. Never mind! Good-by, Doctor! Good-by, old fellow!"

Greville turned weakly from the Long Distance Telephone, and crawled away to the elevator. He found himself so exhausted that he went straight to his room, ordered a fire, and lay down. The fireman came in, started the fire, put up the blower, and went

away. Greville lay with his eyes shut. He had pulled down the curtains, and the room was dark and dismal.

In a few minutes, the door opened again. He did not lift his eyes but said:

"Yes, yes! Take the blower off and go." The fireman obeyed; took the blower off, but did not go. Instead he came to the bed.

"What do you want here?" growled the traveler. "Why don't you go?"

"Because I came on purpose to stay." So said a soft voice quite clearly. The sick man sprang, and stared, and fell back. His wife stood there in her pretty traveling dress smiling. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. She drew his head to her breast.

"Did you think I wasn't coming, dear?" she said.

"But how in—how on—"

"Oh, I took the other route," she explained carelessly, "I left Boston two hours after you did; that's all."

"Which other route?" gasped Greville.

"Oh, I don't know. The doctor bought my ticket, and put me aboard. I got through beautifully. Anyhow, I'm *here*, and you can't get rid of me. Of course, I meant to do it, all along."

"Meant to?—all along?" repeated her husband stupidly.

"Why, of course. It's nothing but a point of order, don't you see? It was no more than parliamentary."

"Where is Dodo?" asked Greville faintly.

"Dodo is at mother's. Cousin Jane is closing the house. She will bring Dodo on whenever you get ready for her—and she's *promised* to use Dr. Pellet's book, for the *least* fever—so *Dodo's* all right. Everything is attended to. Patrick will lock up the cellar. I've sent word to the A. Q. P. F. P. that I can't serve at the next convention. Old Mr. Bubble will sleep in the house. The plumbers will turn off the water, and put salt in the traps. I've resigned from the A.M.U.S.P.R. for a year. The first vice president will do very well. The shutters are on, already, and the furs in camphor; Jane will stay to the last; Kate and the cook are paid two weeks' notice. There is nothing, nothing, *nothing*, to worry about—and here I am, you dear, old, poor, *poor* blessed boy!"

Then she broke down and cried. The fire reddened the cold walls, and into the heartless, homesick hotel room home entered; for they loved and were together.

WHAT IS LEFT TO EXPLORE.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

NORTH AMERICA contains nearly 9,000,000 square miles and it is estimated by so careful an authority as Dr. Dawson, that nearly 1,000,000 square miles "exclusive of the inhospitable, detached arctic portion is for all practical purposes entirely unknown." This unexplored area does not include certain regions of which the larger geographical features, such as rivers and mountains, have found place on the maps upon the authority of traders and travelers whose information, however, is of the vaguest kind. It would really be better if some large districts in Canada, concerning which our maps show considerable geographic detail, had been left wholly blank; or at least if the geographic features had been shown in broken lines to indicate that our knowledge of these regions is inadequate and fragmentary.

The Canadian government has just fitted out an expedition to explore the interior of Labrador, the largest unknown area on this continent. Two years will be devoted to the work. Two little expeditions to the Grand Falls in 1891, Prof. Hind's short excursion up the Mosie River into the southern edge of inner Labrador, and the Government Survey of Lake Mistassini comprise all the scientific study that has yet been given to the interior of the great peninsula which is less known than inner Africa. Not one of the large rivers of Labrador has been explored to its source; and only one white man, Mr. McLean, has ever crossed any considerable part of the interior. Even the long coast line with its manifold inlets, promontories, and islands, is not satisfactorily mapped and Mr. Packard says we have a much better knowledge of the northern shores from the maps of the Moravian missionaries than from the charts of the British Admiralty and the United States Coast Survey. We know simply that most of the interior of Labrador is an elevated plateau well watered with rivers and chains of lakes which we are unable to lay down on the maps with any approach to accuracy.

Most of the sixteen large areas of Canada which Dr. Dawson has indicated as unex-

plored, are north of the line of profitable agriculture though large districts afford fine timber which the world will be glad to get some day when its present sources of supply become more nearly exhausted.

An ordinary observer may bring us information of great value about unknown regions that are rich in agricultural and commercial possibilities; but an explorer of better equipment is needed in large districts of north Canada which possess little or no economic value except that they feed certain river systems that may be made useful. The explorer will return almost empty-handed unless he is competent to take adequate notes on geology, botany, climatology, and other subjects that will add to the volume of scientific knowledge. We thus see that only explorers of some scientific attainments are competent to acquire information that is worth the money invested in such exploration.

Another interesting exploration which the geological survey of Canada will carry out this year is the study of the extensive region between Lake Athabasca and Hudson Bay at Chesterfield Inlet. The greater part of this route will traverse the "Barren Grounds," and it is hoped to fix the main geographic outlines of the region of which we now have only the very imperfect knowledge derived from the sketches made by Samuel Hearne over a hundred years ago.

The Scottish geographer, Bartholomew, in his recent articles on the mapping of the world, says that only one eighth of the land surface of the globe may still be described as unexplored. Enormous territories, however, which are known in broad outline, have not yet been studied so far that we are able accurately to map them. We cannot yet map over one half the land surface of the world with any approximation to accuracy; and a far smaller fraction of the land has as yet been so thoroughly surveyed that all the refinements of the map maker's art may be employed in an approximately exact delineation of its topography.

The era of exploration in our own country has not yet ended; that of the most refined surveys for purposes of detailed and accurate

map making has hardly more than made a good start. It may surprise the reader to learn that many towns in the great state of New York cannot be correctly laid down on a map because their geographic co-ordinates, or in other words, their exact latitude and longitude, have not yet been ascertained. It will be many years before the network of a trigonometrical survey will cover our entire land; and even to-day we do not know enough about the topography of northern Maine, the northern part of the Adirondack plateau, and the Cascade and Coast Ranges of Oregon and Washington to fill a map on even so small a scale as sixteen miles to the inch with approximately accurate detail.

It is a curious fact that two hundred years after Columbus discovered America the southern part of the western world was far better known than the northern portion. In the middle of the sixteenth century the Spaniards had already occupied the high plateaus of Bolivia and Peru, and the great Amazon and Paraguay Rivers were shown on the maps while yet scarcely anything was known of the interior of North America. It is worth mentioning that no book has yet been produced which gives a complete account of the great progress in our knowledge of South America in the present century; and perhaps the best summary of this information is that recently given in *Annales de Géographie* by Prof. Gallois.

Explorers have now nearly completed the work of studying in their broader aspects the soil, climate, and resources of the great continent. Humboldt gave to all studies connected with the natural history of South America a great impetus. Our cartographic knowledge of the continent, however, is still far from accurate. The best maps of the greater portion of South America are still only approximate. Mr. Wolf's recent map of the Ecuadorian Andes shows that important errors there had long been accepted as fact. Fifty years ago not a single pass over the Andes was shown on the maps for five hundred miles between Argentina and Chile. To-day a hundred passes over these mountains between 22° and 35° south latitude have been described by Dr. Brackebusch and may be roughly mapped. The detailed survey of our own country has made greater progress in our Cordilleran regions largely because the intelligent and economic development of our mineral resources required it. But the tangle

of the South American Cordilleras is still comparatively little known. As a rule mountainous regions are the last to be well studied and well mapped. Whymper says a century will elapse before the Himalayas are fairly well delineated on the maps. Probably more than a century will pass before such work is completed in the Andes as the Canadian Survey for some years has been carrying out, using the camera on mountain tops to expedite the mapping of the manifold ranges and valleys of its mountain regions. Our actual knowledge of South America, so far as the maps register it, depends upon a great mass of material of unequal value and of which a good deal is rejected as fast as new information worthy of confidence is received.

It is fifty years since South America has been the field of a great exploratory enterprise similar to those of Livingston, Stanley, and Cameron in Africa. Castelnau in 1843-47 was the last to cross the continent from sea to sea while threading his way through trackless and unknown regions for almost every step of the journey. Great explorers have followed him but the greatest of them all, Crevaux, and many lesser pioneers, have given their attention to comparatively small areas of the continent. South America may thus be said to have reached fifty years ago that stage of exploration upon which Africa is just entering—when explorers set about the more minute study of comparatively limited areas instead of tracing narrow routes across the continent. But an enormous amount of work remains to be done before the maps of South America can be regarded as fairly accurate; and there is considerable work to do on a large scale, particularly in the Argentine district of Chaco, crossed by three great rivers, where Crevaux lost his life.

The greatest geographic progress in South America within the last twenty years has been made in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego where a network of itineraries has given to the maps a large amount of information that has completely superseded the ideas of those regions which once prevailed. In its larger aspects we may say that South America is now known in nearly all its parts. Some districts in the interior far from important river valleys, a number of secondary affluents lost in the forests, and some parts of the Pampas are all that as yet have not been traversed by explorers. Africa may give us

still some geographical surprises but the supply in South America has been exhausted. Some of the republics like Argentina have already begun the systematic study in detail of their territory; and we may expect that the work of perfecting our geographic knowledge of the continent will largely devolve upon the various states that divide it among them.

The maker of the largest map of Africa yet produced says that he used over eighteen hundred route and other maps of the Dark Continent in carrying out his great enterprise. Every one of these hundreds of maps was the result of exploratory labor within the past twenty-five years. The world never saw before such an outburst of adventuresome spirit and such zeal for geographic discovery. We might almost think that Africa had no more great geographic secrets to be fathomed were it not that new facts of striking interest are still coming to us by almost every mail.

The past few months have brought to light a great salt lake southeast of Victoria Nyanza never heard of before; they have revealed the head streams of the Nile separated only by a mountain range from Tanganyika's waters; they have brought into view a range of mountains extending northeast from the great snow-crowned Kenia, hitherto regarded as an isolated summit; they have proved that Lake Landji, so long mapped as the gathering ground of the Congo head streams, has no existence. It is still always the unexpected that comes out of Africa.

The most pressing work now before the nations which have parceled out Africa among them is to delimit their respective boundaries. England alone has nine thousand miles of inland frontiers in Africa and for the most part it is still impossible to tell where the English possessions join those of other countries unless the frontier happens to be a river or a lake. The European powers have now entered actively into the work of delimiting their frontiers.

If one hundred and fifty years hence we have gained so accurate a knowledge of African topography and have advanced exact surveys so far as to be able to map the continent with a fair degree of correctness, Africa will be even more than to-day the most conspicuous example of the rapid progress of geographic research. But geographers, while

astonished at the stupendous growth of our knowledge of Africa within a few years, are alive to the fact that our maps are still full of inaccuracies. Twenty years ago it was useless to make maps of most parts of Africa on a scale larger than seventy-five miles to the inch because we knew too little of the continent to make maps on a larger scale desirable. Now we have a map on a scale of thirty-two miles to the inch and De Bissy, the author of that fine work, is of the opinion that within five years a map on a scale of about sixteen miles to the inch will be required to do justice to our knowledge of Africa.

The chief reason why our mapping of Africa will long be very inferior is because it is extremely difficult to fix absolute longitudes; and unless the geographic co-ordinates are satisfactorily ascertained it is impossible to produce maps that will stand the test of criticism. Many places and topographic features are assigned to positions on our maps relative to those of other places whose geographic co-ordinates are supposed to have been fixed. More refined inquiries will show that not a few of these determinations of longitude and doubtless of latitude as well, are inaccurate and all mapping based upon them is, of course, more or less erroneous.

All this, however, has to do with the more scientific aspects of geographic work. We do not find now, except in northern desert regions, one of the great white spaces shown on our maps that is not being rapidly narrowed or obliterated by the tireless efforts of a host of explorers. The great unknown region north of the Gulf of Guinea, recently an utter blank on the maps, has been brought to light by Binger, Monteil, and others. The recently untouched region north of the middle Congo is now the stage on which De Bfazza, Mizon, and other French and German explorers are displaying their best efforts. American, Italian, Austrian, and British explorers are unfolding the secrets of Gallaland and Somaliland, "The Horn of Africa." Four Belgian expeditions after two or three years' work have just revealed in broad outline the entire hydrography of the wide region of the Congo head streams. The great southern waste of the Kalihari is being traversed in all directions. To-day no part of unknown Africa is entirely devoid of exploratory enterprise except the frightful Lib-

yan desert, which never has been and perhaps never will be completely crossed by man.

As the work goes on blunder after blunder of the earlier explorers is rectified. The Kong Mountains have been expunged from the charts. In maps soon to appear the northeast corner of Victoria Nyanza will be whittled off for it has been represented as extending too far east. The great extinct volcano Mfumbiro, of which Speke heard but did not see, was included by treaty with Germany in the British possessions. We now know that it has figured too far east and it has been transferred across the border into the Congo Free State safely beyond the reach of British greed for mountains. Lakes like Samburu, which loomed up as great bodies of water, have been stricken from the maps and every now and then a new-found lake is introduced to the world.

The era of great journeys like those of the pioneers through long but narrow stretches of country is now nearly supplanted by a new phase of study. The best work of the future will be done by those who restrict their studies to smaller areas for the purpose of making there exhaustive investigations. We already know Africa in broad outline and now begins the study of the continent in detail.

There is really more unsurveyed country in Asia to-day than even in Africa. The Chinese and other Asian peoples have long had their native maps but they are very inaccurate and rudimentary. At last Asia has come practically under the influence of the great powers of Europe and good maps are following rapidly in the wake of the European advance. India is to-day one of the best mapped parts of the world and the British surveys in Burmah, Persia, Palestine, and Siam, the French surveys in Tonkin and Annam, and the Russian surveys in Central Asia and Siberia have opened a new world to the student of geography. There is this peculiarity, however, about the building up of exact geography in Asia. The work of surveying and exploration is largely in the hands of imperial officers who owe their first duty to the states they serve and who are bound by political interests to regard as confidential the information they acquire. The result is that a great deal of recent geographic progress in Asia is still unpublished and sometimes the reports of most interesting journeys into the depths of the continent are

kept in official pigeon holes several years before the details are given to the world.

The romance of exploration is not yet exhausted. It is only a few months, for instance, since we heard the details of Capt. Bowers' adventuresome journey in unexplored areas of Thibet where he discovered a chain of salt lakes, one of which at an elevation of three miles above the sea, is probably the highest lake in the world; and we know at last that the great Sang Po River of Thibet is the upper course of the Brahmaputra and not of the Irrawaddy as some geographers had asserted; and the truth was learned, not by following the Sang Po to the Brahmaputra, for the river passes through the territory of a hostile tribe who permit no explorer in their land, but by launching marked logs in the Sang Po which long after were picked up in the Brahmaputra.

We may say that no considerable areas of Asia are yet wholly unexplored except certain districts in northwestern Thibet and eastern Turkestan, a region east of the Ob in west Siberia, and a few districts in the great Gobi desert. Japan is pushing her own surveys under European guidance and even hermitlike China, under the impulse of the geographic progress all around her, is beginning to show signs of greater interest in the study of her own territories.

Now and then a new island of small extent is discovered in the Pacific Ocean but, practically, no original discoveries of importance remain to be made among the lands of the oceanic area. In arctic lands Peary has proved the insularity of Greenland. The study of the great ice cap is far advanced and he has now returned to Greenland to explore the archipelago that stretches away north of the main land toward the North Pole. It is probable that his plan of sledging on the ice cap will, before many years, be utilized to discover the extent of the great antarctic land whose northern edge has been followed for a hundred and fifty miles.

In one view exploration will never cease. The manifold forces of nature are constantly changing coast lines and modifying inland topography; and human agencies are continually altering the face of nature. The maps of one decade do not show the world as it is in the next; and every interest of mankind demands constant vigilance in order that geographic knowledge may keep pace with unceasing change.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY THE REV. W. W. GIST, D.D.

IRVING'S literary career presents a marked contrast to that of many other celebrated authors. He was not obliged to serve a long apprenticeship and then wait for recognition. His literary talent was recognized before he was twenty; at twenty-six he was famous, and many of the great men of the nation were among his acquaintances. Grace of manner, charming powers of conversation, sparkling powers of wit, delicate consideration for the feelings of others, a warm, sympathetic nature, and deep love for true womanhood were among the personal qualities that made him a favorite. His pen brought him fair remuneration; literary work was his delight when he was in the mood for work; he touched the popular heart and was not less a favorite with literary men; his fame did not awaken jealousy in others; he lived to a good old age, and won an enviable place in the affections of his countrymen.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. His parents were William and Sarah Irving, and he was the youngest of eleven children. He was born just at the close of the Revolutionary War and his mother insisted that he should be called Washington, a name justly famous. Six years later, when President Washington came to New York to assume the reins of government, a servant of the Irving family followed the great man into a shop and pointed out the lad to him as his namesake. The president put his hand on the head of the boy and blessed him, little thinking that one day the lad would be his biographer.

Irving's father was a strict Covenanter and sought to give his children a rigid religious training. His mother was a woman of fine sensibilities and great sympathy, with much sunshine in her heart. She was a member of the Episcopal church, and her children for the most part united with that church. Washington was sent to school at an early age, but did not distinguish himself in his studies. His delicate health prevented a close application to work. He was full of innocent mischief, but his perfect candor made him popular with his teachers. His sensi-

tive nature revolted at some of the severe punishments inflicted on the other boys and he was excused from witnessing them. His school life was short and uneventful. Under one teacher he studied the rudiments of Latin and laid the foundation for classical studies. How far he carried his Latin is not known. His school days closed before he was sixteen. In early life he revealed many of the characteristics of his mature years, but gave no indication of his literary genius. In the "Sketch Book" he gives this description of his roving disposition:

"I was always fond of visiting new scenes and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents and the emolument of the town crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable."

He began the study of law at the age of sixteen. It is difficult to say what influenced him to select the legal profession. He really had no taste for it and never seriously applied himself to gaining command of its principles. He devoted much time to reading the classic English authors and thus laid the foundation for that perfect style of which he became master.

A literary genius is almost sure to make some attempt at composition in youth. Irving was not an exception. At the age of nineteen he wrote a series of articles for his brother's paper, criticising the theaters of the day. He signed himself "Jonathan Oldstyle." These articles are crude in style, but reveal something of the humor of his later writings. They were widely copied and attracted considerable attention. No doubt they were far above the average newspaper article of the day.

When Irving came of age in 1804, his health was so delicate that his brothers, who were in easy circumstances, decided to send him abroad. His appearance was such that

the captain of the vessel remarked of him, "There 's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." A delightful voyage of six weeks did much to bring back the glow of health. He visited Rome and many other southern cities.

A few incidents of his two years' stay abroad are worthy of note. The vessel on which he embarked on the Mediterranean was captured and the passengers were subjected to many inconveniences. He made an ascent to the top of Vesuvius and came near losing his life. At Rome he formed the acquaintance of Washington Allston, the painter, and was so fascinated by him that he almost decided to become a painter himself. He makes this reference to the struggle through which he passed:

"I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted. I pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise. My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospect; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston and turning painter."

In 1806 Irving returned to his native land greatly invigorated. In November of the same year he was admitted to the bar, though he had done little to entitle him to such a distinction. It does not appear that he thought seriously of giving his life to the law. Indeed it was ten years later that he settled upon a definite plan for his life-work. A few weeks after he was admitted to the bar, he with his brother William and James K. Spaulding began "*Salmagundi*." Twenty numbers of this paper were issued, running through a year, and attracted considerable attention.

In the summer of 1807 Irving went to Richmond as one of the counsel for Aaron Burr. He was evidently selected, not on account of legal ability or experience, but because he had already won some distinction in the field of letters. Burr no doubt thought that the pen of the young literary man might be more powerful than the eloquence of an able expounder of the law. Any comparison between Irving and William Wirt in that famous trial would be simply ridiculous. Irving had no active part in the trial and never championed the cause of Burr with the pen.

He spent two very delightful months at Richmond, however. He was young, handsome, and polished in manners and was popular in society circles. Of the chief actor in that great drama Irving wrote in a private letter:

"Though opposed to him in political principles, yet I consider him as a man so fallen, so shorn of the power to do national injury, that I feel no sensation remaining but compassion for him."

Referring to his last interview with him, Irving writes:

"I bade him farewell with a heavy heart and he explained with peculiar warmth and feeling his sense of the interest I had taken in his fate. I never felt in a more melancholy mood than when I rode from his solitary prison."

Irving was exceedingly tender-hearted and suffering of any kind appealed strongly to his nature. This accounts for his sympathy for one so deep in crime as was Burr.

In 1809 Irving passed through a personal sorrow which in some degree tinged his whole after life. He was deeply enamored of a gentle and accomplished young lady, Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of Josiah Hoffman, with whom he had pursued his legal studies. She was stricken with consumption and passed quickly to an untimely grave. It was a blow from which he required years to recover. This record of his sorrow was found many years after the experience:

"Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment and the anguish that attended its catastrophe seemed to give a turn to my whole character and threw some clouds into my disposition which have ever since hung about it."

His sorrow was so great that he could not speak of it even to his most intimate friends.

In December, 1809, appeared the volume that made him famous, "*Knickerbocker's History of New York*." This was begun with Peter Irving's assistance, and at first the aim was simply to burlesque a pedantic book that had appeared. Soon the older brother was called to Europe and Washington condensed into five chapters what had already been written. He then proceeded on a wholly different plan. This work is the most original that Irving ever wrote. It touched the popular fancy and called forth favorable notices from the keenest critics. It attracted

attention in the Old World. Scott said of it: "I have never read anything so closely resembling Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. Scott and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing."

The first edition of Knickerbocker brought its author some three thousand dollars. Perhaps this was the first money that Irving had earned. His brothers were in easy circumstances and they were ready to meet any of the wants of Washington, who was in delicate health. In 1810 a mercantile firm was formed with Peter, Ebenezer, and Washington Irving as partners. The two older members of the firm were each to receive two fifths of the profits and Washington one fifth. The latter was a silent partner. It was thought best to have an agent at Washington city to watch the proceedings of Congress. This mission fell to the youngest brother. Washington accepted the trust, but it required twenty days for him to reach his destination. He was too fond of society to decline the numerous invitations that came to him at Philadelphia and Baltimore. He spent the winter at the seat of government, and his letters of that period are bright and sparkling. He attended the receptions of Mrs. Madison and made many friends in a social way. He was fascinated by the eloquence of Henry Clay, who had just entered the Senate and was one of the youngest members. His stay in Washington contributed little to the success of the business enterprise.

Irving never had any taste for partisan politics. It was exceedingly disgusting to him to hear men of one party abuse other men simply because they differed in politics. Writing of his experience in Washington, he says:

"As I do not suffer party feelings to bias my mind, I have associated with both parties and have found worthy and intelligent men in both, with honest hearts, enlightened minds, generous feelings, and bitter prejudices. . . . One day I am dining with a knot of honest, furious Federalists, who are damning all their opponents as a set of consummate scoundrels, panders of Bonaparte, etc. The next day I dine perhaps with some of the very men I have heard anathematized, and find them equally honest, warm, and indignant; and, if I take their word for it, I had

been dining the day before with some of the greatest knaves in the nation, men absolutely paid and suborned by the British government."

Irving was disgusted with political contests as he saw them in his day.

After the completion of Knickerbocker, Irving's pen was idle for several years. Many have wondered why he did not give himself wholly to literature after this literary success. As a matter of fact Charles Brockden Brown was the only man in America up to this time who had earned a living in this way. Irving needed a spur to force his mind to work. He practically spent several years as a man of leisure. He was fond of society and his popularity made vast inroads into his hours for study.

In 1815 he went to Europe a second time with little thought that he would remain abroad seventeen years. Soon after reaching England he was greatly oppressed with business cares. His brother Peter was sick and the firm was financially embarrassed. Irving gave himself diligently to the task of mastering the details of the business, a task for which he was little fitted. The work was irksome. At last the firm made an assignment. He was left penniless and turned to his pen for a living. For nearly ten years he had been idle. He now decided to give himself to literature. In making a tour of Scotland he visited Abbotsford and sent in a letter of introduction to Scott, asking whether it would be agreeable to receive a visit in the course of the day. Irving said, "The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family." Scott took a great personal interest in Irving and afterwards aided him in securing a publisher.

In 1819 he was offered a lucrative position in Washington, but declined it since he had already begun work on the "Sketch-Book." The first volume appeared early in that year and contained six papers, Rip Van Winkle attracting most attention. This was the author's modest estimate of his work: "I seek only to blow a flute accompaniment in the national concert and leave others to play the fiddle and French horn." The "Sketch-Book" was originally published in seven parts. It attracted wide attention both in

England and America. Byron pronounced "The Broken Heart" one of the finest things ever written on earth.

The success attending the "Sketch-Book" was a spur to greater literary activity. In 1822 appeared "Bracebridge Hall," and in 1824 "Tales of a Traveler." In the meantime Irving had spent considerable time in Paris and had also visited Dresden. In 1826 he went to Spain and opened to English readers the treasures of that romantic land. He went to Madrid for the purpose of translating valuable papers giving an account of the voyages of Columbus. He soon conceived the idea of writing the life of Columbus and devoted himself closely to the task. The work appeared in 1828 and revealed the author's ability to do work more substantial in character than anything that he had done before. Soon followed "The Conquest of Granada" and "The Alhambra." In 1831 Irving was called to London as secretary of the American legation. This gave him an opportunity to meet many of his old acquaintances. His meeting with Scott, who was broken in health and weak in mind, was very pathetic.

In 1832 Irving returned to his native land. He was not prepared to see the changes that had been wrought in almost every line of advancement. His name was a household word. His countrymen gave him a reception that touched his heart deeply. A public dinner was given him at which Chancellor Kent presided. With much trepidation Irving arose to speak and completely won the hearts of his audience.

Not long after his return he purchased a small tract of land on the Hudson and fitted up a home which he called Sunnyside. He decided to see more of his own country and accordingly made a tour through the West and Southwest. This gave him material for "A Tour of the Prairies."

Political honors were offered him, but he had no taste in that line. His friends wished him to be a candidate for the mayoralty of New York, and Van Buren offered him a place in his Cabinet, but these offers did not tempt him. In 1837 he was a party to an unpleasant literary controversy. While he was yet in England, Bryant wrote to him, asking his assistance in publishing a volume of poems. Irving gladly rendered what assistance he could, but changed one couplet, fearing that it might grate harshly on the ears of

the English. An intimate friend of Bryant wrote a bitter article, charging Irving with "literary pusillanimity." Irving replied with a letter remarkable for its candor, frankness, and manly tone. The episode was unfortunate, but it did not mar the friendship of the two great literary men.

One incident will illustrate Irving's generosity. He had planned to write upon the conquest of Mexico, and had actually begun the work. Learning that Prescott was planning to enter the same field, he abandoned it at once. It was a great personal sacrifice and one that Prescott fully appreciated.

In 1842 Irving was invited to preside at a dinner given in honor of Charles Dickens, who was then making his first visit to this country. Irving became embarrassed and forgot what he had planned to say and sat down greatly humiliated. It is not probable that he ever tried to make another public address. A short time before Dickens came to this country, he wrote to Irving:

"There is no man in the world who could give me the heartfelt pleasure you have by your kind note. There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn."

Early in the same year Irving was appointed minister to Spain. The nomination was made at the suggestion of Daniel Webster, and in the Senate Clay remarked, "This is a nomination everybody will concur in." Irving was taken by surprise. He did not feel that he could well decline, and yet he disliked to leave his beloved Sunnyside. He was fifty-nine years old, was busy with his "Life of Washington," and preferred the quiet of his delightful retreat to state dinners and diplomatic service.

He finally accepted and in April, 1842, he sailed for Europe the third time. He stopped in England some weeks and attended the queen's ball. Victoria was then twenty-three years old and had been on the throne five years. Irving makes this observation concerning the young queen:

"The personage who appeared least to enjoy the scene seemed to me to be the little queen herself. She was flushed and heated and evidently fatigued and oppressed with the state she had to keep up, and the regal robes in which she was arrayed, and especially by a crown of gold, which weighed heavy on her brow and to which she was continually raising her hand to

move it slightly when it pressed. I hope and trust that her real crown sits easier."

Irving found that he could not carry on his literary work in Spain as he had thought. The very atmosphere of the place was one of turmoil. He longed for his quiet retreat on the Hudson and its beautiful scenery. Accordingly he tendered his resignation and in September, 1846, he was again at his beloved Sunnyside. The year before he had written in Spain: "The evening of life is fast drawing over me; still I hope to get back among my friends while there is a little sunshine left." The sunshine lengthened into thirteen years, and happy years they were. He enlarged his house, and his brother Ebenezer and five daughters dwelt with him. He delighted in the society of his intimate friends. He was always busy, and other volumes came from his pen, though he aimed to give his strength to his "Life of Washington." The first volume of this work appeared in 1855 and the last volume in 1859. It was a great relief to him when the work was done. Bancroft and other critics paid the highest tribute to it, but it is a question whether it represents the full vigor of his mind.

Irving died November 28, 1859. He had suffered from sleeplessness for some time. At the supper table that evening he called attention to the glorious sunset. He drank in the view for some time, little realizing that it was the last of his earthly career. As he was about to retire for the night, he sank to the floor and died without a struggle. He was laid to rest near Sleepy Hollow amid scenes that he loved so well.

It is impossible to speak of Irving's personal characteristics in distinction from his style. His works are in a true sense a mirror in which the man is reflected. His style has a charm that is irresistible. His sentences are clear, accurate, and polished. Words are selected with rare discrimination. He seems to have selected the right one intuitively rather than from careful study. His sentences read as if they were dashed off at a heat, as most of them were. He excels both in narration and description. He is a good story-teller, knowing just how to lead up to the main point and keeping back those details that excite curiosity till the proper time to reveal them. His temperament was truly poetical. His imagination was vivid. A beautiful scene or incident was at once photographed on his mind, and his pen had

power to reproduce its main characteristics. A sentence descriptive of the Kaatskill Mountains as seen from the Hudson will illustrate this:

"As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day; undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach; at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun until, in the evening, they printed themselves against the glowingsky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape."

His love of true womanhood was almost a passion with him. This is plain from his treatment of women and his many noble tributes to womanhood. He laid bare his heart in this statement:

"Heavens! what power women would have over us, if they knew how to sustain the attractions which nature has bestowed upon them and which we are so ready to assist by our imaginations. For my part I am superstitious in my admiration for them, and like to walk in perpetual delusion, decking them out as divinities. I thank no one to undecieve me and prove that they are mere mortals."

Some sneer at his pathos, but he has touched the heart as few have done. Byron pays the highest tribute to his power in this line. Mrs. Siddons was moved to tears by his pathetic sketches. Millions of enthusiastic admirers willingly bear testimony to his power to touch the heart. His humor is generally of a high order. The exceptions are in some parts of Knickerbocker. His kindly nature kept him from wounding the feelings of others.

His historical ability was good, but not of the highest order. The power to hold his mind to a subject and carry on laborious research was lacking in his earlier literary career, but he improved in this respect in his later years.

Irving is enthroned in the hearts of the people. He is still admired for the genial personal characteristics which made him a favorite while he was living. Critics recognize his rare literary genius as a master of expression. The multitudes read his works with delight and profit. The study of his writings by thousands of admiring students in the formative period of life does much to cultivate a graceful style of writing, and points to a nobler quality of manhood and womanhood.

THE ARTIFICIAL REPRODUCTION OF THE DIAMOND.

BY LEO DEX.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the French "Revue des Deux Mondes."

THE artificial reproduction of the diamond, an attempt which has recently resulted in several successful experiments, has drawn the attention of the educated world to carbon, that substance scattered so abundantly through the natural world, both in its simple state and also in great numbers of combinations with other elements. Only a profound study of the different varieties of carbon and the conclusions drawn from such study regarding the formation of the different varieties, could have led to the discovery of any methods by which any one of the different forms of this substance could have been produced by art, and especially the most precious form,—the diamond.

For a long time it was believed that the different physical forms which clothe carbon in nature—diamonds, graphite, anthracite, etc.,—were due for the most part to the special molecular arrangements of this absolutely elementary substance. To-day the power of chemical analysis, aided by spectroscopic methods, has shown that these naturally diversified carbons contain some foreign matters whose presence is perhaps not totally without influence upon the special aspects and the particular physical properties of the mass of carbon in which they are found.

If the varieties of carbon differ among themselves decidedly as to certain characteristics, such as color, hardness, conductivity of heat and electricity, etc., they have certain general common properties, the nature of which definitely distinguishes them from any other body. Carbon appears in a solid state of great fixity; its infusibility is complete at any common furnace temperature, and it was only by the action of a powerful voltaic pile that Despretz succeeded in softening and partially volatilizing it. It is insoluble in liquids, but some melted metals are capable of dissolving small particles of it, which upon hardening again take the form of dark gray spangles of graphite. The essential characteristic of carbon is, as is generally known, that six grams of any one of its varieties, combined with sixteen grams of oxygen, give twenty-two grams of carbonic acid.

The different forms under which carbon

appears, whether in a state of purity or in combination, can be classed in two categories, natural carbon, in the form of the diamond, graphite, anthracite, coal, lignite, etc., and artificial carbon, as in coke, charcoal, bone black, etc.

A great variety of conditions presided over the formation of the multiform species of carbon, and it is remarkable that certain of their properties are modified proportionately to the intensity of the causes which determined their formation, a fact which proves a direct correlation between a certain property of a body and a certain exterior cause independent of all action of foreign substances. Thus temperature at the formation of any variety of carbon, pressure, dissolution, cooling, modify the conditions of the resulting body in as regular a manner as their intensity of action is variously regulated.

It is also easy to verify this action upon artificial carbons, even upon those which contain a large proportion of foreign matter. Charcoal of wood formed at a low temperature is a poor conductor of heat and of electricity and is easily ignited; that formed at a temperature of twelve hundred degrees and upward is a good conductor of both heat and electricity and does not readily take fire.

The study of these phenomena led to the conclusion that the diamond, found generally in lands rich in graphite, might be due to a mechanical action, combined or not with a physical action, leading to a modification of the state of the carbon, transforming it into graphite by some general method, and into diamonds at certain places where the combination of mechanical and physical action was for some reason either more energetic or more detailed. This principle admitted, it remained in order to obtain an artificial diamond, to seek to imitate nature as nearly as possible in her work of producing the diamond-bearing graphite. The study of the natural formation of graphite, and of its artificial reproduction by means as closely as possible allied to those of nature was then the first step to be taken.

Mr. Henry Moissan at the beginning of his researches into this matter, studied first the

properties and the conditions of formation of three varieties of carbon, the diamond, graphite, and coal; then he studied the question of the preparation of carbons of great density. His remarkable work has established several points in connection with the gems: the exact composition of the ashes of the diamond and of the carbonado; the existence of graphite, of carbonado, and of transparent microscopic diamonds in the blue earth of some diamond districts; and of properties unknown up till this time of crystallized carbon.

By dissolving carbon in certain melted metals and in silicon, it has been possible to obtain new varieties of graphite, that form of carbon itself so curious on account of the multiplicity of its aspects.

The diamond, which is never found save in connection with masses of graphite and which seems to have been formed by laws analogous to those in operation at the formation of this latter mineral, differs, however, essentially from it in several characteristics.

If chemically the diamond is pure carbon, physically it seems to contain certain impurities in proportions almost invariable for the same kind of gems. Examinations of the ashes of the diamond have determined the exact nature of these impurities. The quantity of ashes upon which it was possible to operate was very small, owing to the high price of diamonds, and this last consideration compelled to the choosing for such analyses of fragments of bort, or carbonado, which is of less value and which contains a greater amount of foreign matter than the purer stones. It is, above all, due to the powerful means of investigation furnished by micro-chemical studies and by spectral analysis that these delicate examinations have resulted so successfully.

Iron—whose presence renders difficult the study of other bodies by means of the spectro-scope, for it furnishes a great number of lines—silica, titanium, calcium, and magnesium seem to be the dominating impurities of diamonds. In general iron is the most abundant, silicon comes next; there are only slight traces of magnesium and of calcium; as to titanium, it is very scarce and certain of the precious stones seem not to contain it at all.

In the carbonado, or the black diamond, the iron is the form of sesquioxide of iron. The carbonado is a very curious variety of the diamond which is neither crystallized nor amorphous, but a sort of vitrified carbon.

The temperature at which oxygen acts upon the diamond is exceedingly variable, but it has been studied with great precision. If the temperature is slowly raised combustion begins without any visible throwing off of light, but on reaching forty or fifty degrees above this beginning point there sometimes appears a very clear and well-defined flame. Experiments have given the following figures for the temperature at which different diamonds burn:

The carbonado of ochery color burns with a flame at six hundred and ninety degrees; the black carbonado, between seven hundred and ten and seven hundred and twenty degrees; the transparent diamond of Brazil begins to burn without brilliancy between seven hundred and sixty and seven hundred and seventy degrees; the cut diamonds from Cape Colony begin to burn with brilliancy between seven hundred and eighty and seven hundred and ninety degrees; the carbonado of Brazil and also of the Cape burns without brilliancy at seven hundred and ninety and with flame at eight hundred and forty degrees; the very hard bort, without flame at eight hundred degrees and with flame at eight hundred and seventy-five degrees.

In hydrogen and at twelve hundred degrees the diamonds of the Cape do not change their weight; sometimes they become very bright and again they preserve their limpidity or change tints.

The vapor of sulphur attacks the diamond only when it is heated toward one thousand degrees, but sulphuret of carbon is easily produced from the black diamond at nine hundred degrees.

Iron at the point of fusion gives with the diamond a smelting which deposits graphite.

The discovery of these properties of the diamond and the conclusions to which they lead are mostly due to the recent researches of Mr. Moissan. They have thrown much light upon the mysterious question of the formation of these precious stones by nature and have aided in discovering a process for artificially producing this desired variety of carbon.

The study of diamonds ought naturally to be followed by that of the places in which they are found, a study which also is fertile in useful information as to the solution of the question of their reproduction. The soil from two localities presenting a particular

interest has been the subjects of the most complete researches: the blue diamantiferous earth of the Cape and the meteorite of Cañon Diablo.

The diamonds are found at the Cape in a blue earth which analysis has shown to be composed of eighty different minerals. With the aid of a sieve the larger diamonds, which are very few in number, are extracted. Microscopic diamonds, however, are there in large numbers but they have only a scientific interest. By treating this blue earth with different chemical agents there have been produced from it a variety of coal, of graphite, of brilliant crystals, and black diamonds. The last are inclosed in a yellow substance containing a large share of iron, a substance which is also found in the cavities of large natural diamonds and in certain smelting crucibles.

In March, 1891, some fragments of native iron scattered over the soil were discovered in Arizona near Cañon Diablo. These pieces were of such excessive hardness that their particles were substituted for emery. Mr. Koenig discovered in these blocks small cavities filled with a black matter containing diamonds of quite appreciable dimensions. These diamonds would scratch corundum. In certain of these stones, to which, after long hesitation, a meteoric origin was attributed, the diamonds formed projections half a millimeter in diameter; rounded and black, they were so hard that they would even scratch carbonado.

If one observes a section mechanically made in one of these meteorites, there will be seen first iron and also graphite in the form of pebbles, just as in metalliferous rocks; for instance, those of Cumberland.

The fragment of the meteorite from Cañon Diablo, which has been studied in France, had one point capable of scratching steel, surrounded by a black sheath formed of carbon and of carbide of iron. Without homogeneity, this fragment contained an impalpable dust of carbon, and carbon in thin slivers of a brown color, analogous to that found in the bottom of crucibles. It enclosed also a dense carbon surrounding two yellowish fragments of an aspect similar to that of bort or of yellow diamond. These fragments, which were heavy, scratched ruby; one of them, burned in oxygen, left a residue of iron; they were slightly translucent. Mr. Moissan discovered in them some particles of

black diamond, and Mr. Friedel discovered the presence of white diamond. An incidental conclusion to be drawn from these studies is that diamonds exist on other planets than ours.

The lack of homogeneity in the meteorite of Cañon Diablo as well as the presence in it of innumerable granules of iron is explained by Mr. Daubrée by the sudden passage from a gaseous to a solid state of the matter which formed the meteorite, and this hypothesis is confirmed by the experiments of Mr. Stanislas Meunier, who has succeeded in reproducing by this process the heterogeneous constitution of meteorites.

Mr. Friedel, who was deeply absorbed in the problem of the artificial reproduction of diamonds, thought that the chemical elements which composed the meteorite of Cañon Diablo were not perhaps irrelevant to the presence of diamonds in the meteoric iron. These elements being iron, sulphur, nickel, and phosphorus, he decided that the first two played the leading rôle in the formation of the gems. Besides, his experiments upon the changes of color in the diamonds of Brazil having led him to conclude that these specimens were formed at a low temperature, he had a good hypothesis upon which to begin his attempts.

He studied at first the action of sulphide of carbon upon iron under pressure. For this purpose he enclosed the former in a cavity made in the mass of iron, then by means of a powerful screw he brought to bear a great pressure upon it. The sulphide of carbon was decomposed, leaving a residue of amorphous carbon; the sulphur being diffused within certain limits in the mass.

These experiments giving him no trace of a diamond formation, he next undertook to bring about in a close vase at a temperature of about five hundred degrees, a reaction of sulphur upon filings of cast iron, allowing a long time for its accomplishment. From this attempt he obtained a black powder which scratched corundum.

In order to examine closely into the existence of the diamond found in a natural state in diamantiferous places or produced artificially by laboratory experiments, the method pursued by Mr. Moissan was the following: he treated the diamantiferous mass with a series of acids which dissolved the other matters; then he studied the density and the hardness of the residue. For the

study of the latter property he rubbed diamond dust upon a polished plaque of ruby using for the purpose a bit of hard wood and examined with a magnifying glass the striations produced. Then he burned the residue in oxygen and ascertained at what temperature carbonic acid was formed. This method proved so excellent that it permitted of the separation and the analysis of some milligrams of diamond contained in one kilogram of blue earth of the Cape.

In order to obtain the powerful pressure which he judged necessary for the formation of diamonds, Mr. Moissan conceived the idea of utilizing the property possessed by certain bodies of augmenting in volume while passing by the process of chilling from the liquid to the solid state. He placed silver and carbon of sugar in an electric furnace and raised the metal to the boiling point when a certain quantity of the carbon was incorporated into the liquid metallic mass which acted as an absorbent. The incandescent ingot was then thrown into water and almost immediately assumed an outer coating of solid silver. When its temperature had lowered until it assumed a red color he took it from the water and left it to harden throughout in the open air. In the interior of the crust of solid silver a liquid nucleus containing carbon in solution persisted for some time which at the time of its solidification, owing to its dilation and to the resistance of its outside envelope underwent an enormous pressure in which the carbon which it deposited participated. The experiment of the eminent scholar was crowned with success and he obtained some black diamond dust.

Following this experiment he made new attempts using iron as the dissolving metal. If iron is saturated with carbon at very high temperatures there will be obtained on cooling a mixture of amorphous carbon and of graphite; and if there is brought to bear during the cooling a powerful pressure the nature of the crystallizations will be completely changed.

Like silver, smelted iron dilates in solidifying. The utilization of this property was attempted in a way similar to that described above; but the experimenter discovered that better results were obtained when instead of being immersed in water the melted metal was poured into a cylinder of soft iron.

He made this experiment in the following way: he forcibly compressed into a cylinder of soft iron, closed by a stopper of the same material, a certain quantity of the charcoal of sugar which he had found to be better for the purpose than charcoal of wood; then he introduced this cylinder into a liquid bath of two hundred grams of iron melted by the electric furnace. The crucible having been taken out of the furnace, he immersed it in water, then when an outer crust had been formed, he left the whole mass to cool in the open air.

He obtained thus some graphite, some charcoal of a brown color, and a certain quantity of very dense carbon which he isolated by a chemical process. These particles scratched rubies, burned in oxygen at a temperature of one thousand degrees giving off carbonic acid. They were in fact diamonds, some of a dull black, others brilliant.

The brilliant diamonds obtained by this process are generally surrounded by a covering of black carbon which it is necessary to remove by other chemical agents. In burning them in oxygen at one thousand and fifty degrees they give a light yellow ash which preserves the form of the crystal and is quite identical with the samples of the ashes formed from impure diamonds. A much smaller return of diamonds was made by the latter method than by that in which the silver was used, but the brilliant gems can be obtained only by the use of the iron.

Mr. Berthelot has tried without a satisfactory result to reach an analogous reproduction of the diamond by purely chemical measures. He has succeeded in getting carbon in a particular state, but as yet no diamond.

The processes employed in the experiments of Mr. Moissan seem to approach very closely to those which nature has employed in giving carbon that particular form known as the diamond, and it is very reasonable to suppose that in continuing the efforts a way will at length be discovered of increasing the volume of the productions.

To-day the world is, in fact, in possession of the method which yields microscopic diamonds both dark and brilliant and in all points identical with those which are found mingled with the same varieties of carbon both in the blue earth of Cape Colony and in the diamantiferous meteorites.

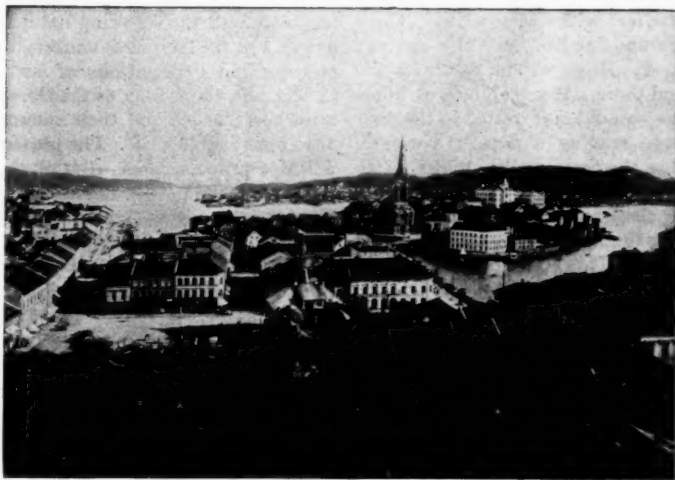
FROM BREMEN TO CHRISTIANIA.

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

SCANDINAVIA cuts a droll figure on the map of Europe. If Italy is a boot, leg and all, Scandinavia is the head of a monster, half snake, half horse, reaching over from Russia, Finland the fore part of a huge body, Lapland a thick neck, Norway the front face, and Sweden the lower jaw. With mouth wide open this leviathan of the North is about to swallow Denmark. But, after all, the Peninsula of the North—Norge and Sverige—has failed to put out of sight or to intimidate that courageous little peninsula and island which thrust themselves up between the North Sea and the Baltic. A brave little kingdom is that Denmark.

Our ship was the *Prinz Waldemar*, and a good Danish boat she is, clean in every part as a neat Dane dame's kitchen. A homelike lunch was served for two very hungry American travelers, who will not soon forget the tender juicy steak, the fried potatoes, the good bread, the English breakfast tea, and the best butter we have found since the gift of a famous Chautauqua County dairy, kindly sent to Captain Hyde, vanished from our table in the port of Southampton. Of the omelette with jam, too toothsome to talk about, this pen is silent.

Passing through the harbor of Kiel—the hiding-place of German naval power—we



Arendal, Norway.

I left my readers last month in Bremen. From Bremen to Hamburg one crosses an uninteresting country, although the latter city is large, handsome, and enterprising. It is another New York. We now move on to Kiel where we take steamer for Korsøer in Denmark. The day was charming. None could covet a more favorable time for a first sail on the Baltic. The sky was veiled just enough to temper the rays of the sun, and the sea was as peaceful as it behooveth the sea to be in the "fair sweet month of June." F-Oct.

counted twenty or more men-of-war, old and new, and several "rams" still on the stocks. We were soon on the open sea and in a few hours found ourselves running up the channel between Laaland on the east and Langland on the west. A little later we had the island of Fyn on the left and Sjaelland on the right. At length we touch the dock at Korsøer, which is to-day all alive with crowds of Danes and gay with yards of bunting in honor of the king, who on that boat just pushing out as we land, is bound for England to

attend the royal wedding and to greet his fair daughter Alexandria, princess of Wales, and mother of the coming king.

A few hours took us by rail from Korsøer



A glacier of Norway.

to Copenhagen through a pleasant stretch of country. How comfortable do these little farmhouses seem, some snow-white, others red, and not a few with a lemon tint. There are no fences and few hedges. The carriage roads are good. Huge windmills crown the hills here and there. Pleasant bits of home life attract us—an old man seated in the door of his cottage reading a paper; a woman driving home the cows; jolly children with smiling faces, waving salutes to the passing train. How clean and dark and restful these forests! See the white chimneys peeping out of the trees! It is eight o'clock and the sun is at least an hour high. In Bremen this morning; in Copenhagen to-night!

Of the Danish capital I have no space to speak. It is a large and flourishing and beautiful city more completely given up to pleasure and "a jolly time," even on Sunday, than any other city I ever saw. After a week of conference work and a twenty hours' run by rail I reached Christiania, the capital of Norway. This is the fifth European capital within six weeks: London, Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen, Christiania. And this is Norway! And we are in Christiania! There is little night here at this season. I read with ease by daylight at 10:30 p. m. On the steamer to Arendal the next night I could see to read at 11:45 p. m. And looking out of the porthole of my stateroom at 3 a. m. I saw the sun rising out of the Christiania fiord.

On the evening of my arrival in Christiania I was greeted by a large congregation in our First Methodist Episcopal Church. We have four churches in the Norwegian capital and are projecting the fifth. After the service I took steamer, as indicated above, for Arendal, the seat of the Norway conference for 1893. Norway was never so prosperous as now. Its varied resources are being developed. Its farm products are increasing. Every year more soil is put under cultivation, and more scientific methods of farming employed. Manufacturing enterprises are encouraged. In shipbuilding, the making of farm implements, glass and porcelain ware, clothing, and other industries Norway is advancing. New railways are projected. The people are poor, but they are industrious, economical, and intelligent. The law of compulsory education is enforced. It is difficult to find people who are not able to read and write. The morals of the people are improving, although the drinking habit is working havoc, and the famous Gotenberg system not meeting the expectations of its advocates. Concerning the feeling of the Norwegians toward the Swedes and their common king I have not room to write. The present troubles will not prove serious. But there are problems which the people who are tinctured with republican ideas are bound to push forward not only in Norway but throughout Europe.

The conference at Arendal which I came to



The Romsdalshorn.

conduct was a pleasant occasion. Arendal is a lovely little city down the eastern coast of Norway, about one hundred and twenty miles perhaps below Christiania. It is somewhat like Galena in Illinois, a city set on hills. But it is built on islands as well, and

at Arendal one thinks of Venice. There were about forty ministers at the conference, besides many laymen and their wives.

The Sunday morning service of the Arendal conference was held in a pine grove on one of the high hills overlooking the town. Here the Methodists have the exclusive use of a platform and benches, and here they hold services every Sunday during the summer. There were at least two thousand persons present on Sunday morning representing all shades of religious faith. The singing when not led by a brass band (of good intentions but unskilled) was really fine. I preached on "The church—what it is not, what it is, and what it ought to be," presenting the broad and catholic ideas with which Chautauquans are familiar. A spiritually minded and skillful interpreter who had a good voice and an impressive manner gave the preacher access to a sympathetic and earnest congregation. Methodism came to Norway many years ago through the conversion in the Bethel ship at New York of a whole ship's crew—captain, wife, and daughter, and all the sailors (with perhaps a single exception). They came home, telling the wonderful story of a new light and a new life. A shipload of believers!

On Monday I enjoyed an excursion down one of the fiords to the old home of the present pastor of the Arendal congregation. His venerable and saintly mother still lives in the old homestead, a charming old lady. We rowed down a part of the way and then hoisted sail and fairly flew over the waves to the little house on the rocks on the edge of the fiord. Here for thirty-seven years has the good woman lived. Her husband was a sea captain. He died many years ago. The house is pleasantly furnished. On the walls are views of Norwegian scenery and a picture of the ships her husband owned. Here are

three or four photograph albums; and here two American rocking chairs, a luxury not found everywhere in Europe. Of the excellent Norwegian dinner from soup to coffee I shall not speak.

We left Arendal at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning on a fiord steamer bound for Skien (pronounced Sheen) about half way between Christiania and Arendal. The journey to the North Cape I could not take. That was however the privilege of my traveling companion, Captain Fred W. Hyde of the *Jamestown Journal*. He is a vivacious traveling companion, as good-natured and unselfish as

a fellow-voyager as he is observant, accurate, entertaining, and stimulating as a newspaper correspondent.

The fiords (fjords) of Scandinavia are (so say the geologists) the remains of the great ice age. The glaciers furrowed out these deep gorges in the mountains and plains and along the shores, and left the lakes and rivers, channels and islands which distinguish the Scandinavian and especially the Norwegian peninsula. These fiords are deeper than the ocean itself fifty miles or less from the coast. The islands that skirt the shore are



The Skjeggedal's Falls.

marvelous for their number and variety. Fiord sailing is a delight. You wind about through straits and channels every now and then apparently bound to run against a wall of rock, when all at once your pilot turns the boat into a deep and secure channel of which you could see nothing till fairly in it. The boat plays "hide and go seek," with mountains, towns, and islands. Indeed all the rivers of the earth seem to be represented in your journey through the Norwegian fiord. Now you are sailing down the Rhine with its castellated rocks. Now you are among The Dalles on the Columbia River. Here is the Hudson with its Palisades. The next five minutes bring you into the Mississippi, or the St. Lawrence with its Thousand Islands.

But you are sailing the great Norwegian coast fiord-river with its more than ten thousand islands. These islands are the skirmish lines of the great mountains sent down to protect the Norwegian shores against the storms of the ocean. These fiords were the great naval academies of the old vikings where they first learned the art of navigation and where they were trained from boyhood to risk the perils of the waves and find the coasts beyond. Wonders of the world are the mountains, valleys, rivers, fiords, islands, lakes, glaciers, and waterfalls of the Scandinavian peninsula.

For a trip through the famous Thelemarken we left Skien at seven o'clock one morning on the little steamer *Victoria* and passed through the outlet of a lake known as Nordsjö (North Sea). The expansion of this outlet at Skien is filled with logs ready for the sawmill, and the outlet itself reminded me of the similar channel at the south end of Chautauqua Lake. We passed through the three Löreid locks, by which our boat was lifted at least fifty feet, then steamed into the delightful Nordsjö. High walls of black rock rise to our right, pine trees scattered here and there. Promontories push into the lake, and islands of various sizes and wonderful beauty lift themselves out of the dark waters. Far ahead of us is Monken Island, of unusual grace in outline. And beyond are high mountains, among them the Lie Fjeld with its patches of snow. To our right in the lofty wall of black rock is the arched entrance to a cave at least two hundred feet above the water. It holds a tradition coming down from the ages of persecution when an old saint found refuge here, and when found by his pursuers was left unmolested because of his simple and genuine piety. In 1890 the Methodist conference made an excursion to this cave and within it gathered for song and prayer; and the address on the occasion by Bishop Warren is remembered to this day.

The Nordsjö is a lovely sheet of water, a few miles longer than Chautauqua Lake. Here and there the storms and the avalanches have brought down tongues and terraces of soil where we now see green fiords, little farms, cozy farmhouses, and great barns. The Nordsjö reminds one of Lake Windermere and Lake George. We touch at Ulefos half way up the lake; pass the old and now unused church of Romenas; feast on the far away mountain prospect—mountain beyond

mountain, still, solitary, solemn, their outlines against the sky, patches of snow on their breasts shining with pearly whiteness; above the mountains, clouds white as the snow; and above all the blue sky. Follow the mountains and you find the sky. From the Nordsjö we thread our way through the crooked little river known as the Saurelv and come into Hiterdalswandel, another lake of the Thelemarken series. In the Saurelv we saw some of the most remarkable mirror effects, excelling anything that I saw in the mirror lake of Yosemite Valley.

After dining at Hiterdal we took a gig for Tinoset. The ride of twenty-one English miles was rough and dusty. The gig holds two tourists and on a stool of some sort behind, kneels or squats or stands the driver, the reins rapping or rubbing one or the other or both of the passengers for the entire journey—an irritating experience. The motion of the wagon is not pleasant, but the scenery was fine, the companionship pleasant, the mode of locomotion novel, and the effect on our appetite amazing. A short distance beyond Hiterdal we came to the famous old Stavekirk, one of the few specimens of this ancient and unique architecture to be seen in Norway. There is one on the estate of Fautoft near Bergen and one at Christiania on the grounds of the royal palace on the Begdö peninsula. This Hiterdal church was built about seven hundred years ago and repaired within the present century. The style is attributed to an architect who had spent some years in India. There is an old Episcopal choir behind the altar and in the vestry you are shown an iron censer from Roman Catholic times, and one or two other relics. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Bassö of the state church, treated us hospitably.

The evening brought us to the south end of Tinsjö, another Thelemarken lake, very deep, narrower than Nordsjö, with much loftier mountains around it, dark mountains with patches of green here and there as from an artist's brush. These green spots are the more impressive when they mark the remains of a small avalanche at the base of the mountain and on the very edge of the lake—reminders of past disasters of slight importance because human life was not involved, but intimations of a greater catastrophe some time in the future. We watch from our steamer the cascades that come down from the heights to the lake, threads of sparkling

silver drawn through the dark green of pine and the dark brown of rock. There are several young Norwegian girl tourists on board this morning, bright, modest, intelligent girls evidently belonging to the middleclass, as it is called. This is a new feature of tourist life in Norway. And American and English girls set the example. But here is Strand at the mouth of the Maanelv.

At two in the afternoon we leave Strand in

ribbed appearance to the whole upper part of the mountain. At first it was veiled in a delicate blue haze and later on, in the sunlight, wore a grayish hue. Soon after, light clouds dropped their fringes over its summit. The mountains stir one's heart. They lift the soul up toward the Infinite. They seem like great arms of earth reaching out after God and His heaven.

We leave our valley of the four mountain



A scene in Norway.

a gig for a fourteen-mile drive to the famous Rjukanfos, the most celebrated falls in Norway, possibly next to the Skjeggdalfos of the Hardanger region. Our guidebook says the Rjukanfos "is one of the finest falls in Europe." Our road is good; the scenery the best we have found. We follow the turbulent Maanelv up the narrow valley. Turning to the left we come into a unique and beautiful region. Four great mountains shut us in—high, dark, massive mountains. Before us is the magnificent Gausta, the highest mountain in southern Norway, 6,180 English feet; more than one thousand feet higher than the celebrated Romsdalshorn in the north. The dome of the Gausta is, from this point of view, oval in form, the depressions extending from the top downward filled with narrow lines of snow giving a

walls and catch the last glimpse of a cascade which has been charming us for an hour, a many-rilled waterfall stealing down the rocks, now in threads and frettings, forming a veil of soft lace over the black background and then losing itself among the trees and stealing through hidden channels to the river. The valley grows narrower. The Maanelv roars in its channel. Here are children with wild strawberries by the wayside, two girls, three boys. We buy for pity's sake, and buy of the girls, of course, and then pity the boys whom pity cannot help.

After a ride of nearly three hours we reach a point where we see far up the mountain, nearly three miles away, the mist of the Rjukanfos rising from a deep gorge. It looks like the smoke of a great furnace. At the poor village of Vaar we leave gig and driver,

and in a shower start for a long hard climb to Krokan—2,300 feet above the sea—where we saw the celebrated waterfall, the Rjukanfos. Here the waters of the Maanelv burst through a narrow opening, between two walls of black rock and descend several hundred feet (our guidebook says "about eight hundred") into a profound chasm partially hidden by two other walls of rock. Before the final descent the waters are already snow-white and descend with a thunderous roar into the fathomless gorge—a chamber of horrors where power is unmeasured, depth unsounded, and which man's curiosity and skill are unable to explore. The fall is less beautiful but more

impressive than the Skjeggedalfos in the Hardanger country. It is not Niagara, but the American wonder surpasses the Norwegian cataract only in breadth. The greater descent, the hiding of the stream before the final fall, the mystery of the unexplored chamber into which the torrent pours, give an impression quite equal in most respects to that with which one looks on Niagara.

But I am reminded that there are limitations which editors enforce even when travelers forget them. From Rjukanfos to Strand, from Strand to Tinoset, from Tinoset to Kongsberg, and from Kongsberg to Christiania, and my short tour in Norway ends.



Lansdowne House.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

OF the literary salons of London, Holland House was the most splendid, Lady Blessington's the most charming, and Lansdowne House the most dignified. Henry Fitz-Maurice Petty, the third marquis of Lansdowne, was one of the leading spirits in that old English political party which for nearly two hundred years was known as the Whig party, but which, during the present generation, and for some years previously, has been called the Liberal party, whose honored head is William E. Gladstone. The Whig party numbered among its members some of the noblest, most liberal, and most patriotic men of Great Britain. Among these, the most illustrious were Addison, Somers,

Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Lords Holland and Lansdowne, Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Lord Macaulay.

Macaulay, who was a splendid judge of splendid houses, said Lansdowne House was the finest house in London. He said this after dining at what he called Littleton's palace, in Grosvenor Place, "a noble house, four superb drawing-rooms on the first floor, etc." It was Lord Lansdowne who first gave Macaulay a chance to enter public life by proposing that he should stand for Parliament at Caine. The marquis had been attracted by Macaulay's articles on Mill, and thought their author would be a valuable acquisition



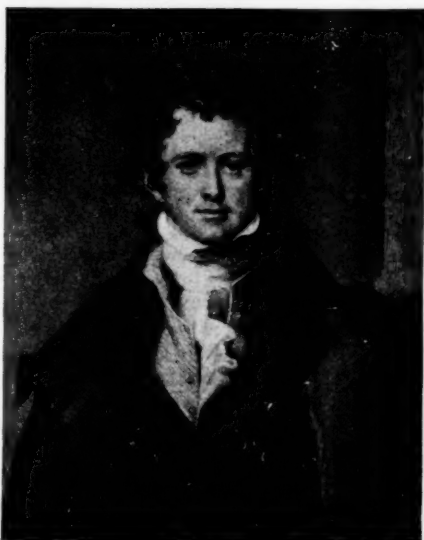
Thomas Moore.

to the Whig party, which was at that time on the eve of the "most momentous conflict that ever was fought out by speech and vote within the walls of a senate house," namely the Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. In offering Macaulay a seat in the House of Commons, Lord Lansdowne expressly stated that he wished in no respect to influence his votes, but to leave him quite at liberty to act according to his conscience. Ambitious as he was to enter public life at that time, Macaulay would never have consented to go into the House of Commons subject to the dictation of any man.

Lord Lansdowne was a collector, and, what does not always follow, a reader of books. He was well acquainted with the inside of the rare and magnificent volumes in his library in Berkeley Square and at his country seat of Bowood. He was a fine classical scholar, and enjoyed the society of men-of-letters. Had he lived in the last century, he would have been a generous patron of poor but deserving authors; but as the public has long been the best patron of literary men, such accomplished and munificent noblemen as Lords Holland and Lansdowne honored themselves by honoring such men as Macaulay, Moore, Rogers, Barry Cornwall, and the other illustrious men-of-letters who flourished during the first half of the nineteenth century. There

was not the slightest suggestion of patronage on one side, or dependence on the other. The peers were too generous and the poets too high-spirited to make such a thing possible.

Lansdowne House was the favorite resort of all that was best and brightest and noblest in London society. The accomplished host was well seconded by his good and amiable lady in maintaining a generous and splendid hospitality. Among the welcome guests there Sir Humphrey Davy should be especially mentioned as the most celebrated scientific man of his age. The invention of the miner's safety lamp and the discovery of the decomposition by galvanism of the fixed alkalis would alone immortalize him. This brilliant man was the son of a carver of wooden chimney-pieces, and at an early age was apprenticed to an apothecary, but was soon discharged because he blew his master's garret window out with a clyster pipe that he had charged with gas. One day when Davy, Moore, and others were dining at Lansdowne House, the subject of magnetism was introduced, and mention was made of a magnetizer in Paris who professed to correspond by means of a magnetic fluid (which he sent in a parabola over the tops of the houses) with a young lady in the Rue de Richelieu, himself living in the Place Louis Quinze. What



Sir Humphrey Davy.

was regarded as a marvel and a mystery at the beginning of this century has become the everyday occurrence of our wondrous age. What was in 1823 regarded as an incredible feat, has become, in 1893, the plaything of a child. The transmission of sound for a few hundred yards was deemed astonishing by Davy, the master scientific mind of his age, but

"We the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time,"

have chained the lightning of the skies, and made it do our bidding. We hear the sound of our friends' voices a thousand miles away. In the streets of our cities the ancient prophecy is realized, for carriages are run without horses. These are some of the end of the century miracles, but wonderful as they are, they are only the beginning of all the wonder that will be, for

"Men, my brothers,
men the workers
[are] ever reaping
something new;
That which they have
done [is] but earnest
of the things
they shall do,"

Tom Moore at the age of twenty made his appearance in the world as the poet of love and the love of a poet. The son of a small Dublin grocer, he became acquainted with Lord Lansdowne at the very beginning of his London life, who, recognizing his delightful talents as a poet and musician, introduced him into the first circles of society, where he won his way to the hearts of all who heard him sing his exquisite melodies. He wrote to his mother that he was dining with bishops, supping with princes, going to concerts with Lady Harrington, escorting Lady Charlotte Moira to balls, and attending Blue-Stocking parties.

He was introduced to the Prince Regent, who received him most graciously, and allowed the young poet to dedicate to him the translation of Anacreon, to which work the prince's only true and lawful wife, the beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert, was a subscriber; also, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Moira, Lady Rich, and other fashionable people. In fact, Tom Moore was fast becoming what Byron twelve years later declared him to be, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

He soon became one of the greatest diners-out in London, and nowhere was he more kindly welcomed than at Lansdowne House.

Tom Moore enjoyed the singular distinction of being a favorite guest at Holland House, Lady Blessington's, and at Lansdowne House, a distinction which can be said of few literary men of that day, for while Macaulay was an *habitué* of both Holland House and Lansdowne House, he never went to Lady Blessington's; Bulwer was a dear friend of Lady Blessington, but we do not find that he vis-



Marquis of Lansdowne.

ited Holland House or Lansdowne House; Campbell was too cold and reserved to be a desirable guest at any hospitable home; however, he did visit Gore House occasionally, but he was not among the brilliant galaxy that met either at Holland House or Lansdowne House, and so on through the whole list; but Moore, the "little Bacchus," the pet of ladies and the admiration of men, was the "curled darling" of every salon.

At the height of his fame, Moore received sometimes four invitations in one day.

"Quite ridiculous," he wrote, "the swarms of invitations that beset me. June 10th, 1825:

A note from Lady Holland asking me for two or three days next week ; sent her my list to show her how doubly and trebly locked and bolted I am for dinners."

The same day we find this entered in his diary :

"Dined at Lord Lansdowne's . . . Introduced to Lady Cochrane, who told me she would at any time have walked ten miles barefooted to see me."

Moore gives the following as his idea of a happy life :

"A pretty house, beautiful girls, hospitable host and hostess, excellent cook, good champagne and moselle, charming music ; what more could a man want ?"

He did not fancy literary ladies of the blue-stocking stripe. His own wife, "darling Bessie," as he called her, was sweet, pretty, gentle, just what he liked in a woman. He was an independent little fellow, and always maintained a dignified position in the world and in society ; he never knuckled to rank whether he was in the presence of earls, dukes, or princes, royal or otherwise. We find in his diary an account of one day's occupation in May, 1828 :

"Sir Walter Scott, Rogers, Chantrey, at breakfast ; music and Miss Baily at luncheon time ; dinner at Lansdowne House, with the Venus of Canova before my eyes, and Sontag in the evening. Taking it with all the *et ceteras* of genius, beauty, feeling, and magnificence, no other country but England could furnish out such a day."

Macaulay, in one of his letters, speaks of the company at Lansdowne House upon one occasion :

"As to the company, there was just everybody in London ; the Chancellor and the First Lord of the Treasury, Sydney Smith and Lord Mansfield and the Barings, and the Fitzclarences, etc."

The beautiful Lady Jersey, Byron's friend, often adorned Lansdowne House by her incomparable loveliness. It was this lady who, when Byron was deserted by his wife, and by the fickle world which had once worshiped him ; when, as the poet said, his household gods were shattered around him,—it was Lady Jersey who had the courage to brave the opinion of the world, and give Lord Byron a reception at her house. It was at this assembly that he made his last public appearance before leaving England forever. Byron never forgot Lady Jersey's kindness to him on this occasion.

G-Oct.

Tom Moore introduced Washington Irving to Lord Lansdowne, and he was always a welcome guest at Lansdowne House. Irving had made a sudden and splendid reputation by the "Sketch Book," and his society was much sought in the highest circles of London. Modest, shy, and retiring, our distinguished countryman was not the man to shine in large companies of perfect strangers. Moore laughingly said of him that he was "not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal." Moore was very different from Irving in this respect, for he was at home everywhere, and shone like a bright particular star wherever he went, winning the applause of men by his wit, and drawing tears from women's eyes by his pathetic songs.

Among the *habitués* of Lansdowne House was Henry Luttrell, the wit, poet, dandy, and scholar. He was one of the brightest and most agreeable men of his day—a wit among lords and a lord among wits. By his "Advice to Julia" he made considerable reputation as a poet. Moore said it was "full of well-bred facetiousness, and sparkle of the first water." By his wit, Luttrell set the table in a roar at Holland House and Lansdowne House. Lady Blessington said of this fascinating man : "I know no more agreeable member of society than Mr. Luttrell. His conversation, like a limpid stream, flows smoothly and brightly along, revealing the depths beneath the surface, now sparkling over the object it discloses or reflecting those by which it glides. He never talks for talk's sake. The conversation of Mr. Luttrell makes me think, while that of many others only amuses me." Another of his contemporaries, R. R. Madden, pays a compliment to his brilliant wit, which was ever prompt and effective in its display, and alludes to his cultivated mind, his fine taste, his graceful style of writing, and his peculiarly pleasing conversational talents ; concluding his cordial praises with the remark that Luttrell "delighted in society and was the delight of it." One of Luttrell's witty remarks was made about the climate of England, which, he said, on a fine day was like looking up a chimney, and on a rainy day was like looking down it.

Among the great talkers who visited Lansdowne House there was none more brilliant, more versatile, more interesting than Sir James Mackintosh. His mind was stored with the wisdom of the ancient and modern world ; and his remarkable memory enabled

him to retain all he read. His conversation was enriched with wit, philosophy, history, and anecdotes, and so extensive was his range of knowledge that it was said of him that he could pass from Voltaire's verses to Sylvia up to the most voluminous details of the Council of Trent. Charles James Fox said he learned more from the conversation of Edmund Burke than from all the books he ever read. What a privilege—what a pleasure—what an education must it not have been to listen to the conversation of such a man as Sir James Mackintosh! Sydney Smith said: "Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any other human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with."

Sydney Smith was a wit of another kind. His conversation sparkled all over with fun. Lord John Russell said Sydney's great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images: these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than anyone else. Anything would give occasion to this electric contact of mirth. Upon one occasion, having seen in the newspapers that Sir Æneas Mackintosh was come to town, he drew such a ludicrous caricature of Sir Æneas and Lady Dido, for the amusement of their namesake, that Sir James Mackintosh rolled on the floor in fits of laughter, and Sydney Smith, striding across him exclaimed, "*Ruat Justitia*." Sydney was called the "wittiest of divines and the divinest of wits." Macaulay gives an amusing account of his first meeting him at York:

"I was changing my neckcloth, when my good landlady knocked at the door, and told me

that Mr. Smith wished to see me. Of all names by which men are called there is none which conveys a less determinate idea to the mind than that of Smith. However, down I went, and to my amazement, beheld the Smith of Smiths, Sydney Smith. . . I shook hands with him very cordially, and accepted his pressing invitation to spend Saturday and Sunday at his parsonage, which lies three or four miles from York. 'Fifteen years ago,' said he to me as I alighted at the gate of his shrubbery, 'I was taken up in Piccadilly and set down here. There was no house, and no garden; nothing but a bare field.' He has built a most commodious rectory, with excellent bedrooms and handsome sitting-rooms. I have taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humor, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions. It seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours a day."

Lord Brougham occasionally escaped from his many duties to enjoy the hospitality of Lansdowne House. He was a man of marked abilities, distinguished as a statesman, as an orator, a historian, a lecturer, an essayist, a political economist. As a lawyer, he rose to the top of his profession; as a statesman, he became lord high chancellor of England; as an orator, his reputation was among the first of his time; as an essayist, he was one of the brilliant band of writers who made the *Edinburgh Review* the leading literary authority in the world.

The literary salons of London have long since passed away. The wits, the poets, the philosophers, the artists, the musicians, the statesmen, the beautiful women and brilliant men who adorned those salons have all departed, many of them leaving only a memory.

WHAT MAKES A BAPTIST?*

BY THE REV. H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

UNDOUBTEDLY, by this question, which the editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN has asked me to answer, he does not mean, What is the force which makes or constrains one to be a Baptist? rather he means, What are the belief and the practice which constitute a person a Baptist?

*This article belongs to a series on the various religious denominations begun in the July number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The denominations treated thus far are the Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian.

The question may seem a little difficult to answer in view of the several classes of Baptists enumerated in the statistics of the churches as collected in the latest census, to which should be added several which apparently escaped the eye of the statistician.*

*The census enumerates the Regular Baptists North, the Regular Baptists South, the Regular Colored Baptists South, the Primitive Baptists, the Two-Seed Baptists, the Free Will Baptists, the Christian Baptists (Disciples), the Christian Connection Baptists, the Dunkards, or German

But, after all, among those who are rightly called Baptists, there is a sufficient unity to render them, with incidental differences, branches of one denomination, as truly as the several schools of the great Presbyterian family constitute one whole.

The name which is popularly attached to any denomination may be very far from giving an exhaustive definition of its belief and position. Merely to hold a congregational form of government does not make a person a Congregationalist in the ordinary sense of the term; and a person may believe in the eldership and in the Presbyterian form of government, while yet he may be anything but a Presbyterian.

A belief in baptism by immersion as the only scriptural form of Christian baptism does not make one a Baptist. All the members of the Greek church hold the same view; Dr. Cathcart, in the Baptist Encyclopædia, cites the Coptic ritual, the Armenian ritual, the Syriac liturgy, the Nestorian ritual, and a description of Abyssinian baptism, all of which point to immersion as the mode of baptism. But all these bodies are morally separated from the Baptists by the diameter of the globe.

Does the belief in *baptism by immersion* of a *disciple* on the profession of his *intelligent faith in Christ* make a Baptist? This belief may, indeed, be held formally and without a full view of its significance and its results; but I think that this article when intelligently held, does imply and involve very much or all of what makes a Baptist.

It expresses obedience to Christ. We are baptized, not because it is an ordinance commanded by nature, not because it has the authority of the church, but because Jesus Christ Himself commanded the ordinance by His example, and enjoined it upon His Apostles, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." The act is a protest against the views of all those who hold that it is the right of the church to modify the form of the ordinance which our Lord gave us; against

the sentiment which Dean Stanley (with perhaps questionable timeliness and courtesy) addressed to the Baptist ministers of New York, when they visited him as a token of respect to an eminent clergyman from abroad: "You still observe the original form of baptism from which the church, *in the wise exercise of its liberty*, as we think, has departed." (I quote from memory.) To those who claim that it is the right of the church thus to change the form of the ordinance which the Lord originally delivered to us, we are entitled to say, "Show us the expressed or implied authority for making the change."

The act expresses our estimate of the supreme Lordship of Christ as head over His church and over all things; and I believe that the members of the denomination which thus practices the ordinance have been singularly free from any disposition to assign to our Lord a lower position than that of supreme Deity.

The practice also pledges us to obey all His commands. No one can, with any shadow of consistency, make a point of obeying the commands of Christ in regard to the introductory ordinance, while yet disregarding His commands as to the other duties of the Christian life, as to self-denial, benevolence, humanity, the duty of loving and laboring and sacrificing for the salvation of the world.

And it is certainly a very significant fact that the denomination which has thus, throughout its history, been faithful to its convictions as to the form and subjects of this ordinance, was the first of Christian churches in modern times to hear the last command of the ascending Lord, to inaugurate the era of missions to the heathen, and with slender means to undertake the conquest of the world for Christ.

Of course, the Lordship of Christ is all inclusive; and the denomination which intelligently embraces and professes it, is obliged to obey Him in every particular, in every sphere, religious or secular, in business, in politics, in the home—everywhere. If its members fail in this, they are false to their professions.

Testifying to our belief in the Lordship of Christ, it testifies no less to our loyalty to His Word; Baptists have always accepted the New Testament as the ultimate law and expression of authority in all relating to faith and practice. Of course they recognize the

Baptists (divided into the Conservative, the Progressive, and the Old Order Brethren), and the Seventh Day Adventists. I fail to find the Six Principal Baptists; and I am not quite sure whether all the Seventh Day Baptists are included under the Seventh Day Adventists. Nor do I find the Church of God, nor the Separate Baptists; I may have overlooked them; and my set of the Statistics is incomplete, lacking I. and II.—H. L. W.

liability and the right to diversity of interpretation, and hence there have been among them widely varying views as to the theory of the atonement and as to the future of the kingdom of Christ. But they have been distinguished by substantial adherence to the essentials of New Testament theology along with liberty of interpretation as to incidents.

The baptism of a disciple on profession of his faith is a burial and a raising. It symbolizes the death of the old life, the life of selfishness and sin, the life which is of the world, and the rising to a new life, the life of prayerfulness, piety, holiness. Thus it proclaims an inward experience and transformation.

My dear friend, the Rev. Leighton Williams, in his admirable and able pamphlet, "The Baptist Position: Its Experimental Basis," indicates the three possible bases for a Christian denomination; the sacramental basis, the creedal basis, and the experimental basis; and he maintains with unanswerable argument that the Baptists are the sole denomination building its entire system consistently upon the spiritual experience of the new birth. Hence baptism proclaims a regenerate church membership, which has through all time been a characteristic of the Baptist denomination. They long stood alone in maintaining this position; but other evangelical denominations are rapidly coming to their grounds. I apprehend that there are very few among evangelical Christians who would hesitate to affirm that a regenerate nature is an indispensable condition of membership in Christ's church.

If immersion alone is baptism, and if baptism is a prerequisite to church membership, the Baptist position as to communion (I do not say the *communion question*, for there is no question) follows by a logical necessity. It is not the expression of self-righteous complacency, nor of exclusiveness; it is simply the inevitable result of the foundation principle as to the form and subject of baptism.

I have said that baptism testifies to an inward experience, to regeneration as a prime condition of membership in Christ's visible church. Herein there is involved a complete separation of the church from the world, and no less of the church from the state. The body of regenerate believers differs vitally from the body of citizens, regenerate and unregenerate alike. And the denomination which holds to baptism has always, with a

uniform and unvarying voice, protested against any union of church and state, and has never ceased to declare that Christ alone should bear rule in His own house.

Hence, naturally, they have always abjured the use of the power of the state for the advancement of religion. They have held that the church is supported by the state somewhat as a man is supported by the pillory. It is upheld; but it is fettered. The Baptist denomination has refused the money of the state. Not a few among the Baptists have perceived that exemption from taxation on church property is equivalent to a subsidy from the state. The Jarvis Street Baptist church, Toronto, Ont., is, so far as I know, the only church which from year to year requests that its property be assessed for taxation: a magnificent testimony. And I think that the Baptists were the first among the denominations (though nearly all Protestants have since followed them) in declining to receive from the United States any appropriations for their Indian schools.

The Baptist denomination shares with the Quakers alone (as I have often heard Francis Wayland say) the honor of having founded a state and had the opportunity to persecute, and yet using this opportunity only to establish religious liberty. This church has the supreme honor to stand in history clad in white robes, in robes stained with no blood save that which has flowed from her own veins.

Believing in baptism as an expression of an inward and individual change, Baptists have naturally guarded with jealous care the individuality of the believer. Every believer stands in immediate relations to God. He does not receive grace through a long line of officials. He himself is a member of a royal priesthood, and has himself received the laying on of the unseen hands. Every believer answers for himself to the Eternal Judge. Hence the parity of all Christians; hence the repudiation of sacerdotalism. The minister is clothed with no authority save that which comes from his recognized and attested character as a man of God, taught by the Spirit, able to teach and to lead the Church of Christ.

Hence come the equality and absolute independency of every local church. There is little in this theory to commend itself to the imagination. The spectacle of a majestic hierarchy, rising grade after grade, till it cul-

minates in a supreme Pontiff sitting in the world's great cathedral from which once issued laws to all Christendom, attended by cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, sending out a mandate obeyed by the tonsured priest in the remotest wild, is impressive, is fascinating. It carries with it the idea of symmetry, of stability, of authority, of unity, of integrity. On the other hand, there is nothing dazzling to the imagination in a few score of plain Christians, of varying degrees of intelligence, meeting in an unadorned building; another group elsewhere, and still another group elsewhere, each independent of the other, each entitled to its opinion though it stand alone, itself liable to err, but with no power to execute its decrees beyond its own limits, having only the authority that belongs to moral sentiment. In all this, there is nothing gorgeous or awe-inspiring. And yet, indeed, simplicity is the highest attainment of civilization. The savage delights in paint and red cloth. The Cavalier of the sixteenth century delighted in gaudy apparel and pointed toes and curling love-locks. The Roundhead wore sad-colored clothing, had his hair neatly trimmed, and avoided fantastic oaths; and every gentleman of the nineteenth century follows his example. Simplicity in dress, in speech, in ritual, in creed, in architecture, in organization, is one of the highest attainments of man.

The baptism of the believer figures the death, the burial, of Christ the Lord. Hence it is a perpetual reminder to the believer of

the atoning sacrifice, of the shed blood, of the dying agony, of the open tomb, of the freed captive, of the resurrection-body, of the ascended Sovereign. It is a monition, a pledge, of the life beyond the grave, of the conscious immortality.

A dear Presbyterian friend, one of the kindest and best men I ever knew, once said to me, "It is only a question of a little more water or a little less." Against the spirit of this utterance I profoundly protest. It is not a matter of a few drops of water or a gallon, or so much as would fill a baptism or a river or an open sea. It is a matter of loyal obedience to Christ and His commands, a recognition of His supreme Lordship, a testimony to an inward experience and to a regenerate membership in Christ's church, a reminder of the individualism of the believer and of his sole responsibility to his Lord, and of the democracy which obtains in Christ's earthly kingdom, and a loving recognition of Christ's death for man and of His resurrection and His ascension to glory.

I think I do not affirm too much in saying that what makes a Baptist is an intelligent reception of baptism by immersion as a profession of the disciple's faith in his once dead, now risen and ascended Lord.

I have said nothing about many important truths which the Baptists hold in common with their fellow-evangelical believers, because I think that all is included in what I have said of the acceptance of the New Testament as the one law of faith and practice.

THE VALUE OF MAIZE AS HUMAN FOOD.

BY IGNATIUS INGOLDSBY MURPHY.

THE cheapness and extent of the bread supply is always a pressing question for the political economists and statesmen of a nation. Yet it is a strange fact that England has availed herself but little of a grain that Americans have found to be wholesome, cheap, and nutritious. Maize, the most prolific cereal of the New World and the only food of the sturdy pioneers that founded cities and established governments, has, despite its proven qualities as a human food during centuries, yet to win its way in England and other countries of Europe. Traveled Englishmen who have been in the States have

been struck by the various uses to which Indian corn, or maize, has been put, and how important a part it plays in American domestic economy, as it furnishes more variety of food than wheat, and has the additional advantage of being more digestible, besides costing less than half as much as the better known grain. Maize is about the only great product of America that is not appreciated in Europe. Our wheat, cotton, fruits, and meats are now well known in the world's markets, but, save for distilling and cattle feeding purposes, maize is still shunned for use in the human dietary, by the people of

the British Isles and the greater part of the Continent, except in some districts of Italy and other places in Southern Europe. Mention should be made that a product of maize, known as "corn flour," has a considerable sale in England, but that is only a starch made from maize, and, though wholesome enough, it is not specially nutritious, because the muscle-forming and bone-forming elements are not found in the starch. The starch fattens only, and though it serves for desserts and puddings, much more advantage can be derived from the whole grain itself, in the form of mush or porridge, bread, cakes, etc., as is done in the United States, corn starch being regarded as only one of the many foods obtainable from maize.

During the Irish famine of 1848, shiploads of maize were sent from America to the starving peasants, but it did not have a fair trial, as it arrived in bad condition, and they did not know how to prepare or cook it. The wheat dealers at the time did all in their power to add to the natural prejudice against the new food, some of them spreading the ridiculous report among the simple peasants, that by eating maize people became black, which was the reason there were so many negroes in the southern part of the United States. Despite the unfavorable circumstances of its introduction, a great deal of maize is now consumed in Ireland as a breadstuff, though principally in the simplest form, as stirabout or porridge, because people there are not familiar with the appetizing, though simply made, dishes that are found on American tables.

Only four per cent on an average of the American maize crop is exported, and the desirability has been for some time past discussed of taking some means to acquaint Europe with the value of our maize as human food, in order to raise the price of the cereal, which is now thought to be lower than it should be, if its real worth were made known to nations now ignorant of it. The American government, recognizing the importance of the movement, appointed a special agent of the Agricultural Department, under the direction of Secretary Rusk, to disseminate information as to maize with this end in view. This gentleman has been conducting a propaganda in the United Kingdom for about two years, where as one of the results of his efforts, some large commercial firms are now engaged in developing the trade in maize as hu-

man food, and offering for sale various delicious preparations of this grain, which prove so acceptable on the tables of rich as well as poor in the United States.

The advantages of maize as a mixture with rye for the army bread to the extent of one third, is now being pressed on the German government. A maize milling plant is now being added to one of the largest mills at Magdeburg, and there is but little doubt that the best disciplined fighting force in the world will before long be supplied with the new bread, which is much cheaper than the old, but more digestible and quite as nutritious. The general use of maize for household purposes is spreading in the German Fatherland. At the exhibitions of Glasgow and Edinburgh there were practical displays of maize at which the various kinds of food made from it could be sampled and tested. These exhibitions attracted considerable attention in the press and were awarded a medal of excellence by the exhibition juries. American porridge or mush thus won a great victory in the heart of the oatmeal country. It may be said that those who partook of the food in Edinburgh and Glasgow took kindly to it, and it can be confidently asserted that the British people need only to have the merits of maize—or Indian corn as it is called in America—brought home to them, to appreciate it as much as do the Americans, to whom they and the rest of mankind are already indebted for potatoes, tobacco, and tomatoes. Parenthetically it may be here stated that maize is four times as nourishing as the potato, this fact being shown by analysis.

The wonderful product, maize, which has conferred such substantial benefits on the world, strange to say, is of unknown origin—the process by which the original plant was developed into human food being wrapped in mystery. A learned author, after much thought and investigation, concluded with the expression, "Like that of wheat and barley, its origin is lost in the twilight of antiquity."

It was first cultivated by the colonists in the United States, on the James River, Virginia, in 1608. The seed was obtained from the Indians, who claimed to be the originators, or first discoverers of the plant, receiving it direct from the hands of the Creator. Schoolcraft gives this mythological history of it:

"A young man went out into the woods to fast, at that period of life when youth is exchanged

for manhood. He built a lodge of boughs in a secluded place, and painted his face a somber hue. By day he amused himself in walking about, looking at the various shrubs and wild plants, and at night lay down in his bower, through which, being open, he could look up into the sky. He sought a gift from the Master of Life, and he hoped it would be something to benefit his race. On the third day he became too weak to leave the lodge, and as he lay gazing upward he saw a spirit come down in the shape of a beautiful young man, dressed in green, and having green plumes on his head, who told him to arise and wrestle with him, as this was the only way in which he could obtain his wishes. He did so, and found his strength renewed by the effort. The visit and the trial of wrestling were repeated for four days, the youth feeling at each trial that, although his bodily strength declined, a moral and supernatural energy was imparted, which promised him the final victory.

"On the third day his celestial visitor spoke to him, 'To-morrow,' said he, 'will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last time I shall wrestle with you. You will triumph over me and gain your wishes. As soon as you have thrown me down, strip off my clothes, and bury me on the spot in soft fresh earth. When you have done this, leave me, but come occasionally to visit the place, to keep the weeds from growing. Once or twice cover me with fresh earth.' He then departed, but returned the next day, and, as he had predicted, was thrown down. The young man punctually obeyed his instructions in every particular, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the green plumes of his sky visitor shooting up through the ground. He carefully weeded the earth, and kept it fresh and soft, and in due time was gratified by beholding the matured plant, bending with its golden fruit, and gracefully waving its green leaves and yellow tassels in the wind. He then invited his parents to the spot to behold the new plant. 'It is Mondamin,' replied his father; 'it is the Spirit's grain.' They immediately prepared a feast, and invited their friends to partake of it—and thus originated Indian Corn."

Longfellow, in his beautiful poem "Hiawatha," refers to this legend:

"All around the happy village,
Stood the maize fields green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin;
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

"And before the summer ended,
Stood the maize in all its beauty,

With its shining robes about it;
With its long soft yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin,
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin.'"

In the extent and variety of its forms and uses, few plants will bear comparison with maize. The plant itself is the most beautiful of all the cereals, and a field of it in full growth is at once lovely and impressive. The long, gracefully tapering green leaves are surmounted by bright straw-colored blossoms, and as they wave and rustle in the breeze, the sight is charming to the eye. From the stalk grow the ears, which nestle among the leaves, being further protected by a sheathing of many folds, from which depend silken tassels called "corn-silk."

William Cobbett in 1828 published a work on maize wherein he enthusiastically advocated its use by English people as human food, as he had become convinced of its great value during his stay in America. Speaking of the origin of the grain, he believed it to have grown in Biblical times, and he quotes several texts from Scripture to prove his contention. Cobden, the great Free Trade advocate, was well aware of the value of maize as human food and he said that the effect of the use of cheap maize in this country would be somewhat similar to that of the abolition of the corn laws in developing trade and industry.

The annual surplus production of corn or maize in the United States is enormous, and it is a very pertinent and very important question to find a market for the largest part of the surplus. The farmers in America manage, indeed, to get rid of it in various ways, in feeding cattle and hogs; as a part of the food of our people; in the making of glucose, whose manufacture is of late years assuming enormous proportions. It is also used in great quantities in the manufacture of beer, starch, and whisky, and in preparations sold as table delicacies. The latest discovery has been the production of oil from the germ, and two manufacturers are now turning out considerable quantities, which meet with a ready sale. The canning of sweet green corn is also increasing enormously. Of considerable importance is the use of corn fodder for domestic animals, for besides the extensive use of grain there is the utilization of the juicy stalks and leaves, and now that ensilage is coming into much favor, the

consumption of cow corn has become very large.

Perhaps the most singular use to which corn has been put is that of fuel, as has sometimes happened in the treeless regions of the West. It has been burned and found a thoroughly good substitute for wood or coal. Every part is utilized, even the husks, which are used by paper makers as a material for pulp; by upholsterers as filling for mattresses and the like; by the orange growers of Southern Europe for packing their fruit; by the South Americans as cigarette wrappers, and even for a kind of coarse doormat. But enough has been said to make it plain that Indian corn must range among the most useful plants known to man.

But it is more to the purpose in these pages to speak of its availability for England and other European countries as human food. Chemical analysis demonstrates that the water contained in maize is slightly less in proportion, and the ash slightly less and the carbo-hydrates but slightly more, in proportion, than in wheat. The proportion of oil or fat is 5.2 per cent against 2.16 in wheat; the proportion of albuminoids is 10.46 per cent in maize, against 11.95 per cent in wheat, and the proportion of digestible carbo-hydrates 70.69 against 71.98 per cent in wheat. That is, roughly speaking, maize contains more than five sixths as much of the albuminoids, not two per cent less of the digestible carbo-hydrates, and twice as large a proportion of the fats. In nutritive value then it cannot be reckoned with any scientific reason that maize is worth less than five sixths of the value of wheat. Maize therefore brings a price at present far below its real value, and this is solely because its nutritive properties as food for man are not sufficiently known.

The monotonous sameness of the diet in the households of the poorer classes in England has often been commented upon, tea and bread being taken in many cases where maize could replace them as a more varied and cheaper food. There is no sturdier race than the American husbandman and he feels no disdain for a diet of mush (maize porridge) and milk; and the British workman is well aware that the toilers of America are not weaklings in muscle or brawn. In 1828 William Cobbett was moved to indignation to see how much was wasted by the rejection by the English poor of a food which is a staple dish in every American family. Yet since

this day there has been but little progress made in its introduction among his countrymen. For hygienic reasons alone it would be well to add to the dietary of this country a grain which has proved so acceptable to the people of the New World, both in North and South America. Maize would be specially valuable in England as its heating properties make it peculiarly well adapted to a hard-working population in a moist climate. About the hardest labor done, that of the southern cotton worker, is performed on a diet of maize. There can be no doubt that its value as part of the soldier's ration has been thoroughly demonstrated by the American Civil War, as, during that great struggle, the larger portion of the bread used by the southern armies was made from corn or maize, while at the same time it furnished a large part of the food supply of the federal forces. A mixture of $\frac{2}{3}$ maize with $\frac{1}{3}$ wheat or rye produces a bread which is fully as nutritious as that made from wheat or rye, and more digestible than either. Here is one direction in which great economies can be effected in the cost of the enormous military forces of Europe.

One of the greatest problems confronting the statesmen of Europe to-day is the question of maintaining the present enormous military establishments imposed upon each country by the existing conditions, at the highest point of possible efficiency, with the lowest charge on the tax-burdened citizen. The cost of the ration to be issued is a serious question; the necessity from a hygienic point of view of supplying a diet concentrated, highly nutritious, and at the same time varied enough to meet the requirements of modern dietetic demands, is apparent. Maize makes a concentrated foodstuff, palatable and nourishing when properly prepared, and it is especially valuable for use where muscle and hard labor are required. Its value during the American Civil War received the most crucial test which could possibly be applied, and the wonderful strength and endurance shown by the combatants on both sides is sufficient evidence of its value. It is apparent that its adoption as part of the army rations in European countries would be highly desirable, looking at the question from all points of view. The advantage to the governments would be in the fact, that it would give as a part of the ration a grain cheaper than any other in first money cost. The supply, also,

is certain and abundant, for it is not subject to such fluctuations in production as wheat or rye, being better adapted than most other crops to withstand American climatic defects, drought especially. Its use would mean increased military efficiency for the whole body, as well as increased comfort for the individuals making up the service.

Maize mixed in the proportion of a third does not alter the taste of wheat or rye or wheat bread to any appreciable extent. There can be no more effective recommendation for a new food than its healthfulness, and this can well be claimed for maize, both from its inherent qualities and its history as a food. For constipation it is a preventive and a cure, and it is stated on good authority that the use of maize is a potent remedy for dyspepsia. This seems reasonable enough when it is remembered that dyspepsia was scarcely known in America fifty years ago, when maize was the principal food. This special healthfulness is probably not due to any peculiar element which it contains, but to its mechanical properties by which it stimulates the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. It contains less gluten than rye or wheat and of a kind not separable by water. It does not therefore require much leaven or yeast of any sort to lighten it, and no matter how apparently heavy or how close its particles may be, they are not agglutinated and are easily separated in the process of mastication and digestion. In making most maize dishes it is advisable to add about 25 per cent of wheat flour in order to increase the adhesiveness of the mixture. As between the white and yellow maize, most people prefer the former, and in the South where the grain is best known and prepared, the white is chosen as it is claimed that analysis shows it is slightly more nutritious.

Dr. Pavy, the great English authority on human food, strongly recommends maize as an article of diet, and more than one of Her Majesty's consuls in the United States, especially Consul F. J. Cridland of Charleston, S. C., has addressed reports to the British government, pointing out the prominence of maize as a food in all American families. Dr. Piso, the famous Spanish physician, wrote a notable treatise on the medicinal value of the grain. Maize contains about twice as much oil or fat as wheat or rye, so that while it is more fattening it spoils quicker, and this latter fact has militated against its extensive

use abroad. This difficulty has now been overcome, however, by the process known as "degermination," by which the germ or heart is removed, thereby greatly decreasing the oil or fat. The grain can stand this withdrawal without impairment, as it is very rich in fatty substances. The meal is also kiln dried, which extracts the moisture, and when these two processes are used, the meal can be kept as long in good condition as wheat or rye. The meal or flour, also, is thus rendered somewhat less sweet and better suited to mix with other flours.

There is an inferior kind of maize grown in Italy. As it often is not properly stored, it becomes moldy and bad, and when eaten in that condition naturally brings on the illness known as *pellagra*. But never in the history of America, since the Spanish conquerors in Mexico first ate maize as their only food, has there ever been a single case of sickness attributed to the consumption of Indian corn.

The plant can be most cheaply and best grown in the United States by reason of the hard winters and hot summers, and the dryness of the climate there. During the last few years many improvements have been made in manufacturing maize for table use. Hominy, for instance, which required about two hours to prepare in the old style, has now been superseded by a specially manufactured hominy which has been steamed in the process of manufacture, and which requires only a few minutes' cooking before being ready for serving.

The knowledge of the various delicacies and inexpensive dishes that can be made from maize will come as a revelation even to the British housewife. There are upward of one hundred and thirty receipts for boiling, baking, and cooking the great American staple, and they have all been tested and proved in the American cuisine, so she need have no fear of venturing on untrodden ground. Corn starch, hominy, pop and sweet corn, mahogany colored loaves of Boston bread, Indian pones, golden johnnycakes, corn mush, corn meal, crumpets, corn waffles and gophers, croquettes and corn fritters, canned corn and succotash, pinole, samp, corn grits, cerealean flakes, and numerous other corn preparations are produced, which are as pleasing to the eye as they are grateful to the palate.

The question of the use of maize as human food is well worth the attention of the econo-

mist, the statesman, the philanthropist, and the housewife. I am firmly convinced that the people of Great Britain, when they become aware of the merits of this food, as proved by the experience for some centuries of a large portion of mankind, will properly appreciate this beneficent gift of the Creator,

and will thus add one more American product to the English dietary. Its use in bread in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ would enable the quarter loaf to be considerably lowered in price, while in delicate puddings, cakes, and dishes for breakfast a much-needed and wholesome variety would be given to English cookery.

MACHINERY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY ALBERT WATERS.

FEW people associate machinery and the imagination when they look at the whirling wheel of some monster mechanism. Indeed, most sight-seers shun the materialism of cylinders and steam as if they feared a contagion of dullness would infect their holiday and destroy its charm. The same aversion to energy applied through engines is noticed in the crowds that wander through the Exposition. Many go into Machinery Hall religiously, just as they would go to a crematory if one were in operation in the grounds, because they are determined to "do" the Fair and fear they might lose something of interest if they omitted the Palace of Mechanic Arts in their wanderings. It would be useless to write of the wonderful display classified as machinery from the standpoint of such observers. The interest of the great array of engines, dynamos, and auxiliary machinery is in the mental achievement they body forth, in the marvelous patience and study and genius that have been concentrated in every line of steel and in every curve of the thousand wheels that stand for the mechanical record of this last decade of the century.

Men thought it a wonderful thing when the Corliss engine started the wheels of the Centennial exhibition and kept them going through the whole period of its existence. They marveled at the concentration of such great energy in so small a mechanism. Standing almost within view of the present home of that leviathan one may see more than one machine with twice its potential horse power. There are half a dozen engines of equal or greater capacity for work; and yet thousands see these every day and marvel less than they did at the sight of their forerunner, the Corliss of Philadelphia.

The whole power plant of the Centennial

was something like 3,500 horse power. The boiler battery of the Columbian Exposition is capable of developing 24,000 horse power, while the engines in constant use are sometimes put to it to carry the load forced upon them by the Fair's needs, even with all the tremendous battery to carry them.

Of the total power applied all over the grounds from the central plant in Machinery Hall, 17,000 horse power is converted into electricity and transmitted in the usual way to the distant points where it is applied. The other 7,000 is used in the daily service of the Exposition and in the exhibition of running machines in the hall.

But little need be said of the boiler plant other than that it includes the best types of steam-generators, especially in the tubular patterns. The fact of interest here is that all of the fuel supplied is oil from the Indiana fields. The bare idea of forcing petroleum products through pipes for that distance would have seemed the wildest impossibility a decade ago, but the automatic regulation of its application as fuel under the conditions imposed at the Exposition would have been derided as impracticable beyond a shadow of realization. Here are boilers comprising the most powerful stationary battery in the world, fed by valves so delicately adjusted that the point of a gauge rising above the safety point immediately decreases the supply of fuel, lessens the heat, and brings the steam pressure back to the normal point without the interference of a human hand or the direction of human intelligence. On the other hand, if the steam goes below the desired strength, the same automatic mechanism increases the fuel and raises the steam supply to the pressure required. By the application of the same principle the supply of water in the boilers is increased or decreased

by the rising and falling of a gauge attached at one end to the boilers and at the other to the pumping apparatus. In both cases the communication between the valves and supply source is made by electricity, doing away with the necessity of manual control and reducing the number of men required to handle the plant. More than that, the automatic control of the two principal sources of danger obviates almost entirely the risk attending the use of steam which has always been one of the factors in insurance cost.

That, in outline, is the method of producing the initial power for the Exposition. Its application involves the use of almost every form of mechanical device known to manufacture. It runs looms, it furnishes light, it drives fans, pumps water, handles the sewerage of the Exposition population by means of air-compressors, charges the launches that carry people about the lagoons, and meets the thousand and one wants of the exhibitors who demand power for the proper demonstration of processes. Primarily, all of the power is applied either by the direct use of steam or by converting its energy into electricity through the familiar dynamos and generators. The forms of electrical machinery have already been described in an article published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. The machinery utilizing steam is largely centered in Machinery Hall, where the mechanical exhibits are grouped as one of the departmental exhibits of the Fair.

It may be said at the outset that this department, more than any other, shows the superiority of the American exhibitor. Several causes may be assigned for the fact, chief among them the unwillingness of foreign exhibitors to compete in a line where they were sure of defeat and where no possible commercial advantage could accrue from competition. In the way of power machinery pure and simple, aside from novelty in application, the mammoth engine which was started by President Cleveland on the opening day of the Fair, is of course the focal point of interest to the public. It is capable of developing 3,000 horse power, although its load as fixed by the work mapped out for it demands considerably less than its maximum capacity. To the well-versed mechanic, the engine is worth more as a demonstration in accurate calculation of large dimensions than for its economy either of power or space. The demand for large capacity in a small space,

originating in the value of land where large plants are required, has evolved a new type of engine, known as the direct-connected, for use in electrical plants. This type of engine marks the great step forward in the economical installation of steam power and is therefore the more valuable in consideration of the Exposition's history. A number of engines of this type are in the hall and in the powerhouse of the electric elevated road. All of them are as colossal in their energy as the mammoth of the plant but they occupy much less space on the floor and are more compact in their working gear.

When one comes to the exhibits as distinguished from working displays, the best thing in the whole department is in wood-working machinery. By that is meant the best evidence of progress in invention. If any other line of machinery might claim this distinction, it is the printing-press and type-setting sections. However that may be, the two classes easily deserve the distinction of epoch-making improvement.

The wood-working invention which has excited the most interest, is an arrangement for carving designs in solid blocks of wood without the aid of manual guidance. The principle was first used in what is known as the Blanchard lathe, a machine invented to meet an emergency demand for the rapid production of gun-stocks. The Blanchard lathe when set to a pattern stock, turns them out in an advanced stage of preparation for the finisher and does it much more rapidly than any combination of men could possibly effect the same result in production. The cutting-knives are adjusted on guides so as to turn the stock without readjustment. The same principle in an advanced form has been adapted to wood-carving machinery of a late date, so as to work out almost any desired form in infinite reproduction. When it is said this machine can carve such intricate figures as the human head or bust with as much facility as it can carve the ordinary forms of wood designs its variety of commercial adaptation may be understood. Its application to the work hitherto done almost exclusively by hand renders certain the displacement of skilled labor in certain fields; but at the same time it reduces the cost of artistic decorations in wood to a figure that brings them within the reach of every one who has the taste to appreciate such auxiliaries to the enjoyment of life.

The public, generally, has but little appreciation of the advance made in printing, stereotyping, and type-setting within the past few years. This lack of appreciation has been due largely to the fact that the great newspaper offices have not been accessible at such hours as the interested student would choose for observation. That the people are ready to appreciate the subject is shown by the crowd continually clustered about the big presses where the afternoon papers of Chicago run off their Exposition editions. One of these presses, chosen for illustration because of its size, is built on the web pattern, that is to say, the paper is fed to the press from a continuous roll and is printed on both sides from stereotyped plates. The maker of the press guarantees a printing capacity of eight hundred eight-page papers per minute, cut, folded, and stacked up. The figures carry but little of the true significance of the invention. If it were not for such rapidity of execution, the great editions of metropolitan papers would be an impossibility. With four such presses, one of the Chicago papers can turn out 192,000 eight-page papers an hour, all ready for the mailing and delivery rooms. That means that the paper can be held to the last minute for the insertion of late news, resulting in a completeness of reports that was unattainable until the inventor came to the rescue of the publisher. Of course, such perfection of mechanical devices in printing has resulted, also, in cheaper production and has been an important factor in the reduction of prices of newspapers and the consequent wide distribution of newspaper information. If one were inclined to speculative thought, he might find a wide field in tracing the relation between this particular invention and the downfall of the stump-speaker with his attendant partisan misinformation.

The fast press has found its most important allies in the improved systems of stereotyping and type-setting. The stereotyper has made it possible to reproduce the typed page in plates which in turn saves the expense of new type at frequent intervals and economizes the cost of new type by the substitution of metal in the plates that can be used over and over again with very little loss.

Greater than either the stereotype or the improved press in its possible future development is the type-setting machine. There are several patents on the device by which a key-board manipulated after the fashion of a

typewriter is made to do the work of the compositor. One of these machines casts, sets, and justifies the type for the stereotyper and then distributes its matrices for a repetition of the process. Another machine uses the ordinary type by a peculiar arrangement of slotted sheets such as are applied to mechanical pianos. All of the machines have more or less merit, though but two patterns have been put into practical operation by publishers.

One of the machines will do the work of two compositors or more and requires but one man to work it. The manipulation of the key-board is easily learned by experienced printers and the work is very satisfactory though not quite as smooth as the hand set type when it appears on the printed page. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who watch the trend of the printing business that these machines in their ultimate development will one day take the place of the present method of composition. Indeed, I have heard experienced printers say that it will be possible in the near future for the reporter of the daily paper to write his "copy" on a machine that will turn his words into typed lines as fast as he can strike the keys, obviating the necessity of composition after the matter is written. Of course, any one who has done newspaper work will understand that such a stage of perfection implies newspaper men who know as much of the rules of composition as the compositor does, and a new school of reporters and editors will have to be educated before it could be an accomplished fact. I have heard of a recent test in which a typewriter was pressed into service with an automatic connection and a fair result achieved in the direction sketched. The operator who took the message on the machine actually set some of the matter as fast as it was received. The experiment was not a final success but it foreshadowed a time when the operator at the wire will set his message as it is received, facilitating the work of the paper by an hour or more on each edition.

Next to these special features of interest, the mechanic is attracted most, perhaps, by the big electric cranes used before May 1 in the installation of heavy machinery and later as passenger cars for the sight-seeing crowd. The cranes are marvels of lightness, and are handled in both directions—laterally and longitudinally—by a small motor carried be-

neath the car. Running on suspended tracks the full length of the hall, they show how easy it is to harness energy and direct it. One man turning a switch and lever swings the heaviest castings of great engines, carries them along the hall, drops them gently into place, and all with scarcely as much apparent exertion as one notices at a barn-raising in the rural districts.

These features have been singled out because they are landmarks in the march of mechanical development. The exhibit is colossal in its entirety. There are looms making cloths of a hundred patterns and textures; lathes and drills for metal-working; dainty machines used in the manufacture of the microscopic screws and attachments of watches. There are engines of so small dimension that their description would scarcely be credited and there are others of such immense size that no description could do them justice. The worker in clay is in evidence with his potter's wheel, a gaping crowd always near to look with awe and wonder at the deftness of a trade as old as scriptural history. The young woman who weaves silk souvenirs of the Exposition shows the wonderful skill that practice with the loom gives; the etcher on glass, the maker of candies—all of the people who earn their living or add to the value of raw material by the use of machinery are arrayed beneath the giant roof-spans, exemplifying as nothing else could the interdependence of man and his machine in meeting the necessities of modern civilization.

Considered as a comparison of nations, the hall of machinery affords the patriotic citizen ample cause for pride in the work of the American mechanic. Germany is probably best represented of all the foreign nations, with France next and Great Britain but poorly represented considering her standing in the world of machinery. That failure, however, is explained by the report of the British commissioner, who attributes the absence of British machinery to the unwillingness of his countrymen to enter into competition in a market where they were at a disadvantage and could hope for no extension of trade. With Germany, there was some hope of extending international trade by a good display at the Exposition and the British themselves say they were very short-sighted to have overlooked this possibility.

The Germans are strongest in electrical machinery, a science of power-application in

which they stand pre-eminent among the European nations. They are also strong in the display of tools requiring delicate precision or unusually fine temper. France confines her display largely to machines utilizing chemical processes, such as ice-machines, motors using gas and vapor, and other novelties in the mechanical way. Italy has a small but good exhibit and New South Wales is on hand with printing-presses and other publishing machinery as the principal features of its display.

The Germans also have a great showing of mining machinery intended to attract the attention of the Latin-American countries where mining is still in its early stage of development. The Germans, however, have nothing approaching the collection installed by one of the great western firms whose apparatus is known from Africa to Australia as well as in their own country.

Switzerland and Norway have small sections, the Swiss confining themselves to a display of files and cutting-tools, and the Norwegians occupying but three groups. Russia sends among other things a system of fire-protection illustrated by apparatus and photographs showing their use, a specimen outfit for wood-engraving, hardware, projectiles and warlike castings, mechanical apparatus for photo-engraving and other photographic processes, light artillery and machine guns, heating and cooking apparatus and plumbing material. Even Mexico, which is not regarded as a manufacturer of machinery, is represented by pumps, pump equipments, shafts, hangers, and smaller castings and forgings.

Altogether, the machinery department contains a more complete demonstration of the practical phases of national life than any other of the Exposition departments, excepting possibly the department of agriculture. It exploits the studies of inventive genius in the United States as completely as if its record had been written and blazoned on the walls of the great hall. Few, perhaps, see how thoroughly the American section tells the story of the country's strength in the utilization of mechanical appliances to develop wealth and make competition with cheap labor possible and successful. To the acute observer, these phases of the exhibit bear more of hope than any other demonstration of the Fair excepting the educational display; and even that display has more of promise in the

sections that tell of manual training than in any other of its innumerable branches.

Looking over the machinery exhibits one is impressed with the possibilities of wealth in the economy of power, the quick conversion of material into the manufactured product, and the rapid growth of invention in the lines that tend to the economy of natural

resources. As has been said, the greatest strides have been made in electricity, which is not under discussion here; but the purely mechanical appliances shown demonstrate a wonderful development in the years that have elapsed since the Centennial and the best of the exhibits prophesy a still greater advance within the next decade.

COLUMNAR TRUTHS IN SCRIPTURE.*

BY JOSEPH COOK.

IN asserting the religious infallibility of the Scriptures, I assume only two things:

1. The literal infallibility of the strictly self-evident truths of Scripture.
2. The veracity of Christ.

To doubt the former of these is actually impossible.

To doubt the latter, after the colossal attestations of that veracity by history and Providence, is almost to commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. God cannot give witness to a lie. It is certain that He has given witness to the way of life described in the Scriptures as to no other way known among men.

These, then, are the central facts which should guide our whole discussion concerning the religious worth of the Holy Scriptures:

There can be no inspiration of inveracity.

The fact of the religious trustworthiness of the Scriptures must be established as indispensable to the proof of their inspiration.

The self-evident truths in Scripture, as everywhere else, are not only unchangeable, unassailable, and trustworthy; they are actually infallible.

It is strictly self-evident that a man cannot serve two masters; that a fountain cannot bring forth sweet water and bitter; that except a man be delivered from the love of what God hates and the hate of what God loves, he cannot be at peace in God's presence in this life or the next; and that man's supreme spiritual need is deliverance from the love of sin and from the guilt of it.

These self-evident truths are the supreme summits of Scripture.

These summits command many other summits.

An examination of the authority of Scripture, therefore, may best begin with an examination of its strictly self-evident truths.

It will be found that the wholly uncontested and incontestable self-evident truths are the spiritual summits on which the Cathedral of the Holy Word, with all its columns, architraves, and pinnacles, has been built. A glance along the ranks of unshaken columnar truths in Scripture gives the alert soul courage and peace.

The columnar truths of Scripture form a cathedral and God yet inhabits it. The Old Testament is the nave with its transepts of psalm and prophecy, the New Testament is the choir with the Fourth Gospel as its Holy of Holies. (See Canon Liddon on "The Worth of the Old Testament.")

There are observers who enter a cathedral only to have their attention fastened on the minor adornments and relatively unimportant architectural details and who forget the transcendent purpose of the whole temple to subserve the individual or the social offering of praise and prayer. In our Biblical research let us not allow ourselves to be the victims of mere circumstantialities; let us study with all severity the vast essentials, the mighty main things, the unshaken columnar truths, and make ourselves familiar not only with each by itself, but with the effect of them all in their logical, systematic, and spiritual combination. Strategic Scriptures are verifiable, organizing, and redemptive, and as such will be found to be the chief columns of the Biblical architecture.

As we open the Bible and enter the great portal of the remote nave of the Cathedral of Scripture,

* Oration delivered before the C. L. S. C. Class of 1893 on Recognition Day at Chautauqua, N. Y., August 23, 1893.

Monotheism is the first unshaken columnar truth we meet. It is a fact, and a verifiable, organizing, redemptive fact, that the Scriptures teach monotheism, not polytheism, not pantheism, not atheism, not agnosticism. This pillar was set up early. It has been maintained in its commanding position at the cost of innumerable struggles with false religions and false philosophies. It has resisted all attack and dominates the enlightened part of the world to-day.

Man's Creation in the Image of God is the next columnar truth. This means God's fatherhood and man's sonship. It means God's sovereignty and man's debt of loyalty. It means the unity of the race. Men can have communion with each other only through their common union with God. It means susceptibility to religious inspiration. It means free will with its responsibilities.

The Family is the next column which we meet in this majestic nave. Here is the germ of all human government. The ideal of the family set up in Scripture is monogamy. This ideal has been subjected for ages to the severest attack. It is an unshaken columnar truth, however, and dominates the enlightened portions of humanity to this hour.

The Sabbath is the next pillar—a column set up early and seen far and wide across the landscapes of time, and dominating yet their most fruitful fields. The cuneiform tablets now in the hands of Assyriologists show that centuries before Abraham left Chaldea, one day in seven was spoken of as the day of cessation from labor and the day of rest for the heart.

A severe view of sin is the next pillar. Ethical monotheism appears on the first page of the Bible. The free soul of man is there represented as under probation without grace. Freedom is abused; disorder springs up among the human faculties; there is a fall from the Divine Order. This severe view of sin is found nowhere outside the Scriptures. This fall from the Divine Order is a fact of man's experience to the present hour.

Hope of Redemption through undeserved mercy, or the Divine grace, is the next pillar. This column is set up early in the Biblical Cathedral and the top of it yet reaches to the heavens themselves. Man is represented in the most ancient page of the Scriptures as at first under probation with-

out grace. He fell from the Divine Order and is then represented as under probation with grace. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." These words are the germ of the gospel itself.

The Decalogue is the next pillar—a clustered column—wholly erect after ages of earthquakes. This marvelous pillar is the central portion of the earliest Scriptures. All the laws in the books in which the Decalogue is found cluster around it.

Even if it were not known where and when and how the Decalogue originated, the prodigious fact would yet remain that it works well. Who knows where the multiplication table originated? It works well. Who can tell who invented the system of Arabic notation, giving a different value to a figure according to its position? The books do not inform us. This system is based on a very refined knowledge of numbers and is probably a spark from the old Sanscrit anvil; but the Hindoo writers ascribe it to supernatural revelation. No matter where the scheme originated, it is certain that it works well.

The Decalogue came into existence in the midst of polytheistic religions. It is monotheistic. It is the foundation of the right worship of the one true God. It is the proclamation of the Divine severity, visiting the sins of fathers upon their children to the third and fourth generation, and also of the Divine tenderness showing mercy to a thousand generations of those that love God and keep His Commandments. It requires men to labor six days and to remember the seventh day to keep it holy. It is the quintessence of all rules for right living, for the individual, the family, the state, the church. And such it will continue to be as long as man is man and God is God.

The Psalms are the next pillar in the Divine Cathedral of the Scriptures, or rather a whole transept of pillars. Three thousand years they have been the highest manual of devotion known among men. Nothing like them as a collection can be found in all antiquity.

Greece has spoken, Rome has had the ear of the ages, modern time has uttered all its voices, but the Psalms remain wholly unsurpassed. They express, as nothing outside of the Holy Scriptures does, not only the unity, the righteousness, the power, and the majesty of God, but also His mercy, His

condescension, His pity, His tenderness, His love. They are the blossoming of the religious spirit of the law. They probably reveal the heart of the primitive religion known to Abraham and once the possession of the patriarchs. In our time John Bright has said that he was willing to stake on the single Book of Psalms the question whether there has or has not been made a revelation. Mr. Gladstone agrees with him. "To the work the Psalms have accomplished," says this great and devout statesman, "there is no parallel on earth. This fact constitutes in itself a strong presumption that the cause of it is one lying beyond the range of ordinary human action, and may most reasonably be set down as consisting in that specialty of Divine suggestion and guidance which we term revelation." ("Impregnable Rock," etc., pp. 148-157.)

The Great Prophecies are the next pillar, or rather, we must call these, like the Psalms, a whole transept of pillars.

A chosen man called out of Ur of the Chaldees was to become a chosen family, and that family was to become a chosen nation, and that nation give birth to a chosen religious leader, who was to found a chosen church to fill the earth. This prediction existed ages before Christianity appeared in the world. Not even the wildest claim made by negative criticism invalidates the fact that this prophecy spans hundreds of years as an immeasurably majestic bow of the Divine promise. This was to be the course of religious history, and it has been.

The Jews were to be scattered among all nations and yet preserved as a separate people, and they have been. "What is the best short proof of the supernatural origin of Christianity?" asked Frederick the Great. His chaplain replied in words that have become historic: "The Jews, your Majesty."

A Messianic hope fills the souls of Old Testament prophets. The writers of Greece and Rome recognize this expectation as especially intense at the time of the coming of Christ. He who was to appear has appeared. Unto us a Son has been born and His name is called Wonderful, the Everlasting Father, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace. Of His kingdom there is no end.

Jerusalem was to be destroyed and it has been.

The Gospel was to be preached to all nations, and it is filling the whole earth.

The Sermon on the Mount is the next pillar, and it stands where nave and transept of the Biblical Cathedral open into the choir. "The Sermon on the Mount," Daniel Webster wrote on his tombstone, "cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the depths of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it." There stands the clustered column, there it has stood for ages, and there it will stand forever.

The Lord's Prayer is the next column. It has its foundations in the profoundest wants of man; its capital in the boundless canopy of the Fatherhood of God. Neither the foundations nor the capital will crumble nor the column fall while man's nature and God's nature remain unchanged.

The Character of Christ is the Holy of Holies of the Cathedral of the Scriptures. The Gospels, and especially the fourth Gospel, are the inmost sanctuary of the whole Divine temple. "I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus Christ was not a mere man." Mrs. Browning wrote these words on the leaf of her New Testament, and Robert Browning quoted them from that sacred place to a friend at the point of death. "The sinlessness of Christ," said Horace Bushnell, "forbids His possible classification with men."

The identification of Christ with the Logos, or the Eternal Wisdom and Reason, and of Christ's spirit with the Holy Spirit, is the supreme columnar truth rising from the side of the sanctuary in the Holy of Holies of the Biblical Cathedral.

The verifiable promise of the gift of the Holy Spirit to every soul self-surrendered to God in conscience is the next pillar.

The founding of the Christian church, which is with us to this day, is the next. The sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, instituted by our Lord Himself, are His continuous autograph, written across the pages of centuries.

The fruits of Christianity are the final cluster of pillars rising to the eastern window that looks on better ages to come and is perpetually flooded with a Divine illumination.

Goethe represents the Philistine as failing to admire cathedral windows because he sees them from the outside while they are all glorious if seen from within the temple. All this is true of the majestic windows in the Biblical Cathedral, including the most sacred spiritual history of the church, age after age.

The Bible is not the product of the Jewish

nation. The Targums and the Talmuds show what that nation produces without assistance from on high. God, who spoke unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, by whom also He made the worlds.

The Foundation Stones beneath all the pillars and beneath the altar in the Cathedral of Revelation are the strictly self-evident truths of the Eternal Reason or the Divine Logos, who is the essential Christ. God is one, and so the systems of Nature and of Revelation must be one. The Universe is called such because it is a unit. It reveals God as Unity, Reason, and Love.

And all the strength of the Foundation Stones belongs to the pillars and pinnacles of the Cathedral of the Holy Word.

And the Form of the whole Cathedral is that of the Cross. The unity of the Scriptural architecture built age after age is one of the supreme miracles of history. It is a self-

revelation of the Hand that lifted the Biblical pillars one by one according to a plan known unto God from the beginning.

And the Cathedral itself is full of a cloud of souls. There is the goodly company of the martyrs and the apostles and the prophets. There is the Lord and the Giver of Life. And with this company we join in the perpetual Anthem: *Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven. Oh how love I thy law; sweeter is it to me than honey and the honey-comb. The entrance to Thy word giveth light, and in keeping of Thy Commandments there is great reward. Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle shall pass from the law until all be fulfilled. And I saw heaven opened and beheld a white horse and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords and the Word of God. He was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on His head were many crowns.*

ASSURANCE.

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

I KNOW—by the rose's breath,
By the lily's form of grace,
By the breeze that whispereth,
And the dewdrop's shining face;
By the carol of the bird,
By the cloud that sails the broad,
Airy sea—I have His word
In each, that there's a God.

I know—by the sunlight free,
By the day, when the heart may attain
(If it strive in purity)
Some noble purpose; again,
By all life's gifts that please,
By the blessings sent abroad
For our good—I know that these
Are sent by the giver, God.

I know that love is stronger
Than all things else that wait
Upon us (love lives longer
Than the spirit men call hate);
And I know the mighty power
Which worketh this, and gives
A hint of the Better Hour,
Is God; for, lo! God lives.

By the wonderful glory of faith
Within us, that life is more
Than a beautiful dream that hath
An end upon Time's shore;—
By the longing for something even
Better than this earth gives,
I know there must be a Heaven,
And, lo! I know God lives.



THE NOVEL, WITH A PURPOSE.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

REALISM in Fiction is the watchword of the day, the refrain caught, largely, as sound without sense; its value often most energetically asserted by those who hold the least definite convictions regarding its actual significance. In any consideration of this element in prose romance one is led to ask the initial question, What is Realism? Is it an attribute of the flesh, or a quality of the spirit? Is it something represented by material objects or by mental states? Can realities be entirely apprehended by studies of environment, however faithful in detail or graphic in depiction, without the accompanying dramatization of the spiritual conditions? These are the questions to which, in contemporary fiction, let us seek some reply.

"*Le sentiment de la vie idéale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale telle que nous sommes appelés à la connaître,*" is George Sand's expression of the determining motive of her works. The ideal life, which is only the normal life, and which, she might also well have said, is the only normal life as we shall one day know it. In this expression do we not touch the note of that truer realism which is well worthy to engage our attention? One of our poets has said:

"The Actual claims our present thought,
The Ideal hath our higher duty,"

and it is always the ideal which is that truer real, that more permanent actuality. This is to say, the thought is more real than its interpretation in action. The thought may be true; its expression may be false. The thought is in the eternal; the action may be in the transient and the trivial.

In considering, then, the element of realism in our modern fiction, let us at once make clear that we distinguish a vital difference between realism and materialism; and that we claim realism as the term expressive of the spiritual side of life rather than in its ordinary acceptance, expressive of that which is evanescent. Thought, motive, aspiration, and belief are true realities, and their portrayal in romance is true realism; while the minute and graphic description of a woman's

costume or the upholstery of a room is materialism. Where is reality if it be not found in Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Dante? We see here that actualities, when exalted to the sphere of the intellect, produce realities. Is Achilles less real to us than Bonaparte or Gladstone?

This age is characterized above all others by its search for spiritual truth. With a persistence of energy unexampled in literary history it demands of its novelists to give a tongue to the day, as we know it in our common experience. It asks that life be portrayed with dramatic dignity and completeness. The stress of social and spiritual revolution is upon us. Great movements, affecting the economic and industrial no less than the moral interests of the day have compelled the profound attention of all thoughtful minds. Social abuses whose prototypes appealed to Charles Kingsley and to Dickens, and inspired Thackeray's keen pen to satire, have been felt. Political corruption, that finds in Russia an implacable foe in Tolstoi, is not unknown in our land; problems of present life and future destiny enlist the serious attention of a large body of thinkers; the charities, the labor question, temperance, Indian legislation, suffrage, education,—all these are vital problems of the day, problems that intimately concern the life of every man and woman. To what extent does all this profound and complex life affect our writers of fiction?

The question is one that, while more easily asked than answered, is by no means wholly to be answered by despairing negation. Specific wrongs are illuminated by individual genius. While Helen Hunt has touched the national heart with the power and pathos of "Ramona"; while Edgar Fawcett has made a profound study of the temperance problem in "A Man's Will"; while Alice Wellington Rollins has shown us in "Uncle Tom's Tenement" great social evils and great possibilities of social redemption; while Mr. Howells reveals to us in the character of Colonel Lapham the power of moral integrity and wholeness to redeem the crudest and most uncultured nature and make it worthy the

honor of all men; while Henry James in his recent story, "The Lesson of the Master," places before us the diviner possibilities of the ideal in art, we see the true purpose of the novel is not to serve us merely as the cakes and ale, the nectar and ambrosia of life. Its ultimate and all-important purpose is to show, through its portraiture of social phases, the true social ideal. Can any work be claimed as a masterpiece of art that bears no message to humanity? Is that author to be adjudged great who can only photograph the passing hour, who portrays our neighbors over the way, and is oblivious to the great crowd of witnesses that compass us about? For from the highest imaginative dramatization of life we have a right to demand aid and illumination for our most serious needs.

It is always well to measure by the highest rather than the lowest standards. We are sometimes tempted, when surveying the avalanche of mediocrity which masquerades in the guise of fiction, to believe that the quality of our romance is deteriorating. It cannot be denied that in the determination of literature to the trade level, as merely one of the remunerative vocations, it is already showing its results in the serious deterioration of literary quality. An army of literary mechanics is at work supplying, by every possible means of invention and exertion, a certain forced quantity of material. There are writers whose inspiration is not the fullness of the mind, but the emptiness of the pocket. They do not write because they have anything to say, but because they must assume to say something to fill up given space. They have no outlook on life; no illuminating insight into ethics or philosophy, no grasp of great movements, nothing of value to communicate. And yet the dreary and commonplace current of mere words, uninspired by ideas, goes on. Granting this—and the severe logic of facts compels us to grant it—what then? It is a temporary phase which shows the retrogressive movement in progressive tendency. "It is a backward eddy in the tide whose general course is onward. Press and people may pause to discuss "The Quick or the Dead?" "Miss Middleton's Lover," "She," "Mr. Barnes of New York," or "As In a Looking-Glass," but the significance of this discussion is not that the national taste is vitiated to this unwholesome level, but rather it emphasizes the intimate connection that now exists between literature and life.

"The close communion of literature and life," said the late Dr. Phillips Brooks in an address, "brings encouragement. It gives us a right to believe that the dangers of literature and learning are only the same as the dangers of life, and are to be met in the same way, by deeper entrance into that of which the surface only is dangerous. Life has its dangers, but their cure is not in suicide. Learning has its dangers, but their cure is not in ignorance. A little learning is a dangerous thing, but the danger is not in the learning, but in the littleness." It is a sign of the times to observe how everything is now reduced to a literature. Imaginative art is but one element in literary production. Science, every industrial vocation, philanthropy, hygiene, domestic life, trades and professions, all have their respective literatures, and though the result be to make of literary production an industrial vocation pursued by the many, rather than a select and sacred art pursued by the few great and gifted minds, yet the effect as a whole will be one of increased and uplifting progress.

"Where there is no vision the people perish," said Emerson, and no truer or more potent word was ever spoken by any saint or seer. "Where there is no vision the people perish." We demand ideals—"the creators and feeders of the world," we demand a spiritual image by which to shape the actual, and where this is denied—where the vision is withheld, then, indeed, do the people perish. For man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. The expression is typical and widely inclusive. For every gift and grace and inspiration that exalts and ennobles life, is the word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, whether it take the form of song, or of statue, or of story. With all our greed and getting and gain, we are essentially an idealistic people. We demand the ideal life as a guide, at least, to the actual normal life.

The lack of noble ideals in latter-day American novels is adversely noted by foreign critics, and the inconsequential types of women, as portrayed by Mr. Howells, received an especial castigation of its own from Lady Verney in a critical paper in the *Contemporary Magazine*.

Is it fair, Lady Verney questions, to judge a nation by the pictures of society and manners given in its works of fiction? And are we doing justice, she continues, in accepting

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as true and lifelike and to the manner drawn, the pictures of men, and especially of women, as found in American story books? Whether this be so or not, it may at least be allowed, she believes, that if certain persistently recurrent types are to be found among the characters in these books, and if the other personages of the stories show no disapprobation of the style of manners permitted and the standards of taste held up by them, the former are, at least, commonly in use, and the latter are considered as agreeable to the national palate.

"The first and most striking trait in these books," says Lady Verney, "is the extraordinary respect for class distinction, position, 'gentility' and money."

"Next comes the value set upon dress. The importance of the gown question can hardly be imagined by the European mind. A list of Miss Lydia Blood's gowns, as given by so clever a man as Mr. Howells, might be drawn up for the advantage of milliners." Lady Verney continues:

"As for the clothes, the most harrowing incident in 'A Chance Acquaintance' arises from the heroine, Miss Kitty, having put on an old traveling gown. The courage of the Boston fine gentleman who has just engaged himself to her (and who, as the author loses no opportunity of assuring us, 'is exactly like an Englishman,') is not proof against the trial of acknowledging to some Boston 'belles' that the inmate of a shabby toilet is the lady of his choice. He accordingly ignores her presence altogether, whereupon she not unnaturally refuses to have anything more to do with him. Is there any society in the world out of the United States where such a piece of snobbism could be represented as possible in a *soi-disant* gentleman? *Noblesse oblige* in that state of life if right feeling be absent and even the vulgarest of men would hardly dare elsewhere so to slight a woman whom he was about to make his wife, and whom he must then at least, introduce to the well-gowned fair ones. There is a pretty scene in one of Miss Bremer's Swedish novels, in which the girl puts on her oldest and shabbiest dress in order to test her lover, and he does not even find it out, his whole soul filled with deeper thoughts of having won his lady. You feel in a higher atmosphere there than in the milliner's estimate of life, which seems to have got by mistake into such clever books as those by Mr. James and Mr. Howells.

"Every gown which the 'Lady of the Aroostook' wears is chronicled with affectionate minuteness and an exact account is given of

how her country aunt got her patterns from 'summer boarders,' and of the use she made of her knowledge—of 'the blue flannel with a scarlet bow,' which is thought divine, and the black silk fitting like a skin, in which the cabin boy takes a lively interest. The photograph is so complete that one feels a sort of injury when the realism fails, and one is called on to believe that the blue flannel is as fresh and lovely as ever, after a six weeks' voyage, and that the girl landing out of her obscure village 'down East' into the arms of an aunt at Venice, who is as gown-loving and as insane as most other American chaperones in the stories, her dress should be declared to be 'perfect,' and she herself be hurried off to church immediately to show her (and it) off."

It is hardly a matter of surprise that Lady Verney concludes from these specimens that American young ladies are "supremely uninteresting human beings," and that they possess "stacks of vacuity." Even in the "Foregone Conclusion," a novel of exceptionally fine qualities, our essayist remarks how little the author appears to perceive its possible significance in the scene where Florida Vervain had won the priest's love. "The elements of deep tragedy are in the situation," she says, "if either the girl had become conscious of her sin, or if the writer had become conscious of it for her, and had marked the contrast between her shallow, self-sufficient conduct, occupied only with herself and her own interests, and the deep feeling she was trifling with in this airy fashion; but Mr. Howells rather seems to applaud her."

It is perhaps a little unjust that our entire romantic literature should suffer from failure of one author to depict any worthy ideal, to transcribe one sentiment that has in it an influence that is elevating, refining, or ennobling; but from the examples she has quoted, it is hardly to be wondered at that Lady Verney adds:

"The almost entire absence of an ideal of any kind in men and women alike; of any poetic feeling of character is strange in so young a literature. Society and its representatives in America seem to have jumped at a bound into the somewhat *blasé*, artificial, conventional stage of that in the old world, but without the charm and grace which being to the manner born gives it in Europe."

Fiction, so far as it is considered as art and not mere amusement, has its responsibilities, and the chief of these is the portrayal of

noble standards of character. The novelist who has no ideal must be denied the rank of artist.

It almost seems, and one notes the fact with regret, that the apotheosis of the weak and negative character is found in the women portrayed by Mr. Howells. One may search his novels without signal success to discover one woman who has in her what Margaret Fuller called the kernel of nobleness. Frivolous, silly, peevish, petty, inconsequential, or provincial, they file variously through a series of stories whose charm of style and spontaneous brightness should have been a setting enshrining something genuine and fine and true. Perhaps, even worse, there is no solidity in the womanhood portrayed by Mr. Howells. There is no definiteness of character, no aim, no standard.

Now, it is not essential that a novel heroine should be portrayed as a woman with a career in order to impress the reader with strength, or fire, or possibilities. The events in the life of George Eliot's Dorothea were commonplace, and precisely such as may happen to any woman. There was not an exceptional circumstance that attended her. Nor was her life worked out, George Eliot herself tells us, in a way that was "ideally beautiful," yet no one can read this story of Dorothea's life without being impressed by the strength and fineness and solidity of her womanhood; of her latent possibilities, and withal receiving a definite impression of a noble ideal of womanly life.

One could catalogue our better class of fiction with similar results. From the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" to Isabel in Mr. James' exquisite "Portrait of a Lady," a hint of ideal nobleness of a character is embodied in the heroine. It is in Mrs. Burnett's untutored Joan, that lass o' Lowrie's; it is in the Agnes of "David Copperfield"; in every ideal heroine of Miss Phelps' stories; it is in Mr. James' Angela Vivian, and even in the condemned novels of Ouida there appears in the character of Countess von Salsvras, and of Etoile in "Friendship," exquisite impersonations of womanly character.

Mr. Howells has been held as the prophet, if not the apostle of realism, in American fiction, and the estimate is not altogether untrue—even in measuring his work by the lofty standard of spiritual realities. His defects are in emotion and in sympathetic imagination; in an undue proportion of detail

which is mere photographic materialism; yet his novels are not without profound and pathetic portrayal of true nobleness, as seen especially in the character of Mr. Peck, in his "Annie Kilburn." It is hard to read unmoved the remarks of Mr. Peck to his congregation the night he tendered his resignation.

"Above all things," he says, "I beseech you to be at peace with one another. Forbear, forgive, submit, remembering that strife for the better part can only make it worse, and that for Christians there can be no rivalry but in concession and self-sacrifice."

Here we are shown something of the efficacy of a noble nature, in its saving influence on others. For "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts," as George Eliot well says, and is not the record of such acts in fiction true realism? What realism is that, too, depicted in "Middlemarch," in that vivid portrayal of Dr. Lydgate, who, "having meant to live a higher life than those around him, falls into a soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances." The realism in a novel called "Cecil Dreeme"—less known than its qualities merit—is an example in this line. The hero's life was one of denial and defeat. Health, fortune, and friends alike failed him. His ambitions but realized disaster; his capacities mocked him with their unfulfilment; the woman he loved failed him; the gifts of life changed to Dead Sea fruit in his hands; and yet no thoughtful reader could lay down that work without feeling that its hero had triumphed, that his life was a victory. The subtle art of the author wrought into those pages the lesson of the supremacy of character over circumstances. It revealed the acceptance of the truth that it is the wise gods who say No. From out the doubt, denial, and defeat, the true life of its hero, Cecil Dreeme, shone like a star and proclaimed its inherent triumph. It was a remarkable demonstration of the supremacy of the spiritual over the material life. For in the life of the individual as of the nation, it must often, indeed, be night, "ere Friedland's star will beam."

In Mr. Isaac Henderson's novel called "Agatha Page," how noble is its realism. Agatha is a living, breathing woman, whose lofty nature and solidity of character are felt as an impersonation rather even than as a creation, and in this story is a realism that takes account of all the intense spiritual

drama which surpasses in subtlety and power all other novels of this character since the "Elective Affinities."

Mr. Cable, in speaking of the novel, says:

"It is a study of social relations and social conditions. A man, to understand those things, must be an actor in them. He must have actually grasped affairs, and not have been always observing them from the outside for the purpose of writing about them."

This is true so far as it goes, but there is still another side of the truth. The novelist has as his store of material two kinds of experience; one which he has lived out in actual and outward life, and the other, not less real, that he has lived through the imagination; and it is out of the latter that the greatest works of pure genius are written. The individual with large intuitive faculties and sympathetic imagination does not need to realize in outward detail every fact that vitalizes itself in his mind.

The Bishop of Ripon in an address before Oxford, expressed the opinion that the novel should raise the mind and elevate the heart to a better world. And although this assertion has been made to point the moral of some rather flippant paragraphs, it is a true conception of what the exceptionally great novel does do, and what the ideal novel should do. The novel is, in its best sense, a direct impression of life, but so idealized that it is also a work of art.

Above all, perhaps, in the way of artistic failure, is the "earnest" novelist who holds

the conviction that he is divinely commissioned to teach the world a lesson. Not but that the really great novel will teach a lesson; it cannot help it. What more impressive ethical message was ever given than the emphasis laid on personal duty in "Ramona"? But the lesson is inwrought, and one that reveals itself as does the message of a great picture, or statue; it is not placarded on the lintels. Hardly less could be said for that exquisitely noble transcript of the ethical problems and struggles that beset modern life as shown in "Robert Elsmere," where there is sought to portray the religious life which shall be vital, and ever-growing and rich in fulfilment, though cut off from the Christ of religious faith. The theme is one of the greatest that can be conceived. These spiritual struggles are dramatized with such marvelous power that, no thoughtful reader can escape their intensity of purpose. All the storm and stress of a poetic and passionate soul are here revealed to us.

The milliner and upholster in fiction must go. The novelist of the future must seize the hidden meaning of life. A thought, an act, a conscious purpose, a generous inspiration, must be accounted as deeper realities than the manner in which a woman caught up her dress by the loop of the train, or the design of the bracelets on her arms. The realism that will live must deal with essential truth, with spiritual conditions, with energies that are immortal, and be of a nature to impart sympathetic activity to both mental and moral power.

SOME TREES OF INDIA.

BY MRS. M. B. DENNING.

INDIA'S heritage of floral beauty lies in her trees. There are but few garden flowers which are peculiar to India; but almost every tree is a bouquet of loveliness at some time of the year, and the succession makes a forest of bloom of the highway and turns the jungle into a wonderland park.

Every morning as we drive to our work, or go forth in search of one cool breeze to last during the parching heat of the day, our eyes are gladdened by the sylvan beauties about us, while we breathe the air filled with exquisite odors from millions of blossoms.

The neem comes first. There it stands in its delicate green foliage, sprinkled over with tiny white blooms, like snowflakes. The odor is a fresh, sweet scent, just suited to the ladylike appearance of the tree. This is one of the sacred trees. It was under the neem that "suttee," the burning of child-widows, used to be celebrated. Under some of these trees the remains of stone altars are still to be seen where fair young lives went out amid smoke and flame, while the hideous noise of the tom tom drowned the cries of the victim, often a little child in years.

The lordly banyan, covering an immense area, is celebrated all over the world. This tree is called by the natives the "jungly angur," or wild fig.

The tamarind has a small, insignificant bloom, but the tree is very lofty and its feathery green foliage makes it a prominent object of admiration. Its exceedingly tart fruit is much prized for curries.

The jâmon in its tassel-like bloom stretches its long arms across the roadway, and diffuses its perfume, like that of azaleas, far and wide. These light yellow and green tassels make a great show.

The peepul has no visible bloom, but its white trunk and branches gleam through its glossy leaves in a way to rival the birch in beauty. In size the peepul far surpasses the birch. Under this tree we see many idols. Often the bark and wide-spreading roots are daubed with red, and many stop to worship the god of the tree.

The khetnor has a large white lilylike bloom, one petal being a pinkish purple. The bloom comes before the leaves, and rows of these trees, interspersed with the fragile pale green sesum, hanging full of yellow-winged seed, make a pleasing vista of the highway.

A certain road near us is lined on either side, for a distance of three miles, with clumps of the graceful bamboo, alternating with sesum and the black-stemmed babool. The effect is lovely. Indeed these yellows, blues, pinks, and scarlets, with the setting of varied foliage, cannot be adequately described.

During the heat of April and May the gold-moor blooms. Its spreading, flat branches are covered with large vivid red flowers. The common name is "forest on fire," and it really seems as if the blooms added to the heat of the sun. But for truly oriental appearance, no tree can excel the gold-moor.

Among the timber trees, the babool and the teak stand pre-eminent. These woods seem almost indestructible by ordinary wear. In the oldest Buddhist temple in South India you can see some teak wood that has endured exposure for over twenty centuries. This temple is situated about forty miles from Poona, and is known as the Karli cave, being a rock-hewn structure. This temple is placed as early as 300 B. C., and by no authority later than the beginning of the

Christian era. In the great arch overhead, cut in the rock, there are set wooden groins stretching from the pillars on either side. This wood is in good preservation and but few flaws can be seen from the rock floor.

The mango is one of the handsomest trees, comparing with the hard wood maple in shape and beauty. But the mango never drops its oblong leaves, and whether standing in its robe of green alone, or when covered with its countless yellowish flowers, or when bending beneath the golden weight of the most delicious fruit in the world, it is always a joy to the sight.

Not only in these trees of beauty and the valuable timber trees, but also in fruit trees is India rich. The mango comes first for excellence of fruit. Then there is the jack fruit tree with its huge prickly fruit, weighing from sixteen to twenty pounds. This fruit does not rank next to the mango, but the tree is shapely and prominent, while the more excellent custard apple grows on a small scrubby tree.

The good fruit with the exception of the mango grows on the less pretentious trees. The orange, pomelo, fig, peach, mulberry, and papita are all small trees. There are many other fruit trees, some, as the bher fruit, are very attractive to the black-faced monkeys.

In and out among these trees winds the thread of India's religion, tragedy, and romance. Nearly every tree or shrub is in some way part of the daily life of the people down even to the adored tulsi plant found in the smallest yard.

Some are prized for their medicinal properties, some revered for their connection with the history of the gods, and some for both reasons. This is especially true of the neem. Its bark and leaves are used for healing and many religious rites are performed under its branches.

As among heathen nations of Bible times you may find here "high places" or places of worship under every green tree.

Under these bright, soft skies, beneath the protecting shadows of the banyan, and the velvety pink and green of the chewulloo and amidst other beauties of river, hill, and plain, flourish ignorance, superstition, and heathen rites, proving that mountains of themselves engender no nobility. And while these woods may produce one poet perhaps, yet from them come thousands of

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loathsome, ash-covered fakirs and millions of superstitious people who revere these same fakirs as little less than God.

Amid these lovely scenes, we long to see the men and women grow into stalwart forms akin to the physical strength of their

loved peepul; and to behold them putting on spiritual life, as the neem in sweetness and purity; and, to carry our simile further, bringing forth fruit unto life eternal in the abundance of the rich mango of their own groves and plains.

CHILD LABORERS AND THEIR PROTECTION IN GERMANY.

BY WILH. STIEDA.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the German "Rundschau."

ONE of the saddest chapters of modern social life is the child labor in factories and in work taken home from the factories. Though the situation is much better at present than four or five years ago yet that a large part of the population find it necessary to eke out the expenses of living with the labor of their children, remains a hard and unpleasant fact. Never has protection of the law been exercised more than in behalf of working children, who are not safe from misemployment of their young powers, even by their own parents.

In Germany the growth of the industries, especially of the spinning industry on the lower Rhine, resulted in an extended employment of children in factories. In spite of compulsory education in the Prussian manufacturing districts, child labor prevailed to a considerable extent. When in the year 1824 the minister of Altenstein in his report on the Rhenish and Westphalian provinces gave a report of the children employed in factories at Aachen, Trier, Köln, Koblenz, Düsseldorf, Arnsberg, Münster, and Minden, the picture he presented was not very gratifying. Indeed the evils of their condition seemed to increase directly in proportion to the advancement of industrial development. Children from the sixth year up were employed in factory work as a rule from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening. Nearly the whole day and often till late into the night they were imprisoned in damp, narrow rooms and work shops, where usually sitting at their work, during the fall and winter they breathed pestiferous air. Here they were obliged to see and hear the rude, immoral talk and actions of adults and often in the course of the day had to endure the harshest treatment. Their meager fare was restricted mostly to potatoes, with salt and

water, potato cakes baked in rapeseed oil, and succory broth. In summer they ate steeped green fruit and pulse. Their recreation consisted in gambling, debauchery, and quarreling.

The public assertion occasionally made that the whole generation is blighted in the bud by factory work, is certainly overstated. But however small the number the injury is certainly great. The manufacturers think they do enough if they pay the paltry wages. They do not concern themselves about the physical, intellectual, and moral improvement of those who work for them at the sacrifice of their bodily well-being, and who place them in a position to enjoy the luxuries and conveniences of life. Like the moral and intellectual the physical condition of factory children was extremely defective and the mortality very great.

In Prussia these conditions led to a regulation, March 9, 1839, prohibiting children under nine years of age from regular employment in mines, factories, stamping mills, and foundries. The maximum day's work of laborers under sixteen years was placed at ten hours, work to be suspended nights, Sundays, and holidays.

As it appears in consequence of this law the number of children employed diminished; but at the same time under most unfavorable circumstances, employment of children in work at their homes remained considerable. How great their number was could be only approximately learned. But some idea may be formed from the fact that at that time in Krefeld among the two or three thousand juvenile workers employed with bobbins and weaving only twenty were factory children proper.

In proportion as industrial development flourished the number of factory children increased, and at the beginning of the fifties it

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was ascertained that about eight thousand children aged from nine to twelve years and twenty-four thousand children aged from twelve to fourteen years were employed in factories. This number may appear small in comparison with the two million children of the same age. But we must not forget that at that time the factories were huddled together in a few regions and that they employed perhaps not more than half a million persons. By Professor Thun's skillful pen dark pictures of child labor have been drawn from the Krefeld silk works, the Gladbach cotton weaving, the Aachen tuck works. Employment of children from six to nine years of age was everywhere customary; even children five years of age sat in uncomfortable positions with limbs drawn up and backs bent, in overcrowded rooms at bobbin-wheels. Moreover, the workers had evidently become so accustomed to count on the profits of children's labor that to this end early marriages were usual among the factory hands.

The children work steadily in rank and file with those of mature years, who in the textile factories must endure a working period of at least twelve hours, usually fourteen or fifteen hours, and often of sixteen or seventeen hours. The consequences are disastrous to the children. "Weaklings, exhausted, scabby-headed, blear-eyed, with diseased lungs and stomachs, they are not fit for military service and do not attend school. Nothing was said of a school education; many did not know their age and many did not know even their own names."

Judging from these things the regulation of 1839 must have been little observed. A circumstance further emphasizes this fact. The manufacturers were the most consequential people in the region and in the common council their vote often decided the grade of wages that should be adjudged the mayor. Thus the local police could only enforce the regulation energetically where the work-givers would willingly acquiesce in sustaining the wishes of the law-givers.

By the year 1848 the national government saw the necessity of concerning itself more actively than heretofore in social politics. The minister of commerce entering upon his ministry in December of that same year, negotiated for the extension of legislative protection of factory children. This led up to the law of May 16, 1853, with the instructions

for its execution beginning August 18 of the same year.

According to the new regulation young workers could not be employed in factories till they had passed their twelfth year. For workers under fourteen years of age a day's work was restricted to six hours and the daily school instruction fixed at three hours. Very strict regulations were made in regard to recesses, the beginning and end of a day's work, also to the young laborer's work books.

The execution of this law left much to be wished in the fifteenth and sixteenth year, perhaps even more than that of the regulation of 1839. It however insured to younger workers a much wider protection than the old ordinance, but its execution met with more difficulties which the authorities intrusted with its enforcement did not possess enough energy and insight to overcome.

The number of factory children has somewhat decreased since 1853. According to the official statistics in July, 1856, there were employed in all Prussia 7,752 workers under fourteen years of age and 16,147 juvenile workers over fourteen years, making in all 23,899. The largest part of these worked in factories, some in mines, foundries, and stamping mills.

The humane principles by which, according to the trade regulation of 1869, child labor in factories was regulated did not hinder the number of juvenile workers from increasing rapidly from year to year. When in the year 1875 inquiry was made into the extent of child labor in the entire German kingdom, it was found that in the industrial regions, 88,000 young workers were employed. Of these 24 per cent were from twelve to fourteen years of age and 76 per cent from fourteen to sixteen years. They furnished about 10 per cent of the whole working power of these factories. Since then the number has increased, and in 1890 there were employed in factories 27,485 children from 12 to 14 years of age and 214,252 from 14 to 16 years of age.

Inquiry into the numerical relation of the young factory workers to the whole number of workers in the whole kingdom offers the best guide for judging the importance of child labor. However on this point statistics have been collected only of late years and then not simultaneously from all the regions of inspection, so that an accurate statement cannot be made. The relatively smallest number of factory children was found in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 1.9 per cent of all the workers, and

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in Posen, 3.7 per cent; the relatively greatest was found in Zwickau, 15.3 per cent, and in Plauen, 14.3 per cent.

The application of young persons in work at home seemed to be very considerable and very pernicious to them physically. According to the trades census of 1882 among the 339,644 found under home work, only 4,449 were less than fifteen years of age, that is 1.3 per cent. But apparently the number of children engaged in home work as here stated is too small, for complaint has been made of child labor in this region so commonly that one cannot get over the thought that many fathers of families must have kept secret the regular home work of their children. It is known of the Rhine silk and velvet works that children often work about the bobbins. In the Thuringian works for the markers at billiards it is customary for children on coming from school to go to work at painting figures or in other light occupations until the fall of night. In the knitting establishments of the Taunus villages children of three years are kept two or three hours a day in drawing gum ribbons in the nets and gloves and in filling needles.

Under such conditions a change in the legislation was needed. Repeatedly urged, it was accomplished June 1, 1891, and since April of the following year has been in effect. In part it has retained the old requirements; the same regulation for a six and a ten hour day's work, forbiddance of Sunday and night work, directions for the observance of recesses and the keeping of labor books. All these regulations had become established and there was no reason for unsettling them.

The chief innovation was placing the earliest age at which children might work in factories, mines, salt works, and in underground ditching, at thirteen years. The employment of children over thirteen years is allowed only where they finish the common schools at that age. In this manner the extent of child labor will apparently be kept within narrower limits than formerly and especially where school duties extend to the fourteenth year. A yet stronger measure, to put the earliest age of admission at fourteen years, was under consideration in the Reichstag but received neither the vote of the Reichstag nor of the regency.

When the results are placed before us we can hardly bear to have such a well-meant measure almost unconsidered. But as cau-

tion is needed in decreeing social measures we should pause to consider what at the present time our ideal demand in regard to child labor would mean. It cannot be denied that for certain classes of the population child labor is a sad necessity. When a large family is to be cared for the father or both the parents often are not able to maintain them all, so that in order to live they must each help earn the livelihood. The necessities of life compel them, regardless of consequences, to engage early in regular work. It will be seen that in families where both parents leave the house early in the morning to earn bread, and remain away many hours if not the whole day, the children left behind are poorly cared for. Attendance at school and discharge of school duties leave much leisure time, which in the absence of parental attention may lead to much mischief. Homes for children, which are of assistance here, have, of course, a limited range of effectiveness.

Under the pressure of such circumstances a solution of the problem cannot at the present time be seen in the entire exclusion of children from factories. But it may be hoped that such conditions will be put upon the employment of children that their intellectual and physical development may not be dwarfed; for children cannot be expected to compete with adults in endurance and amount of work.

The provision for recesses for juvenile workers, that recesses for those employed six hours a day must amount to at least a half hour, aimed only at greater clearness than the former regulation that "recesses for children must amount to a half hour." Removal of the law against keeping juvenile workers in the work rooms during recesses has been effectual in preventing further mischief. Their retention in the work rooms is now permitted if it is impractical for them to go into the open air and other suitable rooms cannot be had without considerable difficulty. This ordinance guards against juvenile workers' being turned out of doors in bad weather or spending their recesses at a tavern where they might be tempted to gamble or drink. The former means of precaution is taken that their retention in the work rooms may be permitted only when the management allots full time for recesses.

When we compare the present German legislation with that of other countries we have every cause for congratulating ourselves on

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what we have accomplished. With the exception of Switzerland in all the states the age for the admission of children to factories is lower than with us. In Italy and Spain it is from 9 to 10 years, in Great Britain 10 to 11, in Belgium 10 to 12, in Austria and Holland 12, in France 12 to 13, in Germany 13, in Switzerland 14. But, with the exception of Switzerland, where children under fourteen cannot enter the factories at all, a day's work is less only in England than with us. It is permissible in England to employ children under fourteen years from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 hours, in Germany 6, in Austria and Italy 8, in France 10, in Holland 11, in Belgium 12 hours. This is one of the points for the regulation of which the Laborers' Protective Conference in Berlin in the year 1890 took active consideration, but finally contented itself with the formula, "It is desirable that children under fourteen years shall be debarred from unhealthy or dangerous employments, or at least admitted to them only under certain protecting conditions," without specifying a normal day's work. This suggestion, of course, offers little satisfaction. Certain it is that in Italy, Belgium, Holland, the condition of factory children is much worse than with us. We have positive and credible testimony of this. In France and England their work is scarcely less laborious and is made use of to a greater extent. Switzerland seems to be a notable exception.

Though one has every reason for sympathizing with the latest extension of protection for child labor, one cannot suppress the

fact that two dangers threaten from the new regulations.

The first one is the possibility that shutting out children from the factories will cause greater numbers than heretofore to engage in home work. But a wider employment of children in the home workshops would mean a deterioration in the present conditions. It remains almost incontestible that the hygienic conditions of this business in most cases defies the most modest demands; that the day's work is longer, the wage lower than in factories. There seems to be no other way than to put work taken home under factory inspection. Of course very great difficulties may be found in legal oversight of it.

The second danger is that by forbidding the employment of children there will be a deficit in the income of the laborer's family. One can point to the new measure as wholesome only where the notorious avarice of parents compels children to work beyond their strength. Where the exigency of life drives children early to regular labor, it seems rather to be a mistake. It is comforting in the consideration that through its gradual passage financial conditions will be better, and through the abolition of child labor the work of adults will have a better chance.

Yet the new ordinance is in some ways full of blessing. It is of great importance to laborers in general, since it gives adults room for freer movement. It is significant to children on account of the influence factory work has on their physical development and health.

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BY OLIVE RUTH JEFFERSON.

NO impartial observer after a fair outlook over the eight million negro citizens in our southern states will be inclined to give way to any form of the pessimism which just now seems to be the fad of a certain voluble class in the South, always at hand to impress a visitor with the absolute superiority of the white and the exceeding shiftlessness and sinfulness of the colored portion of southern society. On the contrary, if one is disposed to go to the heart of the matter and look at southern affairs especially for herself, unswerved by un-

friendly local prejudice and not demoralized by the worship of the ebony idol that figures in the reports of some of the great missionary schools, she will begin by making a careful study of the superior class of southern negro women. The soul of civilization is incarnate in womankind and the type finally assumed by any race of people or national order of society can be best prophesied by a careful study of its superior womanhood. If on expert observation it is found that certain staying qualities of the higher order are uniformly found in the best women developed

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under the broadest Christian training, there will be little risk in prophesying good things for that people. The old Bible formula applied to Sodom, "I will save her for ten's sake," is the divine law of the higher civilization. And if "ten righteous men," with all the missionary power lodged therein, could save the old wicked cities of the plain, what may not the good people of the United States reasonably expect after learning the true story of what the past two centuries of bondage and one generation of freedom have done for many thousands of our sisters in black representing the possibilities of four million negro women to-day, with the outlook for uncounted millions of these people in the centuries to come?

There are certain qualities of the enduring sort that uniformly appear among the negro women of the better sort, in all portions of the South, as the result of what may be called Christian education, which lays hold of the head, the heart, and the hand and is vindicated by a substantial womanhood that will stand the wear and tear of our perilous new American life.

To bring a few of these qualities to the front may not change the pagan prejudice of race or the hopeless pessimism of a godless social science. But it will give aid and comfort to many who are honestly and at more or less sacrifice to themselves laboring and praying for the uplift of the American citizens of African descent; not by exportation north of the Potomac and Ohio, or to the congested West Indies or the wilderness of the Dark Continent; but in the sixteen states, which he and she have helped to create in the past, and in which, as "native Americans," they have an unquestioned right to all the opportunities of American citizenship.

The first quality with which we are impressed on acquaintance with any characteristic group of superior negro women is a certain generosity of make-up, as evident in those of ordinary school culture as in their more accomplished sisters. The Yankee way of "sizing up" a fine specimen of the sex in the favorite expression, "she is a good deal of a woman," applies in the present case. When we consider through what unspeakable tests and trials in savage pagan Africa—for unknown centuries; through what sorrow, shame, hardship, heartbreak, and temptation, through two centuries of bondage in civilized America; and, perhaps most severe

trial of all, though what mighty demoralization of a first generation of freedom she has made her way, we can but acknowledge that the negro woman has given the unmistakable sign that she has "come to stay," in the way she has resisted all her enemies, assimilated the good in every evil condition, and, instead of dwindling to a brute, has steadily wherever given a fair chance expanded, enlarged, and to-day gives promise of a general bigness of womanly mental and moral structure full of hope for her own race, with ample prophecy for her citizenship of the republic.

This general amplitude of nature comes out first in a good place: in a prodigious capacity for hard work, in the field, in the household, in the nursery during the old days, and, despite unfriendly disparagement, especially despite the development of a considerable class of "lazy, good-for-nothing girls" who at least would have done their stint as field hands in the good old times, in a power of adjustment to the difficult task of homemaking on small means, with fair success in whatever region of superior industry she has been trained to occupy.

Everybody tells you that thousands of these good negro women are the mainstay of their families; like women everywhere, lifting the heavy end of the home log and bearing, if not with the meekness of saints, with the energy of muscular Christians, the intolerable burden of worthless manhood.

"Why don't you get married, Jane?" I asked a fine specimen of the Texas hotel colored chambermaid.

"Oh, I can't afford to be married. I can't support a husband."

"Do you Texas girls support your husbands when you marry?"

"Yes, these men are such comical creatures they'd all die if we didn't keep 'em alive."

The "comical" colored American citizen of the masculine gender is a mighty host through all the Sunny South; but I never came across one of the species that there didn't seem to be two or three faithful, hard-working women-folks, pushing, pulling, coaxing, now and then "lamming" him into the Kingdom. All this may be very disgusting to our high-strung sisters of the extreme woman's rights persuasion; but, after all, I incline to believe this is one of God's ways of dealing with the "comical" ones of black or white masculinity.

On the whole, the experiment at home-making for the first time in the history of the race has been a success, as shown by the steady improvement in the homes of these people everywhere. And so far it is evident that the woman is at the bottom of this improvement and will do far more than at present as she is released from the despicable tyranny of the "low-down" animal that so many men of the race still remain. That she fails so often in family discipline cannot be "flung at her" by the average American family of any station or previous condition. Dr. Harris maintains that the kindergarten has come as the ark of safety for the children of the American upper-ten family. Certainly all things considered, a failure of the colored mother is not unique or characteristic. Beyond the area of home life the faults of the negro servant girl are the same as of her foreign born European sister, with perhaps a larger per cent of intelligent, faithful, and loving service. There is already an army of several hundred thousand negro girls down South preparing to enter as many of the three hundred and fifty open doors of self-support for American women as will be open for them, with no fear of failure even in the higher grades of skilled labor.

Our more observing manufacturers in the South are beginning to see that the negro woman has a native outfit in the love of the beautiful, good taste, aptitude in ornamental work, and industrial ambition which promises large results in the development of the new industries in this section. The brighter girls in the schools are not inferior to any in drawing, writing, and whatever they are well instructed to do in these ways. I have never seen a more enthusiastic crowd of doctors than at an exhibition of the class of trained nurses at a great seminary for colored girls.

I sat on the platform of a large dining hall, overlooking several hundred boys and girls, and admiring the ease, tact, womanly bearing, and especially neat and suitable dress of the two dozen of their number selected that week as table waiters. The matron said to me, "Can you believe that not one of these girls two years ago had ever slept in a bed, and that now they cut and make their own clothes and are what you see before you?"

Of course the negro woman has the genius for good manners that upsets the old Anglo-Saxon law of the number of generations required to make a gentleman. No woman in

America, certainly, can be so easily trained into a habit of good behavior or can so naturally appropriate the manners and customs of good society. All this is very hopeful in the purely industrial way; for woman's work in the good time coming is to be along the lines of intelligent artistic skilled industry.

Every southern gentleman who is a gentleman, shows his best side while magnifying with his heart in his voice the virtues of his colored "mammy." That the negro woman has a boundless love for childhood and a wondrous tact at managing even the southern American small boy, goes without saying. Even now, with her own family and all the ordinary cares of woman's life as her environment, she still has a corner in her cabin for any waif; adopts without limit whoever comes; and is the best-beloved of every little white truant who can run away from home for a stolen feast. This admirable quality of her nature is now finding two new channels for overflow: as worker in the church and its charities and teacher in the common school.

With small exception, the southern negroes are gathered in their own churches. Mr. Booker Washington is not far out of the way in his outspoken condemnation of great numbers of their ministers as unfit for their place. The negro church is still far too much dominated by a class of loud, showy, tyrannical men; certainly not above the average of masculine virtue. But the more intelligent and virtuous workingwomen are more and more felt in the Sunday schools, the charities, and the slowly improving moral tone of church life. It is to them that the younger clergy trained in the great missionary schools, are compelled to look for sympathy and co-operation.

Every competent educator insists that the radical quality that makes a superior woman teacher everywhere the ideal instructor, at least through the period of the elementary education, is just that generosity of nature, boundless love for childhood, and willingness to work even to the uttermost of sacrifice, which we find the most prominent qualities of the better sort of negro woman. It is not therefore remarkable that, in view of her antecedents and opportunities, a well-educated young woman of this class is even more apt to become a successful teacher than others. The "mammy" of the old southern planta-

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tion in the new time is multiplied a thousand fold in the colored school mistress who is the most hopeful feature in the common school of the race. The highest educational authority in the country declares that one young woman stands well among the upper half dozen principals of city training schools and that her graduates are an unusual group of skilled teachers. But there are thousands of these young women now teaching school among their own people and often doing the work of the ministry in all uplifting ways among the old folks of their school parish.

I have not presented here the well-known evidence of progress in schooling and the accomplishments thereof, because, after all, the force of the womanhood of a race is garnered up in these common endowments of which I have written. That mine is not an exaggerated view, that there are these many,

many thousands of truly superior women already in the upper story of the new colored society, that under their auspices a genuine order of society is in process of formation, that it already reveals the permanent qualities of good Christian society, everywhere vitalized by the wonderful magnetic power of the race, that it only needs that the sixty million of white people in the United States should become more intelligent, patriotic, fair-minded, and practically Christian to appreciate this upward movement; and that one of the reserve forces of the national life is slowly being evolved from these ten million that still furnish the occasion for so much gloomy prognostication; all this must be apparent to whosoever will study what is called the "race question" in the light of the divine law that "God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth."

THE STORY OF SOME REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

QUITE a long list might be made of famous books which have been "declined with thanks" in the MSS. "Vanity Fair" was first offered to a popular magazine, then to twenty separate publishers, and refused by them all. Finally, Thackeray in despair brought the book out at his own risk, and made his fortune and his name by it.

Again, as is well known, a second-rate publisher to whom "Tom Jones" was offered by Fielding for twenty-five pounds refused to give him that sum for it, and returned the manuscript to the author.

Carlyle had his "Sartor Resartus" declined by all the well-known publishers both in London and Edinburgh, and one of them forwarded the reader's opinion of the work, informing him that "the author had no great tact, and his wit was heavy," concluding by asking, "Is the work a translation?" The "French Revolution" also appears to have been repeatedly declined, for Carlyle writes: "I have quite given up the notion of hawking my little MS. book about any further."

It is narrated of the poet Campbell that he sent one of his best lyrical pieces to a provincial newspaper, and in the "Answers to Correspondents" had the gratification of reading that his lines were not up to the standard of

that obscure journal. In the same way Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was rejected by several London periodicals. So disheartened was he at its reception that he confessed he was sick at the sight of it and would have destroyed it but for his wife, who sent it to *Punch*. It was accepted and trebled the sale of that paper.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," as is well known, was repeatedly rejected until at last Mrs. Stowe sent it to the *National Era*, of Washington. When completed in 1852, she offered it for publication in book form to John J. Jewett, who thinks he could have bought the copyright for \$50.00. However, he agreed to give the authoress a certain per cent; and so unrivaled was the book's popularity that his first payment to her was a check for \$10,000.

The "Tales of Village Life" by Miss Mitford was refused by the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Self-Help," by Samuel Smiles, which has had an immense sale, was at first refused, because it was thought unlikely to pay the expense of printing. When Ernest Renan first offered his studies on Buddhism to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he had them politely returned: "It is impossible," wrote the editor, "that people could be so stupid." "Leaves of Grass" too was re-

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fused by every publisher to whom Walt Whitman offered it.

It is only a few years ago that Robert Louis Stevenson entered the office of a high-class magazine with the manuscript of one of his best-known books and was politely shown the door. Even more recently Rudyard Kipling, who offered his "Soldiers Three" to a well-known firm of publishers, was informed by them that a house like theirs could not "bother with such stuff." Rider Haggard says of "Dawn," "It went the round of several publishers but no one would have it. I worked so hard at that book that my sight gave way and I finished it in a darkened room."

Jerome K. Jerome, who is now hailed as the English Mark Twain, tells the same story. He could not get any one to look at his books at first and nothing but the most indomitable perseverance and faith in his own powers could have carried him into the happy haven of successful authorship. "I remember taking the 'Idle Thoughts' to a well-known publishing firm," he says, "the manager of which declared, after looking at it, that he did not want to discourage me, but that it was simply rubbish. Upward of one hundred thousand copies have been sold up to date." So again Anstey's "Vice Versa," which passed through more than twenty editions in less than twelve months, was rejected twice before it saw the light. "Mr. Barnes of New York" was refused by no less than seventeen publishers and "Micah Clarke," which "made" Conan Doyle, was returned by five publishers. "Bootles' Baby," which Ruskin has declared to be the most finished and faithful rendering ever given of the character of the British soldier, was also rejected by six editors in turn, while the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," which first brought Clarke Russell into notice, was returned to the author with the remark that it was "merely a catalogue of ship's furniture."

Justin McCarthy, George Ohnet, and William Dean Howells, among other successful novelists, all tell the same story.

It is of course impossible for a publisher accurately to judge the merits of all the manuscripts submitted to him, and it is not surprising if, in some instances, he allows his opinion of a work to be influenced by the position of the author. Thackeray used to say that it was amusing how little he earned, when at the beginning of his career he worked

carefully, and how much he received for poor work after he had acquired a name. "Make a name for yourself," said a publisher to a well-known novelist, "and I will publish anything you like to send me."

A number of cases might be cited where a distinguished author has sent a manuscript to his publisher under an assumed name and had his work returned to him. A story of Jules Sardeau was once sent in this way to his publisher, who refused it as being "a poor work." He then sent it back in his own name, and of course it was accepted. The same thing happened with Anthony Trollope and Alphonse Daudet, both of whom were anxious to test the worth of their respective novels.

Sardou delights in telling how he has made managers accept at his own terms the same plays they once rejected. Dumas declares that the preference of managers for dramatists of established reputation prevents many new works of decided merit from obtaining a fair hearing, and recently declared that he would teach them a lesson. So he wrote a play and had it copied in a round handwriting, signed it with an assumed name, and sent it to one of the leading theatrical managers of Paris. There was no clue whatever to the authorship. Then he made a public announcement of what he had done, stating that if his manuscript was rejected and returned to the address given, he would send it to another manager, and so on, until it was accepted by some one or rejected by all, and to the manager who would accept it he would give the play for nothing. By this means he hoped to secure careful consideration of many works of unknown authors which might not otherwise be judged upon their merits, for every manager will naturally be careful to examine all manuscripts in the hope of detecting the work of the master.

There is a story told of a Chicago girl whose verses were always "declined with thanks," who hit upon an ingenious scheme for having them published. She would send a line of verse from one of her poems to the query column of some newspaper and ask from what poem such a line came, the name of the poem, and of the author. A friend, also a rhymester, would send the querist's own poem to the paper with the desired information, and of course it would appear in print. The querist would do the same for the friend, and so on, until between them, they had all their "poems" printed.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

RIPPLES FROM THE FINANCIAL STRINGENCY.

THE money stringency of the last few months, in full view of the fact that there is an abundance of money in the country, is the most anomalous financial condition that has been seen in this nation during its history.

Banks have been obliged to change their methods of paying out money in various ways. They would not cash certificates of deposit till they were due, though it had been their custom to do so for many years. In some instances they obliged persons holding certificates of deposit to give sixty days' notice according to law before drawing deposits; in other instances they refused to pay depositors keeping open accounts in currency, and in some cases they refused to honor the depositor's check when the depositor had a good bank account; and still they kept the bank open doing what they called a banking business. Money has commanded high rates of interest and some of the strongest saving institutions in the country have refused to make loans on government bonds when offered as collateral.

The cause of all this trouble is explained in various ways. Some declare it is because the silver purchase clause in the Sherman bill was operative; others proclaim that the protection of the government was in danger of being changed to free trade. But the lessons the people may learn are these:

The average American saves money. He has had it deposited in the banks. He has given the banks their largest deposits and has helped to swell their surplus. The average American became frightened and withdrew his money in thousands of instances, and it was he who made the stringency in the money market because he lost faith in the financial condition of the country. The average American has done all this; not the millionaire—though we have a good many of them. This shows that the wealth of the nation is pretty generally distributed, and that we are a prosperous people. Indeed we are a rich people. A general passenger agent on one of the great trunk lines of railway said to us in the last days of August, "The farmers are now going

to the World's Fair. They are the people who have money to spend."

It is of vital importance to the prosperity of this nation that *the people* should be well informed on all questions relating to the public weal, for, if they go wrong, the whole body will suffer. One time they will be felt by voting their convictions at the ballot box, at another time they exercise their power by taking their money out of the banks. We may depend upon the people to resent the foolish theories of demagogues and the subterfuges of mere politicians.

The financial panic has struck three classes of men very hard: speculators, bankers, and great manufacturers, and it will be a long time before matters will regulate themselves so that business will run in its normal channels; but we may expect our old time prosperity to return to all our institutions when wise men and not charlatans lead the people in the right way.

THE THRILL OF INSPIRATION.

WHEN we read the finest passages of lyric poetry, or when we listen to the flow of truly impassioned oratory, and yet more, perhaps, when we hear perfect music, or look upon the rarest human beauty of face and form we feel a thrill which is the incoming of an influence. The man of science might call this a mode of motion; but philosophy has never yet discovered what it is that generates motion. Heat is generated by the friction of two sticks in the hands of a man; but what is it that makes the hands move? Nerve-force. But what engenders nerve-force? It is of no use to try to find absolute sources, and therefore we need not essay to track inspiration to its nativity.

The thrill of original impulse has been treated as the exclusive possession of genius, and some other name is given to it when we find it affecting the average man or woman. Inspiration strikes us as a word sacred to poets, painters, musicians, orators; we cannot readily understand that the common man may be inspired. Still each one of us has moments when a lofty purpose informs us

perfectly and we feel the spiritual enthusiasm that drives our whole being toward heroism. This impulse when guided by a moral rudder and regulated by enlightened judgment is the agency upon which the great doers in the field of life must rely. It is generated in what old writers called *ingeny*.

What starts the thrill of inspiration is usually, perhaps always, some extrinsic force acting upon this *ingeny*, this intrinsic source of natural power. Out of Nature into the heart of man flows the influence that engenders action, and this is well named inspiration. Electricity sleeps in mere potentiality as an element in matter until artificial motion excites it into activity; so the genius of human power lies dormant until shocked into efficiency by a wave of suggestion or a flash of illumination.

It is curious to note the singular incidents and accidents, if we may so name them, out of which inspiration sometimes springs. A single word, the turn of a phrase, the flight of a bird, the sigh of a summer breeze may be as potent in this regard as a battle or a *coup d'état*. Whatever chances to stir into activity a native dormant power of the soul is to all intents and purposes an inspiration.

We have the word inspiration from the Latin *inspiratio*, which was derived from the verb *inspiro* meaning I blow upon or into. Like most of the words with which our language has enriched itself from Latin or Greek sources this one holds a deep under-meaning. We readily feel this when we begin to analyze its suggestiveness. A blowing in upon the soul from some absolute, invisible, and unknowable source. Every enlightened being has experienced the thrill; but who of us can adequately describe it? A breath comes in, it is strangely and deliciously sweet and has the power to move the deepest wells of feeling. Energy is awakened in every fiber of the body, and the impulse to do is irresistible.

Nor is inspiration wholly involuntary. The soul is in a large degree master of itself; out of this self-mastery comes efficient action in the field of life; for it is the soul that counts in the great movement known as civilization. It would seem that what may be called the urge of enlightenment is due to a reciprocal action, an interchange of currents, as it were, between the nature of man and the nature of things. What inspires one person may have little or no effect upon another.

other; but upon the whole and in the long run civilization is rounded by the erosion of individual inspirations acting upon manners and institutions as sand blown by the wind acts upon monuments.

Every beginning should be in an inspiration. True education never begins elsewhere; for there is no education until the inner life stirs to the force flowing in from the outer. The coming of knowledge means nothing without the coming of wisdom, which is the inspiration of knowledge. Of what avail are mathematics, languages, natural science, and philosophy as mere formal acquirements? The wisdom of learning is the residuum left over after the fine, thrilling shock of that inflowing breath from the invisible and the ineffable rightly called the force of inspiration. This wisdom has given to the world all that is worthy in art, science, and letters and all else that is imperishable in civilization.

Readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN may well feel a thrill of genuine inspiration at the point of time this moment touched. The present number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is the initial one of a new volume; October is the first month in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle year, and more than fifty thousand regular students here and now begin to read this course, not to mention the thousands who read irregularly or without definite purpose. The look forward is certainly one to inspire, to encourage, to impel an earnest soul in the struggle for wisdom. We are rising at every step; the slope is upward; the line of vision strikes a new level pace by pace. Who would lag in such a freshening and refreshing atmosphere? The dew of morning hangs upon everything; every inhalation is rich with fragrance; the thrill of inspiration gives its ennobling shock to our minds and souls while we keep touch with one another joyfully, our eyes fixed upon the mountain-top of aspiration.

SCIENTIFIC IDEAS AND INSTRUMENTS.

SOME knowledge of the sciences is of necessity a part of a limited education, just as scientific study and scientific knowledge are essential to a liberal education. One learns something about astronomy in childhood from the almanac and by looking at the sky.

The seasons of the year as they come in their order teach the varied phenomena of life, and the physical existence of a man from childhood to old age furnishes its practical scientific lessons. Many people absorb scientific knowledge by intuition, in the air they breathe, the water they drink, the food they eat, and the life they live, all unconscious that science has anything to do with these things.

Educated people occupy a more intelligent standpoint and look upon human life and the material world as embodying the circle of the sciences. Here their genius is taxed to its utmost capacity, and the teaching power of our best educated people revels in philosophical explanations of unsolved mysteries in the natural world.

It is according to the fitness of things that all the sciences shall be taught in our higher institutions of learning. Hence colleges enlarge their sphere of usefulness by erecting science halls and making them centers for scientific instruction. Science is an idea, but it has expanded till it touches all nature and embraces all philosophy; all thought and all action come under its laws, so that the religionist and philosopher, the practical man and the theorist, the historian and the linguist, together with the man familiar with economics is a scientist in his sphere.

There is a practical method of teaching the sciences which may be employed in every community—in the schoolroom and in the private laboratory. A local circle of the C. L. S. C. may indulge in this luxury. Besides the living teacher we need the idea and the instrument, for every science is an idea and certain instruments are used to study it. Astronomy is an idea so broad that it embraces the heavens and all the planets. The instruments we use in its study are the telescope and transit. We put the idea and instruments together that we may know the stars and the distances from the earth to them. Geology is an idea. The instruments are the hammer, chisel, and emery wheel, just as biology, zoölogy, and

botany are each of them ideas covering vast fields for investigation, while the instruments are microscopes and dissecting knives. Chemistry may be studied in a thousand lines. The instruments are balances, test tubes, and thousands of allied instruments. Indeed, if we would bring together just one instrument of every variety that has been manufactured for chemical analysis and investigation no building in the land would contain them. So, when we turn to physics we find another idea with a great variety of marvelous instruments for measuring light and sound, heat and electricity. Physiology is an idea represented by the physical form of man. We use as instruments for this study charts and models; sometimes we bring into the recitation room the bones of a human hand or the skull of a dead man or a whole skeleton of the human frame.

Such buildings are used for the study of these ideas, and as the places where we may locate the instruments that are needed for the interpretation of the ideas, for their illustration, and their explanation. They are places to be dedicated to the study of science and for these uses alone. To such places may be brought material for investigation, the rocks and the earth, the flowers of the fields, the leaves of the trees, and the milk from the herds. Food is tested as is the water that people drink, the air they breathe; and as these investigations are pursued and new discoveries are made, young men and women studying the sciences, under a living teacher, grow up with a scientific knowledge of the world in which they live and the physical being they possess. There will go out of the C. L. S. C. year after year classes that will have graduated in a knowledge of the sciences. They will teach the sciences in public schools, in the professions, as physicians, as lawyers, as ministers, as business people, and in their homes. There radiates from the C. L. S. C. into the world about us a stream of scientific knowledge to enlighten and bless mankind.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT is furnishing in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September, October, November, December, and January a series of descriptive, suggestive, and withal very instructive articles on his travels abroad. Having crossed the Atlantic more than fifteen times and being a close student he absorbs an immense fund of useful knowledge about men, organizations, and countries which he puts together with a seasoning of information gathered from all parts of the world, and thus lifts the value of his articles so high that they may be regarded as classical. His next contribution will be on A Town in Sweden, which will appear in our next impression among the Required Readings for the C. L. S. C. The Bishop hopes to return to America early in October unless his ship is quarantined on account of the cholera.

* *The Sun* of New York speaks of the Hon. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont on this wise: "He came into the House of Representatives only four years later than Charles Sumner's election to the Senate, and he has been in Congress ever since. He was transferred to the Senate in 1867. For nearly forty years Mr. Morrill has been one of the best informed and clearest-thinking public men in the country, especially on economic and financial matters. There is no legislative body and no congress of economists to which he would not be an ornament. He was forty-five when he entered the House of Representatives, and he will be eighty-four at his next birthday, but the speech which he recently made in the Senate shows that he is as vigorous and acute as ever. Three years ago he predicted that the silver compromise would bring about 'a general lack of confidence,' and his latest speech deals intelligently and without partisanship with the best means of restoring confidence."

THE week divided between the last few days of August and the first days in the month of September was a memorable one in the history of two of the greatest legislative bodies in the world. It was during that week that the final vote was taken on the Home Rule bill in the British House of Commons and

during the same period that the lower house of the American Congress voted to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Purchase act. Both were administration measures. In the one case it was the prime minister of Great Britain, Mr. Gladstone, who launched the measure and defended it through the fiercest opposition, and in the other it was the president of the United States, Mr. Cleveland, who convened Congress in extraordinary session and recommended legislation calculated to afford timely relief in the hour of a great crisis. There was something of a parallel also in the attitude of the upper branches in both bodies on the two bills. The British House of Lords has always been regarded as hostile to any measure providing for Home Rule in Ireland and the United States Senate, from the beginning of the extraordinary session until the vote was reached, was thought to be comparatively uncertain in its attitude on the silver question.

THERE is every evidence that the financial situation is improving, confidence is slowly being restored and better times are in prospect. The action of Congress during the first few weeks of the session was mainly characterized by the efforts of congressmen and senators to deliver themselves of pent up eloquence in the expression of their individual views on the silver question. The time thus consumed was in a great measure lost in so far as any beneficial results were concerned, and no new facts were discovered or presented relating to our financial system. It is probably true that if the vote in the House of Representatives, on the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman act, had taken place a few days after the session convened it would not have differed materially from the final result. In the Senate the conditions were far different for the repeal measure is thought to have gained steadily in the number of adherents from the beginning of the session. Besides the action of Congress, which in the main has proven beneficial, the shipments of gold to this country have increased perceptibly within recent weeks, there has been a noticeable decrease in the number of business failures, many of the banks which were compelled,

for one cause or another to close their doors have resumed, and the great army of small depositors are slowly replacing their money in banks. All these are signs of returning confidence and there is every indication that the period of stringency will soon come to an end.

At last the Bering Sea question has been settled and in a way that gives satisfaction to a majority of the parties concerned in the controversy. The decision is specific upon the five main points submitted to the tribunal. First, it is maintained that Russia never asserted or exercised exclusive jurisdiction in Bering Sea or any exclusive rights to the seal fisheries therein beyond the ordinary limit of territorial waters. Second, that Great Britain had never conceded Russia's claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the Bering Sea seal fisheries. Third, that the body of water now known as Bering Sea was included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean" as used in the treaty of 1825 between Russia and England. Fourth, that all the rights of Russia to jurisdiction and to the seal fisheries passed to the United States, limited by the cession of Alaska. Fifth, that the United States has no right to the protection of property in the seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Bering Sea when the same are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit. By the decision the United States is subject to claims for seizure and detention of sealers outside the three-mile limit. The tribunal admitted the principal claim of the United States: the right to prevent the promiscuous and wholesale extermination of the seals. The admission of this right came about in the nature of a compromise, the decision making it a point right with Great Britain. The decision as a whole was received with favor in England and this country, Canada alone expressing general disfavor. Altogether the settlement proves the high value of the principle of arbitration in the adjustment of international differences.

THE impossibility of regulating society according to the standard of any one system of economics so as to be satisfactory to all concerned in it was never more clearly shown than in the late international convention of socialists held in Zurich, Switzerland. To anarchists and independent socialists who differed from them concerning the organization of labor on a political basis, but who wished to meet and

deliberate with them in the convention, they meted out the same treatment in kind but exaggerated in form which they bitterly complain of having received at the hands of the governments to which they belong. So far did they carry their opposition to the above named factions that in their successful efforts to exclude these factions they resorted to blows and hand-to-hand fighting. Among the questions discussed was that of an international strike in all industries connected in any way with war, in case war should be declared. If the feeling there displayed is indicative of the general sentiment of European working classes, it will go far toward preventing future wars. Resolutions embodying protection for laboring women and girls, and in favor of universal suffrage (regardless of sex) were adopted. Eighteen nations were represented in the convention.

THE first three months of the World's Fair, from all standpoints save the financial one, has shown that the great undertaking has proved itself satisfactory in nearly all particulars. The somewhat prevalent impression abroad at the first that the whole affair would end in a miserable failure has been dissipated, and more and more as the days go by distinguished foreigners are finding their way to this country led by the glowing accounts of the remarkable artistic success of the Exposition. The shameful dilly-dallying regarding the Sunday closing is the one dark blot resting upon the whole enterprise. Regarding the financial side of the question, reports show that the money realized during the first three months has fallen far below what was expected. The reduction of the railroad rates and the prospects of the more delightful fall weather have greatly increased the numbers in attendance, but the managers now fear that it is exceedingly doubtful if the gate receipts will mount up anywhere near the figures that were confidently anticipated.

IN the early part of August there was completed a great engineering undertaking which realizes the ambitious fancies of two thousand years ago. The idea of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, uniting the Ionian and Ægean Seas and shortening the distance between the Mediterranean ports and Constantinople about one hundred miles, was first conceived by Alexander the Great; was revived by Julius Cæsar; and was acted upon by Nero, who abandoned it only after

excavations of several hundred yards had been made. In 1883 a French company having for its honorary president Count de Lesseps, whose name it was then thought would act as a charm over the construction of any canal, began again the work, but after a few years abandoned it, having become bankrupt, the enterprise proving much more formidable than had been anticipated. The successful termination was made by a Greek company which resumed the task where the French had dropped it. The canal is four miles in length, one hundred feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep, and has cost the enormous sum of \$12,000,000. It is questionable whether its advantages are great enough to warrant this outlay.

SOME months ago the curiosity of the medical profession was aroused by the announcement that a new cure for cancer had been discovered. Dr. Coley of New York in some way was led to conceive of the idea that erysipelas virus introduced into the veins of cancerous patients might have a curative effect upon the latter. He has been steadily carrying on experiments in this line and now claims that in numerous cases he has had marked success; and his claims are supported by the testimony of several patients in the New York Cancer Hospital. One curious and graphic explanation offered, when freed from all technical terms, is about as follows: Erysipelas microbes are much stronger physically than cancerous microbes and the two are at deadly enmity. Whenever they encounter each other a furious battle ensues which always results in complete victory for the former. The cause being thus literally killed out from his system, the cancer patient recovers, but only to find himself in the grasp of another ill. But the latter being of a much less fatal character and yielding much more readily to medical treatment, leaves him with bright hopes of speedy ultimate recovery.

AN event to which all sport loving people have been eagerly looking for some months is the yacht race to take place in this month of October for the possession of the *America's* cup. This cup, now so famous, is the handsome prize offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England and won in the year 1851 by the American schooner yacht called *America*, from which the trophy took its name. So greatly superior to her fifteen competitors did the winning vessel of the

New World at that time prove herself, that it was nearly two decades before England offered to engage in a contest for winning back the prize. Meanwhile the cup had been given by its possessors to the New York Yachting Club as a perpetual challenge cup. Since 1870 there have been seven contests for its possession in which the British have failed five times in attempts to gain the treasure and the Canadians twice. The *Valkyrie*, sent in September from English waters by Lord Dunraven, is to contest with any chosen American boat for the cup. Four yachts have been built for the purpose of defending it: the *Vigilant*, the *Colonia*, the *Jubilee*, and the *Pilgrim*, and the one proving itself best in preliminary races among themselves will compete with the *Valkyrie*.

THE World's Parliament of Religions called to assemble in Chicago in September, is one of the most remarkable movements of modern times. The attention of the whole thinking world is turned toward it, and large hopes are entertained concerning good results to flow from it. It was designed to comprise representatives from all of the historic faiths, who in convention should hold friendly converse together concerning their different understanding of God and their interpretation of His word to man. It is the first practical step to be taken in the way of bringing about religious unity and of cementing the bonds of brotherhood among all sects and peoples. A notable refusal to accept the general invitation has come from the Church of England, through the archbishop of Canterbury, who explains that in looking upon the Christian religion as the *one* religion he does not see how its professors can meet on equal footing the advocates of other faiths. The sultan of Turkey also declines to send a representative.

GERMANY is still ahead in educational matters. Young progressive and aggressive America needs yet to quicken her pace greatly in order not to be outdistanced by the conservative old European nation. Members of the school board in Berlin receive a generous sum of money for traveling expenses, and one of their number has been sent to the World's Fair to investigate the different methods of education there presented. The United States helps numerous public officers to journey about, from whom no returns can possibly be expected which will at all compare with those which would be made by interested edu-

cators. This country could improve upon Berlin, though, by sending upon such errands, not members of school boards, but the teachers themselves, who come into much closer contact with the great educational interests of the country.

"WE'RE not going to let the world have it all its own way this summer by a good deal," said Mr. Moody at the beginning of the season in Chicago. Gathering about him a large group of helpers, comprising some of the foremost preachers of this country and of Europe, he has been carrying on a remarkable evangelistic campaign. Any building which he could obtain that would accommodate an audience, were it circus tent, theater, or hall, he converted for the time being into a temple for Christian worship. By this means not only English-speaking visitors to the Exposition, but those of various foreign nations were enabled to hear the Gospel preached, each in his own tongue. And from the first these various temporary churches have been filled to overflowing, while places of amusement, whose proprietors had anticipated large audiences, have one after another closed their doors for lack of patronage. Many of them were immediately utilized for the overflow meetings from these religious bodies. Perhaps this Columbian year has not laid greater emphasis on any truth than that of the readiness of the world to give up its own way when a better way is presented before it. The crowds do *not* wish to visit the Fair or places of amusement on Sunday, and they *do* wish to hear the word of life. What stronger confirmation than this fact could be desired from the world's side for the words, "The fields are white already for the harvest."

THE cry for bread and work now sounding through all of the larger cities of this country is appalling in its significance. In the necessity already stringent enough upon the poor to urge them to the ominous step of parading the streets in large and riotous processions, reflecting persons see reason for the gravest fears as to what the coming winter may mean for them and for all. Enforced idleness and cruel want are taskmasters so

hard as to make liable the wildest outbreaks against their tyranny and to kindle a prejudiced and revengeful spirit which knows no reason and no bounds. How to remedy troubles of the kind now threatening has been the question of the ages; but every measure that has proved serviceable in any degree and every measure that promises relief should be tried now. If financial disturbances always press hardest upon the poor, the trite old lesson that one part of any body cannot suffer without affecting the whole has surely by this time been thoroughly impressed by experience. The paltry aim of policy, to say nothing of higher motives, should lead to concerted endeavor on the part of all classes safely to tide over the dark period.

MRS. FRENCH-SHELDON, the African explorer who recently sprang into fame as the greatest traveler of her sex, has a dangerous competitor for her laurels in the person of Miss Annie R. Taylor. This young Englishwoman was possessed of a desire which soon settled into a purpose, to enter Thibet as a missionary. As the first step toward the accomplishment of her purpose, she went to China and learned the language, living first on the Thibetan frontier and then on the Indian frontier in order to be able to make herself understood by the inhabitants of all parts of the country. This accomplished, she patiently awaited an opportunity for gaining an entrance into this land, which is tributary to China and is closed to all intercourse with foreigners. Among her acquaintances in China was a married woman who was a native of the capital of Thibet and who after an absence wished to revisit her home. Arrangements were effected by which Miss Taylor was permitted to accompany her and her party. The Englishwoman passed through many trying experiences, was robbed, fell into the hands of brigands, suffered from hunger and sickness, and was several times in danger of her life. However, through the devotion of a Thibetan servant and the influence of the queen, who was pleased to favor her, Miss Taylor was spared and now enjoys the distinction of being the first European who has entered this seclusive land.

C. I. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR OCTOBER.

First week (ending October 7).

"Rome and the Making of Modern Europe."

Chapter 1 to page 21.

"Outlines of Economics." Book I. Chapters 1, 2, and 3.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Village Life in Norway."

"American Charity Movements."

Sunday Reading for October 1.

Second week (ending October 14).

"Rome and the Making of Modern Europe."

Finish Chapter 1.

"Outlines of Economics." Chapters 4, 5, and 6.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Army and Navy of Italy."

Sunday Reading for October 8.

Third week (ending October 21).

"Rome and the Making of Modern Europe."

Chapters 2 to page 39.

"Outlines of Economics." Chapters 7, 8, and 9.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"How to Study History."

Sunday Reading for October 15.

Fourth week (ending October 28).

"Rome and the Making of Modern Europe."

Finish Chapter 2.

"Outlines of Economics." Chapters 10 and 11.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"What is Philosophy?"

Sunday Reading for October 22.

Fifth week (ending November 4).

"Rome and the Making of Modern Europe."

Chapter 3 to page 62.

"Outlines of Economics." Book II. Chapters 1, 2, and 3.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"A Half Century of Italian History."

Sunday Reading for October 29.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Table talk—The prescribed studies for the month.
2. A map study of the places in the week's lesson on Roman History.
3. Paper—The original home of the human race, whence all the great migrations started.
4. Reading—"Norway Legends."*

* See *The Library Table*, page 122.

5. General discussion—The doings of the extra session of Congress.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Table talk—The recent trouble between France and Siam.
2. Map study of the city of Rome.
3. Reading—"The Watch of the Old Gods."*
4. Paper—The Clearing House—a full explanation of its workings.
5. General discussion—The cause of the present financial troubles.

ADAM SMITH DAY—OCTOBER 20.

A QUESTION PARTY.

Some one is to be appointed to furnish a brief biography of Adam Smith. This may be prepared as an essay, may consist of compiled statements, or may be read from some book. It should be very explicit in statement and clear in style. The reader is then to ask from ten to fifteen questions on what he has read, the questions to be definitely expressed and requiring concise answers, which are to be written. As these answers shall determine, the circle is then to be arranged in three groups, one being the honor group, which is to be composed of those answering correctly the greatest number of the questions, the best one taking the head of the group and the others being seated on his right and left in order of merit. Then a second reading is to be given on the literary and educational work of Adam Smith, which is to be followed by proceedings similar to those after the first. The last reading is to be on Adam Smith's leading ideas on economics as expressed in his "Wealth of Nations"—a sort of summary or synopsis of that work; and this also is to be followed by questions as before. Of course the strife will be to hold, as well as to win the best positions, and he is to be declared victor who holds longest the first position.

Debate—Resolved: That Adam Smith's doctrine, that self-interest will regulate men's relations for the general good, is true. (See "Outlines of Economics," page 43.)

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Table talk—England and the Home Rule bill.

* See *The Library Table*, page 122.

2. Story telling—The Roman myths—expand those alluded to in the history and add others. If preferred the stories may be read from books; several of them may be found in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."
3. Reading—"Inside Glimpses into the Old Trades Unions."⁸
4. Character sketch—William E. Gladstone.
5. Questions from *The Question Table*.

FIFTH WEEK.

1. General discussion—The recent Russian Extradition treaty.
2. Debate—Resolved: That government control over all lines of business would be as beneficial in general as it is shown to be in the case of the post office. (See "Outlines of Economics," page 94.)
3. Book review—"Hard Times." By Charles Dickens.
4. A quiz on the month's readings.
5. A general "social."

A few words explanatory of the *Programs* are always needed at the beginning of the working year, especially on account of the new readers then taking up the work. To help overcome the feeling of being quite at sea, often experienced on any new undertaking, this department of THE CHAUTAUQUAN offers suggestions which may prove useful. They are not to be looked upon in any sense as obligatory; they

* See *The Library Table*, page 122.

may be ignored entirely, or followed in part or altogether, at the will of the workers.

The Outline measures off a fair proportional part of the Required Readings for each week, and the consideration of this part is to constitute the chief feature of the weekly work of the Local Circle. This work—which can be distinguished as *the lesson*—is not mentioned in the programs as it would have to be repeated every week, and would not then be under the proper heading, as it is really *required work*, which throws it out of the catalogue of *suggestions*. For the carrying out of this work, it is a good plan to have teachers appointed, one for each book and one for the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, who by whatever method seems best, shall pass in review the work which has been done by each reader at home. In addition to this work—if there is needed any addition—the programs may help to outline plans. The teachers may serve through the entire time required by one subject, or for any specified time. A very informal way of conducting the circles is to have new leaders appointed for each evening. A special feature of each lesson while pursuing the studies of Roman History and Economics should consist of the Analyses and Review Exercises at the end of each chapter in the one book and of the Summary and Questions in the other. The regular department of *Questions and Answers* in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be omitted for those text-books in the course which thoroughly provide for their own review plans.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR OCTOBER.

"ROME AND THE MAKING OF MODERN EUROPE."

P. 16. "Ma-lä'ri-al." Italian, *malaria*, bad air. Relating or pertaining to malaria, a disease produced by air impregnated with some poisonous substances from the soil.

"Campagna" [cam-pan'yä]. The Italian form of the Latin *campania*, English campaign. A large open plain. The Roman Campagna, the great plain surrounding Rome, is of volcanic origin, its lakes lying in craters. It includes the Pontine Marshes. In the winter and spring vegetation throughout the region flourishes, but in the summer all is dry and of a barren appearance.

P. 19. "Con'ge-ner." Allied in kin or nature. Latin *con*, with, and *genus*, race, kind, kin.

P. 24. "Superstition." Unreasonable re-

ligious belief, excessive fear of the gods. The word is compounded from the Latin *super*, above, and *stare*, to stand; but how from this derivation the word with its signification came into being is a secret lost in obscurity. It has been conjectured that it might have sprung from the fact that people sometimes stand still over or near anything that fills them with wonder or awe.

"My-thol'o-gy." The science which investigates and seeks to interpret myths; a system of fables or legends embodying the religious beliefs of heathen nations or people. From two Greek words meaning myth and to speak.

P. 53. "*Pontifex maximus*." The word was doubtless derived from the Latin words *pons*, a bridge, path, or way, and *facere*, to make, but

the original meaning is obscure. It is supposed the name might have arisen from the fact that one of the duties of the first chief priest was the making or the maintaining of some special bridge, probably the Sublician, the oldest bridge over the Tiber said to have been built by Ancus Marcius, the fourth king. Some authorities, however, claim that the office of pontifex was created by Numa Pompilius, the second king. Butworth in his history of Rome says, "There was a sacred college in ancient Rome which taught and controlled the art of bridge building. It was said to have been instituted by the good Numa. It was known as the Pontifex, and its president or chief priest was called the Pontifex Maximus, or sovereign pontiff. The title came to be applied to the emperor and at last to the pope of Rome. In the Middle Ages the building and guarding of bridges was held to be among the most worthy of good works and monasteries or religious houses were built near such places to protect them and to guide the travelers. So the time was when the Sovereign Bridge-BUILDER was one of the noblest offices in the world."

P. 30. "Chronology" [kro-nol'o-gy]. The science of time or of dates. "The science of ascertaining the true historical order of past events and their exact dates." The use of the word is traced back to Raleigh (1552-1618), who in his "History of the World" speaks of "a chronological table." It is taken directly from Greek, being there a compound of two words meaning time, and discourse.

P. 33. "Quirinus." After the death of the Sabine chief, Romulus ruled alone over both the Romans and the Sabines, and the two peoples became united into one under the name *Qui-ri'tes*. After the death of Romulus, or rather after he had been carried by his father Mars up to heaven in a fiery chariot, he reappeared to a Roman senator named Julius Proculus and bade him to command the Quirites to worship him under the name of Quirinus as their guardian god.

"Egeria." One of the class of prophetic nymphs belonging to the religion of ancient Italy. She gave Numa full instruction regarding the forms of worship he introduced, and the wise laws which he established. It is said that after the death of her mortal husband, the nymph became inconsolable and was changed into a fountain.

"The Horatii." The "notorious stratagem" by which this party gained the victory was as follows: "The battle was long undecided. Two of the Horatii fell, but the three Curiatii were severely wounded. Seeing this the surviving Horatius, who was still unhurt, pretended to fly, and vanquished his wounded opponents by en-

countering them severally. He returned in triumph bearing his threefold spoils."

P. 34. "*Fasces*." A bundle carried before the highest magistrates, consisting of rods and an ax with the blade projecting, being a symbol of power over life and limb.

P. 36. "Centuries." Probably so called because the number of people placed in each division was about one hundred, though there was no fixed limit.

P. 37. "The Cumæan Sibyl." The name of this sibyl, or prophetess, was Am-al-thê'a. She offered her nine books of prophecy to Tarquin, but he thinking they were not worth the price demanded, refused them. The sibyl then burned three of them and after six months had passed pressed him to take the remaining six for the price asked previously for the nine. Again the king refused, when she burned three more and after another half year had passed reappeared and demanded for the three left the same sum asked for the nine. The king then purchased the books and the sibyl disappeared. It is said that the famous books were preserved in the temple of Jupiter in care of officers who alone might behold their contents. They were destroyed at the burning of the temple in 83 B. C.

P. 44. "*Imperium*." The Latin word for supreme power, command, direction, sovereignty; the right or power of ruling.

P. 46. "*Jugera*." The common Roman standard measurement of land, a surface area, containing 28,800 square feet and measuring 240 by 120 feet. It was equal to 0.622 of an acre.

P. 47. "Cen-tū-ri-on." An officer who commanded a company of infantry. The position corresponded to that of captain in the army of modern times.

P. 48. "Etruscan foreign customs." It will be remembered that it was from the Etrurians that the Romans obtained the emblems of their royal authority, the crown, robe, *fasces*, etc., as stated on page 34 of the text-book. From the same source also came many of the Roman religious rites, notably that of augury, the practice of foretelling events by observing the flight of birds, the entrails of beasts, etc. Etruscan games, insignia, and triumphal processions were also adopted by Rome.

P. 54. "*Questors*." From the Latin verb meaning, to ask, or to seek. The duty of these officers was, to bring accusations of offenses and to execute the sentence.

P. 59. "The Fabii." They were one of the most ancient families of Rome, tracing their origin to Hercules and Evander. The leader at the time of going into this exile, Fabius Vibulanus, was serving the third time as consul, and

had presented measures for the relief of the plebeians. His propositions were rejected by the patricians, upon which he and his house determined to leave Rome. The whole family numbered three hundred and six, and, proceeding to the banks of the Cremera, they built a fortress and continued to live there for two years, warring against the Veii, an Etruscan tribe. At the end of this time they were conquered by the Veientes, and the whole family was put to death save one member, from whom the later Fabii descended.

P. 60. "Lucius Dentatus." The story of his murder is as follows: "A war broke out with the Sabines and the Æquians at the same time and armies were sent against them both commanded by friends of the plebeians. Lucius Sicinius Dentatus, one of the bravest, was sent out at the head of one army with some traitors, who under orders from the decemvirs, murdered him in a lonely place."

"OUTLINES OF ECONOMICS."

P. 3. "E-co-nom-ics." The word is derived from a Greek compound meaning the management of a household or family, and its old signification in English was, pertaining to the regulation of household matters. Such use of it now is obsolete. Pertaining to pecuniary means or income and expenditure, is one definition for the word now, and another specific one is pertaining to economics, the science which treats of wealth. In this use it is synonymous with political economy.

P. 12. "Mark." "In the Middle Ages in England and Germany, a tract of land belonging in common to a community of freemen, who divided the cultivated portion or *arable mark* among their individual members, used the *common* or *ordinary mark* together for pasturage or other general purposes, and dwelt in the *village mark* or central portion, or apart on their holdings."

P. 16. "Guilds." From the Saxon word, *gildan*, to pay. It is "a name given in England and France to societies organized for mutual aid and protection, as well as to confraternities whose chief object is piety or beneficence. Societies of artisans were organized in Rome at a very early period. . . . The most ancient of chartered French guilds is the *hanse* of merchants and watermen of the Seine. This body had absolute control of the trade carried on by the water courses of the Seine and the Yonne; no merchant could bring his wares to Paris without becoming a member of this guild or obtaining from it *lettres de hanse*. . . . The whole laboring population of England during

the Anglo-Saxon period was virtually organized into guilds. The charters of many dated from the tenth century. . . . [Guilds] were much encouraged by Henry II.; but as they increased under this patronage, and were much given to parading with their respective liveries and banners, collisions between rival trades became so frequent that at length under Henry IV. they were forbidden to wear their liveries. In subsequent reigns they were permitted to appear in them at coronations, and finally it became necessary to obtain the royal license for appearing in public with their insignia. The term livery company was substituted for that of guild in the reign of Edward III. (1327-77), and has been applied ever since to the London trades in particular."

P. 22. "Boycotted." Prevented from buying or selling or having any kind of business dealings on account of differences or disagreements in business matters. The word originated from the name of "the first prominent victim of the system, Captain Boycott, a farmer at Lough Mask, Connemara, Ireland, and the agent of Lord Earne, an Irish landlord."

P. 27. "Tenter." This is the name of a machine used in the manufacture of cloth for stretching out the material so that it may dry evenly and square.

P. 43. "Norms." Rules, types, models, authoritative standards.

P. 51. "Arbitration." Latin, *arbiter*, a witness, a judge; literally, one who goes to see—*ar* for *ad*, to, and *bitere*, to come. The deciding of a cause in controversy by a person or persons chosen by the contending parties. In international law, it "is one of the recognized modes of terminating disputes between independent nations."

P. 59. "Centralization." Reactionary forces against this tendency to bring to one center all the interests of any specified branch of business, as trades unions and co-operative societies, the two latter being among the best agencies known for the diffusion of wealth.

"Monopoly." Greek, *monos*, single, sole, and *polein*, to barter, to sell. The exclusive privilege of carrying on trade. In economics the full definition of the word is as follows: Such an exclusive privilege to carry on a traffic or deal in or control a given class of articles as will enable the holder to raise prices materially above what they would be if the traffic or dealing were free to the citizens generally.

P. 68. "Municipal." Pertaining to a township or corporation, or to the local self-government of a city or town; also, pertaining to the internal affairs of a state or a nation. The word is taken directly from Latin where it means be-

longing to a *municipium*, which was the name given to a township which had received the rights of Roman citizenship while it still retained its own laws.

"Franchise." "A privilege arising from the grant of a sovereign, or government, or from prescription which presupposes a grant; a privilege of a public nature conferred on individuals by grant from government." The word is specifically applied to the privilege of voting at public elections; modified by the word *elective*, it is synonymous with the term, the right of suffrage.

"Assets." The word may be traced in modified forms through several languages back to the Latin *ad satis* meaning, literally, up to enough. It was used of the effects of a deceased debtor when they were sufficient "to discharge that burden, which is cast upon the heir, in satisfying the testator's debts or legacies." In its transformations the term, as shown above, was originally a phrase, then an adverb, meaning enough, next an adjective, signifying satisfied, and finally a noun. It is now in general use applied to any goods or property or right of action which may be turned over in payment of the debts of a deceased person, or of a bankrupt. It is also said of property in general, all that may be applied to the payment of debts.

"Nil." A contracted form of the Latin word *nihil*. Nothing, of no account, worthless.

P. 74. "Sol-i-dar'i-ty." Communion of interests and responsibility, fellowship, community. Trench says, it is "a word which we owe to the French communists and which signifies a fellowship in gain and loss, in honor and dishonor."

P. 93. "Mortgage." A word derived from two French words meaning dead and pledge. It was called a *mortgage* or *dead pledge* because "whatever profit it might yield, it did not thereby redeem itself, but became lost or dead to the

mortgagee on breach of the condition." The old law writers, Glanvil and Spelman, say that mortgage is so called because between the time of making the conveyance and the time appointed for the payment of the debt, the creditor by the old law received the rent of the estate to his own use, so that these rents were dead or lost to the mortgager. Littleton gives another derivation of the word, viz: 'If the feoffor doth not pay the sum due at the day limited, then the land which is put in pledge upon condition for the payment of the money is taken from him, and so dead to him upon condition.' This derivation is the one usually adopted." In the law of most of the United States a mortgage is a lien upon property, real or personal, "created by what purports to be an express transfer of title, with or without possession, but accompanied by a condition that the transfer shall be void if in due time the money be paid or the thing done to secure which the transfer is given."

P. 101. "Mal-thu'sian-ism." The originator of this theory, the Rev. T. R. Malthus, lived from 1766 to 1834.

P. 111. "Differentiation" [*dif-fer-en-shi-a'-shun*]. The formation of differences, the discrimination of varieties. "Any change by which something homogeneous is made heterogeneous, or like things, are made unlike."

P. 112. "Corporation." The Latin word meaning, to make into a body, is *corporare*, and the perfect participle from it is *corporatus*, a word closely allied in form to the English word now under consideration. The Latin noun for body is *corpus*. A corporation is defined as an artificial person formed by law from a number or succession of natural persons, "having a continuous existence irrespective of that of its members, and powers and liabilities different from those of its members."

P. 113. "Entrepreneur." [*än-tre-pre-nēr*]

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

ROMAN HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

1. Which of the nine muses is the muse of history?
2. What historian did Cicero mention as "the first who adorned this species of composition"?
3. Who is considered the most ancient writer of Roman history, and by what name is he sometimes known?
4. What famous Roman general was a historian?

5. Who wrote a complete history of Rome, from the founding of the city to the year 9 B. C., in one hundred and forty-two books?
6. What name did he give these books and how many are still extant?
7. What historian was called "the Livy of the Greeks," or "the Grecian Livy," and by whom? Why?
8. For what is the German historian George Barthold Niebuhr celebrated in connection

with Roman history?

9. What celebrated English teacher wrote a history of Rome?

10. Whose masterpiece was the "History of the Conspiracy of Catiline"?

11. What Roman historian, according to Gibbon, "was the first to apply the science of philosophy to the study of facts"?

THE CIRCLE OF SCIENCES.—I.

1. What led to the formation of the sciences?

2. What two things are necessary to the formation of science?

3. Of what importance in science are the terms applied to discoveries?

4. To the explanation of what phenomena were the first attempts at science directed?

5. By what people?

6. What was the fatal defect in these attempts?

7. What is the most ancient science?

8. Where and when did it originate?

9. How many and what sciences did the ancients reckon?

10. What did the ancients mean by the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*?

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.—I

1. What is meant by the term ethnic religions?

2. What are the only two religions which are not ethnic?

3. Under what name is the established state religion of the Chinese known?

4. What was the character of the teaching of Confucius?

5. What great event in Jewish history was contemporaneous with the time of Confucius?

6. What is the name of the Chinese bible? How far back can it be traced?

7. How was Confucius connected with this bible?

8. What two other religious systems are to be found in China?

9. What do the Sacred Books teach regarding the existence of a Supreme Being?

10. What great rebellion was caused in China about the middle of the present century by a movement seeking to establish there one form of the Christian religion?

QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES.

1. To how many enlisted men at any one time is the army of the United States limited?

2. How many officers in the army at present bear the title of major-general?

3. How many regiments are composed of negro soldiers?

4. Into how many departments is the territory of the United States divided for military purposes?

5. How many persons are entitled to receive instruction at the Military Academy at West Point?

6. When and by whom was the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., founded?

7. What is the title of the highest officers on the active list in the navy of the United States?

8. How many navy yards does the United States possess?

9. At what city in the United States is there a torpedo station and a naval war college?

10. What salary do the major-generals of the army and the rear-admirals of the navy respectively draw?

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1897.

CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

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Treasurer—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

Class Trustee—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—CLOVER.

THE '94's are reminded that one year of the race yet remains to them. What possibilities of achievement are wrapped up in this twelve-month! Let every '94 gird up his loins anew and be ready to join the great host that proposes to visit Chautauqua next season.

CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

"*The truth shall make you free.*"

OFFICERS.

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CLASS FLOWER—NASTURTIUM.
 CLASS EMBLEM—A BLUE RIBBON.

A YEAR of beginnings, a second year of sifting, and '95 starts on its third year strong and reliant. The race is only half run and many a fainting comrade may be reclaimed and carried on to victory. Let every '95 work for his classmates as well as for himself.

CLASS OF 1896.—"TRUTH SEEKERS." "Truth is Eternal."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. Chas. C. Johnson, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

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Class Trustee—John A. Seaton, 20 Griswold St., Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.
 CLASS EMBLEM—A LAMP.

THE Class of '96 have sent the following appropriate letter to Miss Fannie Hayes, Fremont, Ohio:

"The Class of 1896, Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, extend to you their hearty sympathy in your bereavement in the death of your father, Rutherford B. Hayes, and desire as a class to express the personal loss we feel in his departure. May the absence of the earthly father reveal in stronger light to your daily life the loving kindness and care of your Heavenly Father."

EVERY member of '96 is urged to enroll promptly for the coming year. Never mind if you are a little behind with last year's work. Turn over a new leaf with the new year and keep pace with your classmates. The Class of '96 was well represented at Chautauqua this summer. Let us prepare early for the grand rally in '96. Now is the time to hold fast.

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

OFFICERS.

President—Prof. F. J. Miller, University of Chicago, Chicago.

Vice Presidents—Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Cincinnati, O.;

Mr. A. A. Stagg, Chicago; Mrs. A. E. Barker, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Mississippi; Mrs. M. J. Gawthrop, Philadelphia; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, O.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw Rice, Tacoma, Washington; Rev. James E. Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, South Wales.

Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Chautauqua.

Treasurer and Trustee—Mr. Shirley P. Austin, Meadville, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE IVY.

THE Class of '97 start out on their four years' march on the first of October. They chose for their president Professor Frank J. Miller of the University of Chicago. Professor Miller's department is that of Latin, and the present year's reading covers Rome and the making of Modern Europe. These facts have given a sort of classic flavor to the class, who adopted the name "The Romans" and the ivy as their emblem.

THE class as enrolled at Chautauqua included the names of a number of college men, among them Mr. A. A. Stagg, the famous Yale champion, now at the University of Chicago. A number of important meetings were held and the motto was left with the president for final decision. It will be announced in an early number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

THE Class of '97 went far above the usual figure at the New England Assembly at Framingham, Mass. Ninety members were enrolled and a great deal of interest awakened in the course of '93-94.

As early as July new local circles for the Class of '97 had begun to report enrollment. The first was from a town in the state of Washington and the second from the Hawaiian Islands. Both circles reported their organization complete and ready for work. This early start on the part of far away members argues well for the new year. Let every '97 either join a circle or form one if possible. Do both if you can.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

NEW TRUSTEES OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the C. L. S. C. Alumni Association held August 21, in the Congregational House, at Chautauqua, N. Y., vigorous measures were discussed for the entire finishing of the C. L. S. C. Alumni Hall. There are twelve classes now in the combination and eleven of them were represented in the meeting. Following is the list of trustees for the ensuing year: Mrs. Luella Knight, 939 Ailanthus Street, St. Louis, Mo., '86; Rev. Frank Russell, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Woodlawn Heights, New York City, '87; R. S. L. Hall, New Canaan, Conn., '88; Rev. S. M. Day, Honeoye,

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

N. Y., '89; Mr. Wm. A. McDowell, Uniontown, Pa., '90; Mr. W. H. Westcott, Holley, N. Y., '91; Mr. J. D. Clarkson, Carthage, Mo., '92; Mr. George E. Vincent, 445 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y., '93; Mr. W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa., '94; Mr. George P. Hukill, Oil City, Pa., '95; Mr. John A. Seaton, Cleveland, O., '96; Mr. Shirley P. Austin, Meadville, Pa., '97.

GRADUATES and undergraduates who return from the Assemblies full of zeal for the extension of the work will find in the new Chautauqua Extension plan a very interesting and effective means of bringing Chautauqua before the community. The first step is the organization of a Chautauqua Circle and then the Chautauqua Extension lecture course, which admirably supplements the C. L. S. C. course. In an especially obdurate community where a circle could with difficulty be established the extension lectures could be used to advantage as an entering wedge.

MEMBERS of the Society of the Hall in the Grove in making their plans for another year have two choices before them: They can pursue the regular year's reading with their undergraduate comrades and thus win new honors in the way of seals, or they can take up some of the C. L. S. C. special courses.

AMONG the special courses worthy of particular mention are those on American History, two courses; English History, three courses; Shakespeare, Art History, and the Philosophy of Art History. Every '93 will want to add new seals to his diploma, and the regular and special courses offer many attractions.

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. M. D. Lichliter, McKeesport, Pa.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. A. D. L'Hommedieu, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Cornelia Stuart, Empire, O.; Mrs. Robert Gentry, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. C. Pharr, Louisiana; Miss Clark, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Chas. D. Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss A. D. E. Orr, Omaha, Neb.; Miss Kate McGilioray, Port Calborne, Province Ontario, Canada.
General Secretary—Miss Lelia Cotton, Griggsville, Ill.
Treasurer—Prof. W. H. Scott, Syracuse, N. Y.
Class Trustee—George E. Vincent.
Executive Committee—Miss Kate Little, Preston, Minn.; Prof. W. H. Scott; Mrs. Helen M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.
 CLASS EMBLEM—ACORN.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

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Secretary—Mrs. J. Monroe Cooke, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer and Trustee—Mr. J. D. Clarkson, Carthage, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

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 CLASS FLOWERS—LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

CLASS OF 1890.—"THE PIERIANS."

"Redeeming the time."

OFFICERS.

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Second Vice President—Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.
Third Vice President—Mr. P. C. Houston, Jamestown, N. Y.
Fourth Vice President—Mr. Z. L. White, Columbus, O.
Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, D.D., Chicago, Ill.
Class Trustee—Mr. W. A. McDowell.
Treasurer—Mrs. P. C. Houston, Jamestown, N. Y.
 CLASS FLOWER—ROSE.

CLASS OF 1889.—"THE ARGONAUTS."

"Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold."

OFFICERS.

President—Miss Laura Shotwell, 51 Tompkins Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Vice Presidents—Miss Emma Arnold, Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. Dora F. Emery, Greenville, Pa.; Miss Lina S. Bowe, Geneva, Ohio.
Secretary and Class Trustee—The Rev. S. Mills Day, Honeoye, N. Y.
Treasurer—O. M. Allen, 824 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 CLASS FLOWER—DAISY.

CLASS OF 1888.—"THE PLYMOUTH ROCK."

"Let us be seen by our deeds."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., Boston, Mass.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. D. A. Cunningham, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. G. B. McCabe, Sydney, O.; Mrs. J. W. Selvage, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Rev. L. A. Stevens, Perry, N. Y.; Miss C. E. Coffin, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary—Miss Belle Douglass, Syracuse, N. Y.
Treasurer—Mr. Russell L. Hall, New Canaan, Conn.
Class Chronicler—Mrs. A. C. Teller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

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Trustee of Class Building—Mr. Russell H. Hall, New Canaan, Conn.

CLASS FLOWER—GERANIUM.

CLASS OF 1887—"THE PANSIES."

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. Frank Russell, D.D.; 42 Bible House, New York City.

First Vice President—James A. Taft, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second Vice President—The Rev. G. R. Alden, Winter Park, Fla.

Third Vice President—Mrs. R. W. Clinton.

Eastern Secretary—Prof. H. E. Barrett, Syracuse, N. Y.

Western Secretary—K. A. Burnell, Chicago, Ill.

Treasurer and Trustee—The Rev. Frank Russell.

Committee on Ways and Means—Miss Georgie Hall, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Miss I. A. Clapp, Rochester, N. Y.

CLASS FLOWER—PANSY.

CLASS OF 1886—"THE PROGRESSIVES."

"We study for light to bless with light."

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. S. Knight, St. Louis, Mo.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. R. S. Pardington, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. B. Groesbeck, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. Babbitt, Vermont; Mrs. S. E. Middleton, Cal.; Mrs. F. A. Poole, Rochester, Minn.; Mrs. Adele H. Sargent, Ga.; Miss S. Soule, Oneonta, N. Y.

Secretary—Mrs. R. E. Burrows, Andover, N. Y.

Trustee—W. F. Dunn, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Treasurer Building Fund—Mrs. J. D. Clarkson, Carthage, Mo.

Treasurer Class Building—Mrs. S. Knight, St. Louis, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—ASTER.

CLASS COLORS—CREAM AND SHRIMP PINK.

CLASS OF 1885—"THE INVINCIBLES."

"Press on, reaching after those things which are before."

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. A. H. Chance, Vineland, N. J.

First Vice President—Miss E. C. Weeks.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Ryckman, Brocton, N. Y.

Third Vice President—Mrs. Brown, Cutting, N. Y.

Fourth Vice President—Miss Carrie Cooper, Montclair, N. J.

Secretary—Mrs. E. C. Elwell, Newark Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mrs. M. L. Ensign, Garrettsville, O.

Trustee—Mr. E. C. Dean, Bovine Center, N. Y.

CLASS FLOWER—HELIOTROPE.

CLASS OF 1884—"THE IRREPRESSIBLES."

"Press forward; he conquers who will."

OFFICERS.

President—Prof. Wm. D. Bridge, Boston, Mass.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. S. M. J. Eaton, Franklin, Pa.; Mrs. E. J. Baker, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. J. D. Park, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. Dexter Horton, Seattle, Wash.; Mr. George Miner, Fredonia, N. Y.; Mr. G. W. Miller, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John W. Fairbank, Seattle, Wash.

Secretary—Mrs. Adelaide L. Wescott, Holley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Miss M. E. Young, Nashville, Tenn.

Executive Committee—Miss Sara N. Graybill, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Amelia H. Faulkner, Hartwell, O.; Mrs. S. E. Parker, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. H. H. Moore, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Miss Lizzie F. Parmelee, Lockport, N. Y.; Miss Nellie Stone, Oswego, N. Y.

Honorary Counselors—Royal Taylor, Ravenna, O.; Mrs. Royal Taylor, Ravenna, O.; Mrs. S. B. Holway, Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. E. C. Dale, Warren, Pa.; Mrs. E. J. Baker, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. A. A. Warner, North East, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—GOLDEN-ROD.

CLASS OF 1883—"THE VINCENTS."

"Step by step we gain the heights."

OFFICERS.

President—Miss Annie H. Gardner, 106 Chandler St., Boston, Mass.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. A. D. Alexander, Franklin, Pa.; Mrs. M. A. Watts, Louisville, Ky.

Secretary—Miss M. J. Perrine.

Treasurer—Miss H. E. Eddy, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Banner Beaver—Mr. E. Tuttle, Jr., Busti, N. Y.

CLASS FLOWER—SWEET-PEA.

CLASS OF 1882—"THE PIONEERS."

"From height to height."

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. B. T. Vincent.

Vice Presidents—Dr. J. I. Huribut, Plainfield, N. J.; Mr. A. M. Martin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss M. F. Wells, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A. Bemus, Westfield, N. Y.; the Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, Union City, Pa.; Mr. G. W. Barlow, Detroit, Mich.

Secretary—Mrs. E. F. Curtis, Geneseo, N. Y.

Treasurer—Mrs. A. D. Wilder, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Trustees—Mrs. Thomas Park, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Miss Ella Beaujean, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Judge F. E. Sessions, Jamestown, N. Y.; Anna Cummings, Chautauqua, N. Y.; the Rev. C. Y. Stevens, Bergen, N. Y.

Necrologist—Mrs. D. W. Hatch, Jamestown, N. Y.

CLASS SYMBOL—A HATCHET.

LEAGUE OF THE ROUND TABLE.

OFFICERS.

President—Mr. W. H. Wescott, Holley, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Graybiel, Mrs. A. D. Wilder, Mrs. G. B. McCabe.

Secretary and Treasurer—McIllyar H. Lichliter, Delaware, Ohio.

Executive Committee—Miss C. A. Teal, 214 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. T. S. Park, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. P. W. Bemus, Westfield, N. Y.

GUILD OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. W. H. Wescott, Holley, N. Y.

First Vice President—Prof. W. N. Ellis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second Vice President—Miss Etta Bartholomew, Allegheny City, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Annie H. Gardner, Boston, Mass.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, Englewood, N. J.; Mrs. J. C. Martin, New York; Dr. J. J. Covert, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
ADAM SMITH DAY—October 20.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
HANNIBAL DAY—November 23.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

ECHOES of encouragement for the coming C. L. S. C. year are borne on every breeze from the various Assemblies. The work has spread widely into new localities, more than five hundred new Chautauqua reading circles having been organized during the last year. These with those that have been at work for one or two years or more, make a total of nearly fourteen hundred circles, each representing from a half dozen to fifty readers. Many circles continued their study throughout the summer months so that they might begin squarely on the new year's course. A prompt start is of great importance to all circles and all individual students, as it gives them a chance leisurely to assimilate and enjoy the work as they go along, and report the history they make for themselves in time for other circles to profit thereby. Moreover most healthy circles take pride in having their work represented in the Local Circle reports, and reports sent in earlier in the year stand the better chance of receiving attention.

The following are some of the "Leaves Gathered along the Road to the Golden Gate," by an alumna of the Class of '87, and presented at their last meeting before the circle at Greensboro, Ala.:

C. L. S. C.! How mysterious those now familiar letters sounded ten years ago! Then the questions were asked, "What and where is Chautauqua?" "What do you mean by the C. L. S. C.?" Now who is there to ask these questions? I might almost say the "the sun goes not down" upon the lovers of Chautauqua.

Ten years ago the first class of graduates, the "Pioneers," passed the arches of the Hall in the Grove and received the first Chautauqua diplomas. They were few in number. Now the alma mater, sitting serenely by Chautauqua's placid waters, gathers in her loving embrace more than three hundred thousand children and nearly

forty thousand diplomas have rewarded the labors of as many graduates. The C.L.S.C. is now no longer an inchoate scheme, looked upon by some as an ingenious "Yankee catch-penny," by others as a Utopian vision, soon to pass away and be forgotten. Great men and intellectual women have tasted its fruit and pronounced it good.

The "Chautauqua idea," the little alien flower transplanted from the far north to blossom under a southern sky, was feeble and sickly at first, but now it flourishes, with care, even in our enervating climate. But daily care is necessary to make it blossom to perfection. Spasmodic attention can produce only a dwarfed plant. The end and aim of this grand Chautauqua scheme is not simply to con over a certain number of books and magazines by a certain time; its ultimatum is to establish a habit of systematic reading and thinking, and thus to develop the mind. The Chautauquan who reads systematically and understandingly the books in the course, making them his own, will find, at the end of the four years, that his mind has undergone a subtle change. It is no longer satisfied with the pabulum it formerly craved. Stronger food is required; the mind has grown, strengthened, expanded; the habit of study has been acquired, ending in self-education and true culture. It is a case of cause and effect—of antecedent and consequent. Given the antecedent, systematic study and clearness of perception, and as a natural consequent and effect, self-education, the only true education, follows. You learn to fix your attention, to think, to reason. You have ideas of your own, you cease to be an echo, to be simply an encyclopedia and repository of other people's thoughts. You think for yourself. You cease to be a consumer only, you become a producer, sometimes a new path is blazed out and

a fresh field is added. This is the true Chautauqua idea and the aim of this great C. L. S. C. scheme.

The Chautauquans at Greensboro, Ala., showed their enthusiasm by continuing their work into the heat of the summer. They used the prize system, awarding the first prize to a young woman who had never failed to attend a meeting nor to recite her lessons correctly; the second prize, to one who had been absent only once. The year closed with a delightful Greek symposium, of which the secretary says, "These reunions awaken an interest in outsiders and we hear 'knockings at the door.'" The *menu*, in the form of souvenir cards ornamented with the class ribbon and flowers, was entirely of Greek dainties, served in the intermissions of the symposium:

Greek Symposium.

"Accept this welcome to the Grecian Court,
The waste of nature let the feast repair."

—Homer.

Menu.

"Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savor."

—Homer.

Roll Call.

Answered by quotations from Greek authors.

Relishes,

Songs.

Cerealia,

Golden Grains.

A Eulogy on Theocritus.

"A hero's honors let the hero have."

—Homer.

Salad.

Leaves from the secretary's minutes.

"Oh! snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate."

—Homer.

Bread.

A toast to the C. L. S. C.

"Search for some thoughts thy own suggestive mind."

—Homer.

Syllabus.

Address by president.

"All things which are sought are found,
If thou dost not give up too soon or shrink from toil."

—Alexis.

Side Dishes.

(A) side remarks by the class.

"Daughter, what words have passed thy lips unweighed?"

—Homer.

Entrees.

Heliconic cates.

"Oh! Hesperus, thou bringest all things good
Home to the weary, to the hungry, cheer!"

—Sappho.

Beverages.

A draught from the Plerian Spring.

"A golden flask a nymph attendant brings
Replenished from the pure translucent spring."

—Homer.

Awarding prizes by the president.

"This pledge receive
A gift memorial of our friendship."

—Homer.

Choral Refocillations.

"Enough the feast has charmed, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crowned the genial hour."

—Homer.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS, '93-94.

For the new year the Special Memorial Days are:

October 20—Adam Smith.

November 23—Hannibal.

December 15—Cæsar.

January 9—Constantine.

February 6—Charlemagne.

March 27—Cicero.

April 13—Virgil.

May 17—Horace.

June 5—Dante.

SAMOSSET Circle of Boston, Mass., has realized excellent results from the following method: At each meeting a program committee is appointed to report at the next meeting. A copy of their report is sent to each member so that he receives it a week or ten days in advance of the meeting. "The members generally accept without protest the part assigned them and usually find a substitute if unable to be present."

SIGNIFICANT among the many things that evidence the all round benefit of the Chautauqua work, is the success of the various social occasions celebrated by the associates in study. One of the pleasantest of these was the tendering of a banquet by the Grace Chautauqua Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., and its friends to their leader of the last four years. The speeches made in appreciation of his labors are reported to have been highly entertaining and a poem was composed for the event.

A MEMBER of the circle at Vincennes, Ind., reports that he has "read and studied from one to four times every word in the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and in the textbooks, and has never missed a meeting nor a recitation." Such thoroughness is the fiber of enjoyable study.

THE C. L. S. C. of Seward St. M. E. church, Omaha, Nebraska, reports excellent progress last year. Its membership was about forty, of whom eight graduated in June. Desiring to give an idea to many others of the work they were doing they hit upon the plan of holding a Chautauqua commencement, arranging the program as follows to show most of their work for the year:

Song "America," Prayer, General and Class Mottoes, Roll-Call Answered by Quotations,

Welcome, Chautauqua Idea, The Greeks, Zither Solo, U. S. and Foreign Powers, Greek Architecture and Sculpture, What I Saw in Athens, Greek Drill, Homer, Recitation, The Heroes of Cuttyhunk, Tableau.

THE Hawthornes of Corning, N. Y., have an enviable record. The assistant secretary says: "The circle has been in existence about nine years with an average of twelve members. It has followed the programs recommended in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The members are all painstaking and enthusiastic, some living four and five miles out of the city. The members of the society met April third with their much beloved secretary to celebrate her seventieth birthday.

THE Aspasians of Boonton, N. J., have an eye to the practical exercise of their knowledge as from time to time it is acquired. For this purpose they devoted a day to the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. The secretary says:

"The first floor seemed prepared expressly for our entertainment but 'all Greek' it would have been had it not been for this year's readings. The wonderful marbles captured by Lord Elgin for the British Museum are here represented in plaster casts as are many other works of art from foreign galleries. There are also original marbles wonderfully beautiful and

fair. With a full size pillar, cornice, capital, and frieze of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and Lysicrates' monument before one no confusion exists as to the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian styles of architecture. What clear, correct ideas of their wonderful originals in their pristine glory these dainty smaller models afford. Here is Mars Hill where Paul spoke and we could trace the path up through the Erechtheum around the Parthenon where solemnly marched with funeral urn the long procession to listen to Pericles' masterly oration; we beheld the great theater of Domicius, too, with its brilliant and ghastly associations.

"We exchanged smiles with the good-natured Cesnola people; studied the heads of warriors, philosophers, statesmen, and demagogues, whose ancient lives we have been studying, and turned for one last hour with that choicest group of statuary in the northeast corner.

"But little time was spent in the galleries of painting with their wonderful creations of masters old and young as we intend to take a day especially for them, and we passed out mentally reciting, 'Greece, lovely Greece, the land of scholars and the nurse of arms; . . . where and what is she? For two thousand years her oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more!'"

THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1893.

CHAUTAUQUA, WHEN Chautauqua welcomed the guests coming from all parts of the world during the past summer to attend the reception marking her twentieth birth-year, she had donned a more beautiful apparel than any previously worn by her on similar occasions. In perfect keeping with her development she assumes richer and more substantial adornments as the years pass.

The one improvement most prominent and receiving, perhaps, the greatest admiration was the new amphitheater. Commodious, elegant, possessed of remarkable acoustic properties, and allowing unobstructed views from all sides, it meets in every particular the requirements of such a construction. The fine artificial stone sidewalks, stretching in all directions and connecting the important points of interest on the grounds, won constant praise. The water supply and the sewerage system were of the best of their kind and were heartily appreciated. Numerous new and handsome cottages had been erected and the entire grounds were put in excellent condition. Nature seemed to join with

this general aspiration toward the beautiful and crowned the whole season with magnificent weather.

In the educational world Chautauqua occupies a position well to the front. Her College of Liberal Arts has won a widespread, enviable reputation. With a faculty consisting of some of the most noted educators of the times, Dr. Harper, president of the Chicago University, being at its head, it is only a matter of course that the institution should enroll goodly numbers of students. During the past season, which in many ways was an especially trying one, three hundred and fifty names were found on the lists of its various departments; and the work done was of such a character as to leave its impress on their whole after lives, and through them to influence countless others. New plans for another year are already made which promise even greater things than have been realized in the past.

In lines of work other than those directly connected with the college the same encouraging features were apparent. Around the classes in

physical culture more interest than usual seemed to gather. Art studies, elocution and oratory, the commercial department, the school of cookery, and all of the other specialties established, were remarkably well attended, taking into consideration the fact that it is the World's Fair year.

The full platform program was well carried out. So carefully had it been devised and arranged that in its actual execution very little deviation from its original form as given in the announcements was needed. Vice Chancellor George E. Vincent has proved himself a thorough and capable organizer; under his leadership all things move in perfect order. In the lectures given in series, the audiences showed a marked interest. Of such character were those delivered by Professor Drummond, Dr. Roberts, Dr. Harper, Professor Palmer, Dr. Eggleston, Mr. Leon H. Vincent, Dr. Johnson, and others. In no other season has there ever been so fine a presentation of illustrated lectures. Most of the leading questions of the times were handled in a candid straightforward manner by masters who had made of them a special study. From the beginning to the close of the Assembly—a period covering two months—the music proved a constant delight, a fact for which Dr. Palmer, Chautauqua's musical director, is to be congratulated.

To say that the Sunday school normal under the management of Dr. Hurlbut passed a very pleasant and profitable session is only to repeat what has been told so many times, but in reading the sentence this time, added emphasis should be given for this session deserves it. The Mother's Meetings, the Boys' Congress, the Girls' Club, the Children's Classes, the Kindergarten, all enjoyed delightful sessions in which lasting good was gained by the various members.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is, however, the great moving force of the whole of Chautauqua, and as such the first interest centers always about it. A fair representation of its vast constituency was present during the season, and there was only needed a visit to a session of the Round Table or the Sunday Vesper Service to become assured of the life-power and enthusiasm existing in this organization. The fast increasing number of its ramifications bears testimony to its hardy growth. Every year the old societies and divisions seem to have new interests added to the many which had already been absorbing their attention, and every year a new class is added to the long roll. The Class of '97 was already crowding eagerly forward when opportunity was presented for it to be enrolled, and in goodly numbers it led the way in signing the membership list.

From the Class of '93 came many representatives to the headquarters in order there to take their diplomas. On Recognition Day, August 23, it was a long procession that was formed of the members and that was accompanied by the various classes and societies which delight to share in the festivities of the occasion and do honor to the graduates. In its weather, in its exercises, in all the varied interests pertaining to it, the day fully met the expectations of all.

But during the whole of this propitious season Chautauqua was ever conscious of one loss. Its Chancellor, J. H. Vincent, was missed everywhere. Though the machinery all moved on without friction, and the *personnel* of the Assembly was strong and complete, the thoughts of those in attendance would wander across the seas to the absent head of the great institution. Wishing him Godspeed in the errand which demanded his presence abroad at this time, all Chautauquans held the hope that at the next season from the beginning to the end he would be able to be in his accustomed places.

ACTON PARK, "ATTENDANCE better than INDIANA. for several years," is the report from Acton Park Assembly, held July 26—August 21, with Mrs. Dr. J. D. Gatch as president and superintendent of instruction.

The special feature of this Assembly was the exercises conducted by the C. L. S. C. An elaborate program was arranged for Recognition Day, which in addition to the president's address, procession, etc., consisted of the reading of ably prepared papers, limited to ten minutes each, and an original poem, after which diplomas were conferred upon four graduates. The various exercises throughout were interspersed by appropriate music, and the program for the day closed with readings by Miss Musselman of Cincinnati.

Among the lecturers were the Revs. J. W. Turner, R. R. Bryan, J. H. Ford, J. R. T. Lathrop, C. W. Tinsley, H. A. Buchtel, Dr. B. F. Rawlins, Prof. Robert Neale, and Dr. J. H. Martin.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY, THE Cumberland PENNSYLVANIA. Valley Assembly has been steadily growing since 1885 until now it ranks among the first Assemblies of the country, increasing each year in interest and popularity. The ten days' session which closed July 28, under the direction of President W. D. Means and Secretary A. A. Line, was not an exception.

Special attention was given to the work of the departments, particularly the Sunday school normal, in charge of W. W. White, Ph.D., the

graduates receiving their diplomas at the end of the session.

One of the prominent features of the Assembly was the work of the C. L. S. C. under the immediate charge of George E. Mills, LL. B. Round Table meetings were held daily, at which the readings of the course, including all the leading topics of the times, were discussed and debated, and Friday, July 21, was devoted entirely to Chautauquans. A special program was prepared consisting of music and addresses by some of the most prominent educators of the day. The Class of '93 was graduated with the usual ceremonies and the exercises were participated in by members of all the Chautauqua circles in central and southern Pennsylvania.

Highly instructive lectures were delivered by Prof. W. W. White, the Rev. Prof. Rogers, the Rev. T. P. Stevenson, Dr. G. W. Miller, Prof. J. B. De Motte, the Rev. W. L. Davidson, Mrs. Helen Gougar, and Mrs. F. P. Paxton.

FREMONT, THE CENTRAL CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY AT FREMONT, NEBRASKA. June 29-July 20, compared very favorably with those of other years, good attendance, good program, good speakers, and in fact everything seemed to savor of success, under the management of Charles M. Williams as president and the Rev. Geo. M. Brown as superintendent of instruction.

The various departments being in charge of competent instructors were ably conducted and well attended.

Recognition Day exercises were made especially prominent, the usual Recognition Day service, passing under arches and through the golden gate, being observed. The address was by the Rev. Geo. M. Brown, after which diplomas were conferred upon the C. L. S. C. and normal graduates. The Round Tables were well attended and a Class of '97 formed.

Among the leading platform speakers were Dr. A. E. Winship, Jahu De Witt Miller, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Dr. M. B. C. Mason, Rabbi Leon Franklin, the Hon. Lafe Pence, Hon. A. H. Weir, and Hon. J. G. Tate.

Music was an especial feature of the session and the Assembly closed with a grand concert of unusual merit.

IOWA, COLFAX, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF IOWA. Judge H. S. Winslow as president and the Rev. J. J. Mitchell as superintendent of instruction, the Iowa Chautauqua has passed a most prosperous session. World's Fair interests interfered somewhat with the general attendance but on the whole the numbers present were about as usual, and the interest and enthusiasm, if possible, greater.

The Sunday school normal was conducted by Dr. B. T. Vincent, and the junior department by Mrs. B. T. Vincent, which assured the success of each. The departments of music, physical culture and elocution, Biblical studies, Woman's Club, etc., were also ably managed by competent leaders.

The Des Moines Military Band, followed by boys carrying C. L. S. C. banners, led the regular Recognition Day procession, after which the dedication of the new Hall of Philosophy took place and the usual Recognition Day exercises were held, the Rev. Dr. Frank Russell delivering the address to the graduating class and Dr. B. T. Vincent conferring the diplomas. Ten members passed through the golden gate at this Assembly.

Among the special features marking the session were the University-Extension lectures on Bible study by Prof. I. F. Wood.

Dr. A. A. Willits, Misses Mabelle Biggart and Louise Gumaer, Prof. M. L. Williston, Dr. Frank Russell, the Rev. Edmund F. Vittum, Dr. F. D. Power, President Wm. M. Beardshear, and Dr. B. T. Vincent furnished the platform talent.

The forming of a Class of '97 shows that "the C. L. S. C. goes on from year to year."

ISLAND PARK, ISLAND PARK ASSEMBLY, INDIANA. Rome City, Indiana, held its fifteenth annual session July 25 to August 9. The Rev. J. L. Naftzger was president, and the Rev. N. B. C. Love, D.D., superintendent of instruction.

The attendance was good throughout, being much better than was anticipated by the management. The departments of instruction were the C. L. S. C. and normal, conducted by the superintendent assisted by the Rev. S. C. West-hover, and the school of sacred literature, by M. C. Howey, A.M., the kindergarten by Miss Flora Steele and Miss Belle Edgar, elocution and Delsarte by Miss Laura Schwab, and painting and drawing by Mrs. Emma Linnaweaver. Instrumental music and voice culture were taught by Professor Leon Wineland and Prof. J. J. Jelly.

Recognition Day was full of interest and was largely attended. The usual exercises of the day were fully observed.

A class of fourteen received diplomas.

An Island Park Assembly Tri-state C. L. S. C. was organized and will do good work during the year enrolling new names and encouraging local circles.

American Day, a new feature at the Assembly, proved a decided success. The other leading days were G. A. R., the C. L. S. C., Y. P. S. C. E., and Epworth League.

The W. C. T. U. held daily sessions which were

full of interest. The principal speakers were Howard Henderson, T. V. Powderly, Jahu De Witt Miller, George Lansing Taylor, J. A. Rondthaler, B. W. Waltermire, H. A. Buchtell, R. B. Pope, A. J. Fish, Will Cumbback, J. E. Watson, A. E. Mahin, G. A. Carney, T. S. Buckingham, H. S. Riggs, C. N. Cate.

The management were never better pleased and are planning for the greatest Assembly next year ever held at Island Park.

LAKE MADISON, "VERY gratifying," is the **SOUTH DAKOTA** report from the Lake Madison Chautauqua Assembly, of South Dakota, July 3-19. One would naturally expect such a report after glancing over the program prepared and the array of talent presented. Among those furnishing the talent we find the names of Dr. Wm. H. Crawford, Col. L. F. Copeland, James Clement Ambrose, Dr. W. L. Davidson, Prof. Wm. H. Dana, the Rev. W. H. Jordan, Ph.D., Col. Geo. W. Bain, the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, the Hon. Henry Watterson, the Hon. H. L. Hager, Joseph Cook, Prof. George Hindley, Elizabeth U. Yates, Isabella Webb Parks, Prof. George Little, the Rev. H. C. Jennings, Dr. E. L. Parks, Dr. P. S. Henson, and Dr. DeWitt Talmage.

Special features of instruction and entertainment marking the session were the School of Patriotism, and the Young Woman's Club, lectures on medieval history by Dr. Wm. H. Crawford, Bible conference, and the grand concerts by Iowa 4th Regiment Band.

The various other departments were all provided with competent instructors and in fact the session from the beginning was admirably managed by the president, the Hon. J. H. Williamson, and the superintendent, the Rev. C. E. Hager.

Recognition Day received the usual attention. Printed programs were carried out in detail under the direction of the Rev. W. H. Jordan; the Iowa 4th Regiment Band furnished the music and chief among the speakers were Drs. P. S. Henson and Russell H. Conwell.

A Class of '97 was formed.

LAKE SIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO. With E. C. Griswold as president and the Rev. B. T. Vincent as superintendent of instruction, the Lakeside Encampment closed another successful session on August 2.

All the various departments of instruction were well officered and admirably conducted.

The Recognition Day exercises consisted of the usual procession, passing of arches and responsive readings. The address was delivered by Dr. D. W. Muller followed by the presentation of diplomas by the Rev. B. T. Vincent to

twelve members of the graduating Class of '93.

A fine program of lectures, readings, stereopticon exhibitions, and concerts by special artists was one of the prominent features of instruction and entertainment during the session.

Among the leading platform speakers were the Rev. Drs. Levi Gilbert, C. F. Thwing, J. Potts, R. H. Conwell, Robert McIntyre, Chancellor Sims, H. H. Ragan, John Temple Graves, Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, and G. E. Little.

A Class of '97 was formed and much enthusiasm prevailed.

MONONA LAKE, THE Assembly at Monona WISCONSIN. Lake, Wisconsin, July 18-28, proved to be one of the best on record, although the attendance was somewhat less than usual. Chautauquans were never more enthusiastic and the outlook in this department is very bright.

Bishop Fowler delivered a most helpful and inspiring address on Recognition Day. The exercises incident to the occasion were observed and seven graduates received diplomas.

The lecture platform was well supplied. Joseph Cook, Robert J. Burdette, Russell H. Conwell, John Temple Graves, Dr. Talmage, and Anthony Comstock were prominent among the speakers, and the readers were Eugene Field, Mrs. Nella Brown-Pond, and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Mrs. Sara B. Cooper created interest by her account of the free kindergarten work in San Francisco.

The normal, conducted by Dr. J. A. Worden, and the primary by Mrs. W. F. Crafts, were never better attended and Dr. Palmer the prince of musical directors did wonders with his small choir.

The forming of a Class of '97 completed the good work done at this Assembly under the direction of Willet S. Main, president, and the Rev. J. A. Worden, superintendent of instruction.

MONTEAGLE, THE Assembly at Monteagle, TENNESSEE. Tennessee, closed a most interesting and successful session August 23, having been held since July 5 under the management of R. W. Millsaps, president, and J. J. D. Hinds, superintendent of instruction.

An unusually fine program was carried out. The audiences were addressed by John Temple Graves, John B. De Motte, Robert J. Willingham, Miss Cecile Gohl, Yan Phon Lee, Thomas H. Dinsmore, Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, James E. Rogers, Alice Fortier, Charles Law, Charles E. Stokes, John R. Sampay, and many other eminent speakers, the list being too long to give entire.

The usual Sunday school and normal depart-

ments were well conducted, C. L. S. C. Round Tables and Vesper Services were regularly held, and entertainment in the line of concerts, recitals, receptions, etc., were not lacking.

Recognition Day was appropriately observed, with an address by the superintendent, and a Class of '97 was formed.

NEBRASKA. THE Chautauqua Assembly at CRETE, Crete, Nebraska, completed its NEBRASKA. twelfth annual session on July 15, and may well be pronounced a success in every particular, notwithstanding the various counter attractions.

With W. E. Hardy, Esq., as president, and the Rev. Willard Scott, D.D., as superintendent of instruction, the various departments were admirably arranged and ably conducted, each department being in charge of a specialist.

An excellent program was provided, with Dr. J. T. Duryea, Prof. Laurence Fossler, E. T. Harper, Ph.D., the Rev. J. D. Stewart, Graham Taylor, D.D., Hon. William J. Bryan, and Dr. A. E. Winship among the leading speakers; the music under direction of Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond being an interesting part of the program.

Especial emphasis was given to Recognition Day. The Rev. Dr. Willard Scott's lecture on "Triumph of Truth" was delivered not only to the graduating class of eleven members but to C. L. S. C. classes generally.

The session closed after forming a Class of 1897.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND. THE Northern FRYEBURG, MAINE. ern New England Assembly of the Maine Chautauqua Union, Rev. George D. Lindsay conductor, held its decennial session at Fryeburg, Maine, July 25—August 12.

The numbers present on the grounds and the attendance from the surrounding country were slightly in excess of previous years.

The program included a number of special days—"Public Schools," "Missionary," "Loyal Women of American Liberty," "W. C. T. U.," "Decennial," "Grange Day," the latter under the direction of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

Recognition Day was made gala by the usual exercises, and the address of Rev. R. S. McArthur; other speakers and lecturers were Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; Pres. Whitman of Colby University; Rev. A. E. Winship; Rev. Matt S. Hughes; J. C. Ambrose, Esq.; Miss Lucia E. F. Kimball; Harry W. Kimball, A.B.; Rev. Asa Dalton, D.D. Illustrated lectures were given by Mr. Frank E. Baker.

An especial feature this year was a course of

lectures on sanitation, by Mrs. Minerva B. Tobey of Boston.

Class instructions and lectures on the Ling system of gymnastics were given by Prof. W. A. Robinson, A.M.; and for the first time classes in botany, mineralogy, and French were introduced under able and eclectic teachers, with most flattering results.

The normal Sunday school work was in the hands of Mrs. H. B. C. Beedy, a most able teacher; and the popular cooking classes were fortunate in having again the well-known lecturer and teacher, Miss Anna Barrows of Boston.

Two Sabbaths were included in the time of the session, and were made memorable by a special service at the sunset hour on the bank of the River Saco. Morning prayer meetings were the regular introductions to the daily exercises.

The entertainments were of a very high order. Concerts by some of the best musical talent in New England assisted by popular readers of marked ability and originality and solo artists of high standard were great attractions.

By another season, the Union will come into full possession of the grounds where the Assemblies are held; and already plans have been made for increased variety and attractiveness for the session of next year.

OCEAN CITY. THE sixth annual Assembly NEW JERSEY. of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of Ocean City was held July 26, 27, and 28. A very pleasing and interesting program had been prepared, and the first session found a number in attendance ready to participate in the exercises. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. C. W. Burnley. The opening address by the president, Dr. D. W. Bartine, was full of good cheer and pungent thoughts. Carefully prepared papers were read by the Rev. C. B. Ogden, the Rev. Wm. A. Massey, and Mrs. D. E. Palen. The musical entertainment of Wednesday evening was a most excellent one.

Great praise is due Mr. B. Bartine for his fine violin selections; to Mrs. Angus S. Wade for the charming solos so well rendered; to Miss Laura M. Carey for the excellent recitations so admirably presented.

The Chalk Talk by the Rev. C. B. Ogden was of unusual interest.

The enrollment of members during the session of the second day found persons in attendance from all parts of New Jersey and from Philadelphia. The reports of circles, with new resolutions adopted, gave the hours some pleasing features. The lecture of the evening was given by Mrs. L. H. Swain, secretary of the Assembly.

The Recognition exercises of the last day were interesting and impressive. The Chautauquans formed into line, marched to the golden gate, where the graduates were conducted through, with appropriate responsive services. They were then addressed by the president, the class poem was read, and the diplomas were presented to the graduates by the secretary.

The last evening was particularly interesting. It was an evening with American poets. There were many of them ably presented, while a full chorus, with solos, violin selections, etc., filled the evening with productions that were entertaining to all.

Thus another Assembly closed. Success has crowned the efforts made, and the true Chautauqua spirit abounds among the South Jersey Chautauquans. A greater effort will be made for the advancement of the C. L. S. C. the coming year. Let there be a great renewing of enthusiasm, loyalty, and love for this work, and let all who were once members make an effort to secure new circles. Many are waiting for an opportunity. Let the fires burn brighter and brighter till every village and household shall feel the influence of the C. L. S. C.

OCEAN GROVE, UNDER the direction of the NEW JERSEY. Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D., as president, and the Rev. B. B. Loomis as superintendent of instruction a most successful session of Ocean Grove Assembly was held, July 11-20.

Among the especially interesting features of an excellent program were the illustrated lectures of the Rev. J. Boyd Brady, D.D., the lectures on oratory by Dr. George K. Morris, the concerts under the direction of Prof. J. R. Sweeney, and the violin solos by Signor Vitali.

The normal classes have rarely been so large and never more interesting, owing to the indefatigable industry and devotion of Dr. and Mrs. Loomis and the Rev. J. F. Clymer, D.D.

"The march was imposing, the enthusiasm infectious, and the largest audience we have ever seen on a similar occasion greeted Vice Chancellor Vincent on the occasion of his address," is the report of Recognition Day. Fourteen graduates received diplomas.

OTTAWA, THE fifteenth annual session of the **KANSAS.** Ottawa Assembly closed on June 30 after a most successful series of meetings. This being the World's Fair year the attendance was less than former years, and two or three of the prominent speakers were unable to be present, either on account of sickness or other equally valid reasons. However, other arrangements were made and all things considered it was a very successful meeting.

The department of instruction included the

following classes: the chorus, Prof. Case; primary teachers' class, Mrs. Kennedy; normal class, Dr. Hurlbut; young people's class, Mrs. Kennedy, and parliamentary drill, Mrs. Brown. Besides these there were held daily the morning prayer-meeting, the W. C. T. U. school of methods, the woman's council, the C. L. S. C. Round Table, and the young people's meeting.

Recognition Day was made prominent, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, the superintendent of instruction, delivering the address.

There were three lectures daily. Bernard Kelley, Geo. T. Anthony, Chas. F. Underhill, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. Milner, Dr. Hurlbut, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Ignatius Donnelly, Z. T. Sweeney, Pres. Quayle, Preston K. Dillenbeck, and the Robertson and Ransom Combination occupied these three lecture hours with lectures and entertainments.

The future is very promising. There are signs on every side of a reawakening of old-fashioned Assembly enthusiasm. The policy of the management this year has been to go slow and not incur too much expense, in view of the World's Fair. Next year no expense will be spared to secure the best attractions that can be had, and it is hoped and expected that the Assembly next year will be the greatest gathering of the kind ever held in the West.

PACIFIC GROVE, THE beautiful location, **CALIFORNIA.** the excellent program prepared, the galaxy of stars announced, and the admirable management of Dr. A. C. Hirst, president and superintendent of instruction, secured a good attendance for the Pacific Grove Assembly, although World's Fair attractions caused a slight falling off from last year.

Specialists were in charge of the various departments which were attended with the usual interest of persons having an object in view.

The audiences were addressed by able speakers, among whom were Prof. T. R. Bacon, Capt. H. E. W. Campbell, Selah W. Brown, Dr. David Star Jordan, Prof. John Ivey, the Rev. Dr. Lamar, Prof. M. S. Cross, Jahu De Witt Miller, O. P. Jenkins, Ph.D.

A special feature of the Assembly was the music furnished by the Plymouth Male Quartet, Ladies Quartet and Septette Club led by Prof. J. H. Simonds, and soloists both instrumental and vocal.

Recognition Day received unusual prominence, with an address by Dr. A. C. Hirst, conferring of diplomas to the graduating class of seven, and a grand closing concert.

PENNSYLVANIA, THE Chautauqua Assembly at **MT. GRETNA,** bly at Mt. Gretna, June **PENNSYLVANIA.** 28-July 29, may well be

considered a grand success. With Dr. George D. Stuart as president and the Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., as chancellor, an unusually attractive program was carried out.

The various departments of instruction were admirably conducted by competent instructors, and were well attended. The Chautauqua Extension lectures were made prominent, and comprised three courses of six lectures each. The first course was on "The Art of Music," by Prof. W. J. Baltzell; the second on "Hygiene," by Dr. M. G. Motter; and the third on "English Literature," by Dr. Hark.

C. L. S. C. Round Table exercises were conducted daily with the Rev. H. C. Pardoe as superintendent.

Recognition Day, July 19, received the usual attention, twenty-five faithful students being graduated and given diplomas on this occasion. The formal recognition address to the class was delivered by Dr. J. Max Hark. Addresses were also made by Dr. James Morrow and the Rev. H. C. Pardoe.

Among the leading platform speakers were Dr. Frederick Starr of Chicago University, Dr. H. C. Curran, and Prof. L. E. McGinniss.

Not the least among the good work done was the forming of a Class of '97.

PUGET SOUND, FROM far away Puget WASHINGTON. Sound Chautauqua Assembly comes the encouraging report that although the attendance for this year was only fair on account of outside "attractions" and "contractions," great enthusiasm prevailed and the prospect for 1894 is unusually bright.

The program provided was more than "fair," consisting of eloquent lectures, grand concerts, beautiful stereopticon entertainments, etc.

Speakers prominent at this Assembly were Drs. C. F. Kent, C. C. Stratton, A. J. Brown, W. P. George, John S. Sewall, R. S. Cantine, C. R. Pomeroy, D. R. Babbitt, Hon. Allen Weir, Pres. Thomas Newlin, Revs. Don F. Bradley, A. B. Winchester, J. C. Coombs, Selah W. Brown, C. Watson, and Fred Rice Rowell, Esq.

None of the usual departments were omitted; and the state Sunday school convention of three days and G. A. R. Day were given especial attention.

"Last but not least" in the session came Recognition Day, with the usual ceremonies and an address by Dr. A. C. Hirst, who also delivered the oration on G. A. R. Day. Sixteen graduates received diplomas, Austin P. Burwell, president of the Assembly, receiving his diploma with the others. A Class of '97 was formed, officered, and prepared for the winter's work.

The C. L. S. C. work in general was in charge

of the superintendent of instruction, Hon. J. W. Fairbank.

RUSTON, AN unusually good report **LOUISIANA.** comes from the first session of the Louisiana State Chautauqua near Ruston, Louisiana, June 21-July 22. It is called the State Chautauqua, not because it receives state aid, but because it aspires to gather around it and benefit the people of the whole state.

The various departments of instruction consisted of lecture courses by eminent professors in every branch of science, practical methods of teaching physical culture, physiology, history, literature, and many other branches.

Prof. Henry E. Chambers had charge of, and admirably conducted the program; and some of the ablest and most famous speakers of the country were among the platform orators. A most attractive and extended musical program was provided, and social entertainment was not lacking.

This new Chautauqua, which has made a success of its first season, hopes with the assistance of the large number of C. L. S. C. readers in Louisiana, to soon be ranked among the best Assemblies of the South.

SAN MARCOS, THE most brilliant, delightful, and financially the most

successful session since its organization was that of the ninth annual Assembly of the San Marcos Chautauqua, July 4-23. Great enthusiasm prevailed on account of the wonderful success, which is largely due to the untiring efforts of the secretary, W. H. Nause, who is devoted to the cause, and the management feels that the success of future Chautauquas is assured.

Rev. H. M. DuBose, the original projector of the Chautauqua idea in the South and West, has ably superintended the San Marcos Chautauqua from the beginning.

An unusually fine program was carried out, and among those who furnished the platform talent were Senator R. Q. Mills, Judge John H. Reagan, Hon. T. L. Nugent, Judge Gustave Cook, the Rev. Dr. Chas. E. Lane, Hon. John Temple Graves, Rev. D. F. C. Timmons, Hon. R. A. John, Professors J. H. Hartley and L. R. Hamberlin, Hon. N. G. Kittrell, W. C. Brann, Esq., the Rev. Dr. W. N. Scott, James Clement Ambrose, Hon. W. S. Delaney, and the Rev. Dr. H. M. DuBose. Each entertainment was interspersed with music and other attractive features.

Recognition Day received the usual attention, the Rev. D. F. C. Timmons delivering the address to the graduating class.

Thus the San Marcos Chautauquans closed their Assembly fired with enthusiasm in the

knowledge that the institution is a success, and with expectant hopes for the future.

SEDALIA. THE seventh session of the **MISSOURI** Chautauqua Assembly was held at Sedalia, June 22-July 5. The new location proved both convenient and beautiful. The Rev. J. Spencer, of Warrensburg, had provided a good program. Among the attractions were the Rev. Sam. P. Jones, four lectures and two sermons, the Rev. Anna Shaw, the Rev. C. N. Cate, the Schumann Quartet, of Chicago, who remained a week and gave great satisfaction, the Ransom-Robertson Combination, of Brooklyn, and Prof. A. H. Merrill. The instructors were Mrs. D. K. Steele, who had charge of the junior and the children's normal classes; Miss Marion Lowell, who taught the art of expression; and the Rev. Frank Lenig, Ph.D., who had charge of the senior normal classes and C.L.S.C. work, and also acted as superintendent of instruction.

The Rev. A. R. Cronce had charge of the music. He was ably assisted in his work by Miss Gallie, Miss Stark, and Prof. Chance.

The president, Prof. C. W. Robbins, and Mr. Langhorn, the secretary, gave close personal attention to the Assembly throughout.

SILVER LAKE. THE Silver Lake Assembly **NEW YORK.** reports the session held from July 18 to August 17 as the best in its history with the exception of 1892. This great success is no doubt due largely to the management of the president, Rev. H. C. Woods, and the superintendent of instruction, Rev. Ward Platt.

Languages, music, oratory, penmanship, type-writing, physical culture, normal and Bible schools, and cooking were among the various departments of instruction provided, and were admirably conducted. The full Chautauqua exercises were held on Recognition Day; Rev. G. C. Jones, LL.D., delivered the address, and eleven graduates received diplomas.

Prominent among those furnishing the platform talent were Prof. J. B. De Motte, Roberts Harper, Dr. W. L. Davidson, Rev. Anna Shaw, George W. Bain, Mary T. Lathrap, Rev. H. C. Farrar, Rev. Arthur Copeland, Marie Decca, and the Lotus Glee Club.

A Class of '97 was started with prospects of an increase in the near future.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. THE third annual **CHESTER,** session of the **ILLINOIS.** Southern Illinois Assembly occurred July 18-27 with H. Clay Horner as president and the Rev. D. M. Hazlett as superintendent of instruction.

The departments of music, physical culture, elocution and Delsarte, memory training, kin-

dergarten and the C. L. S. C. Round Table were all in charge of superior talent; especial attention being given to the Sunday school normal, conducted by the Rev. D. M. Hazlett, and church forum by the Rev. J. B. McCuish.

Among those who were prominent as platform speakers were the Rev. Joseph Cook, Col. L. F. Copeland, and the Rev. Sam Jones. In addition to these were many other eminent speakers on interesting subjects, too numerous to mention, and the concerts were unsurpassed.

Recognition Day was observed in an appropriate manner, the distinguishing feature of the occasion being an address by the superintendent on "The Value of the C. L. S. C. Course." The important outcome of the work done during the session was the determination on the part of many before leaving to take up the course of reading and to join the army of workers already enlisted.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, RECOGNITION DAY MASSACHUSETTS. at the New England Chautauqua Assembly was brought well to the front, having a graduating class of fifty-three, who after the usual procession and passing of arches listened to an address by the Rev. A. E. Dunning and received the well-earned diplomas.

Ninety members enlisted in the Class of '97 and started on their four years' course.

The various departments of instruction were in charge of competent teachers who greatly assisted the president, Hon. Byron B. Johnson, and the superintendent of instruction, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, in making the session a pronounced success. The platform talent was selected from among the best in the country and the program throughout was interesting and entertaining.

WINFIELD, AN interesting and successful KANSAS. session of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly was held from June 21-29, with J. C. Fuller as president and the Rev. J. C. Miller, D. D., as superintendent of instruction. The Sunday school normal was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts and the W. C. T. U. school of methods, the departments of music and drawing were all well taken care of.

Dr. J. L. Hurlbut delivered the Recognition Day address and eight graduates received diplomas.

A large Class of '97 was formed, which speaks well for the work done during the session.

Entertainment was furnished from the platform by such speakers as Henry George, the Rev. Frank Bristol, D. D., Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Leon Vincent, and the Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, with music and other attractions.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

OCTOBER'S SONG.

"O DEEP brown eyes," sang gay October,
 "Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
 Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
 Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.

"Black eyes shine in the glowing summer
 With red of rose and yellow of corn;
 But cold they close when the still late comer,
 Silvery frost, creeps over the morn.

"Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
 Like spring violets over the lea,
 But O my grapes, my wines, and my dances;
 What have angels in common with me?

"Go, Gray Eyes! What know ye of laughing;
 'Giddy with glee from the mere sunshine?
 Go to your books! What know ye of quaffing
 Luscious juice from the riotous vine?

"All the earth is full of frolicking;
 Growing is over, harvest is done,
 All the trees are ready for rollicking,
 Glowing scarlet with rustical fun.

"Stay, Brown Eyes, in the purple weather,
 A crown of oak leaves with maple blent
 Shall deck your brow while gayly together
 We two will wander to heart's content."

Thus October's wild voice was singing,
 While on his pipe he cunningly played;
 All the red woods with music were ringing,
 And Brown Eyes listened with footsteps stayed,
 Waited to hear the song beguiling,
 Listened and laughed through the sunny day;
 And earth and sky fell to merry smiling,
 As hand in hand they wandered away.

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

INSIDE GLIMPSSES INTO THE OLD TRADES UNIONS.

SOME miscreant by a simple but ingenious means, which afterwards transpired, had mixed a quantity of gunpowder with the smithy-slack or the fine cinders of Henry's forge. The moment the forge was hot, the powder ignited with a tremendous thud, a huge mass of flame rushed out, driving the coals with it, like shot from a gun; Henry, scorched, blackened, and blinded, was swept as by a flaming wind against the opposite wall; then, yelling, and stark mad with fright, he sprang from the window, falling heavily to the paving stones below.

"Let him lie, lads, he is best there for a

while; and run for a doctor, one of you."

"Now, make a circle, and give him air, men."

Then they all stood in a circle and eyed the blackened figure with pity and sympathy, while the canopy of white smoke bellied overhead. Nor were those humane sentiments silent; and the roughs seemed to be even more overcome than the others; no brains were required to pity this poor fellow now; and so strong an appeal to their hearts through their senses, roused their good impulses and rare sensibilities. It was strange to hear them utter good and kindly sentiments.

Henry recovered his wits enough to speak; and his first words were,

"My mother! Oh, don't let her know!"

This simple cry went through many a rough heart; a loud gulp or two were heard soon after and more than one hard coal cheek was channeled by sudden tears. But now a burly figure came rolling in; they drew back and silenced each other. "The doctor!"

"Well, the day you were blown up," observed the remarkable person they called Jack Double-face, a man with a philosophic head, finely cut features, and a mouth brimful of finesse, "I observed something, and arrived at a conclusion by my art, the art of arts, the art I don't get paid for, that of putting myself in other people's places. While you lay on the ground, in Mr. Chutham's yard, I scanned the workmen's faces. They were full of pity and regret, and were very much alike in expression—all but one. That man looked a man awakened from a dream. His face was wild, stupid, confused, astonished. Hallo! said I, why are your looks so unlike the looks of your fellows? Instantly I put myself in his place. I ceased to be the Democritus, or laughing philosopher of Hillsborough, and became a low uneducated brute of a workman. Then I asked this brute, viz., myself, why I was staring and glaring in that way, stupidly astonished, at the injured man? 'Were you concerned in the criminal art, ye blackguard?' said I to myself. The next step was to put myself in the place of the criminal. I did so; and I realized that I, the criminal, had done the act to please the Unions, and expecting the sympathy of all Union workmen to be with me.

"Also that I being an ignorant brute, had never pictured to myself what suffering I should inflict. But what was the result? I now saw the

sufferer and did not like my own act; and I found all the sympathy of my fellows went with him, and that I was loathed and execrated, and should be lynched on the spot were I to own my act. I now whipped back to Dr. Amboyne with the theory thus obtained, and compared it with that face; the two fitted each other, and I saw the criminal before me."

[Another deed of violence had been done and this time by mistake. Ned Simmons is proved to be the victim.]

"Here I am, Simmons."

"So I see."

"Anything I can do for you?"

"No."

"You sent for me."

"Did I? Well, I dare say I did. But gi' me time. It's noane so easy to look a man in the face, and tell him what I'm to tell thee. But I can't die with it on me. It chokes me. I say—old lad—'twas I did thee your little job at Chut-ham's. But I knew no better."

There was a dead silence. And then Henry spoke.

"Who set you on?"

"Nay, that's their business."

"How did you do it?"

At this question—will it be believed?—the penitent's eye twinkled with momentary vanity.

"I fastened a teacup to an iron rake and filled the cup with powder; then I passed it in, and spilt the powder out of the cup and raked it into the smithy slack, and so on, filling and raking it. But I did thee one good turn, lad; I put powder as far from the bellows as I could. Eh, but I was a bad 'un to do the like to thee; and thou's a good 'un to come here. When I saw thee lie there, all scorched and shaking, I didn't like my work; and now I hate it. But I knew no better at the time, and, you see, I've got it worse myself. And cheap served too."

"Oh, Mr. Little," said Eliza Watney; "try to forgive him."

"My girl," said Henry, solemnly, "I thought I never could forgive the man who did that cruel deed to me, and I had never injured anyone. But it is hard to know one's own mind, let alone another man's. Now I look at him lying pale and battered there, it seems all wiped out. I forgive you, my poor fellow, and I hope God will forgive you too."

"But I knew no better. It's sore against a chap if he can't read. Right and wrong, they are locked up in books, I think; locked away from a chap like me. I know a little better now. But, eh dear, dear, it is come too late."—*Arranged from Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place."*

NORWAY LEGENDS.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A saga of the days of old.

"There is," said he, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE MELANCHOLY MAN'S DEVICES.

THERE is a kind of heartache that occasionally seems to come over some men, without any tangible cause. It is rather a negative condition, except for a yearning or heart-hunger that is not uncommonly its attendant. Be it spleen, or vapors, or hypochondria, or simple sadness, it is all-powerful in mental—and perhaps moral—repression. It leads one to doubt the value of all human endeavor, and to ask, of even virtue itself, *Cui bono?*—with no satisfactory, or at least no comforting, answer. This low state of feeling—stagnation of blood and apathy of brain—sometimes tends to desperate acts, such as reckless gambling, intoxication, debauchery, or even suicide. It can overcome the strongest man, if he be emotional, imaginative, and moody by nature as well as solitary or isolated by habit, and prone to

"Chewing the cud of grief and pain."

It is truly a morbid state, that should be dealt with rather as a disease than as a willful offense against the laws of cheerful social propriety. How may it be warded off, or conquered when it has taken hold of one?

Many find consolation in their religion; and by prayer or confession or both are enabled to lean upon the Strong Arm, and to cast their burden upon that support. To some, however,

this mode of relief appears to be denied. Others seek by love, affection, or benevolence to warm the chilled current of their souls. Although ordinarily irrational, and powerless for self-surrender to a conviction of the judgment, it may yield sometimes to force of will—when this can be invoked—except so far as it may be purely physical. In that case the black choler first must be subdued, by drugs or change of air, or more.

My friend Tristis is, and has been from birth, a melancholist. Possibly he suffers, in his late generation, for an abuse of nature by some remote ancestor. He is a scholarly man, of independent fortune, fastidious in his tastes, and a sincere lover of mankind. He tries to bear his vicarious punishment—if such it be—manfully, and to mitigate its severity with a practical philosophy. Recently he told me that, after testing many expedients, he had formulated a few plain rules for his self-conduct; to which he could turn and yield, as to a command, when the demon of melancholy took possession of him. "For," said he, "it is a fact, that I sometimes suffer a sort of paralysis of will, and without such artificial aids I am almost powerless to take the first step toward my disenchantment."

A few of these formulas have been here copied from his note-book, as possibly useful to his fellow-sufferers, if any there be, of like affliction:

I. Ascertain, by careful survey and rigid self-examination, the actual extent of your discomfort, also how far your apparent troubles are real and how far imaginary. As a criterion of this write them down, one by one, honestly, and without color or exaggeration. You may thus the better estimate their importance or insignificance.

II. Determine, with judicial fairness, and unsparing impartiality, how far the evils you suffer may be a just punishment (which you ought to bear without complaint) for your personal violation or neglect of some natural law, whether physical, intellectual, moral, or social.

III. Consider how many of your acquaintances, whose circumstances and condition you know—who may be quite as worthy of the smiles of good-fortune as yourself—are suffering from ills of greater magnitude than your own; or how far you have reason to rejoice that, in any respect, your lot is easier and happier than theirs. If you are inclined to envy any one for his placidity of temper, remember that many who seem to be thoroughly self-contained, are like streams in no danger of overflowing their banks, simply because—their sources being feeble and their waters shallow—they have so little

to hold. The sympathies of such people also usually are limited to themselves.

IV. As a means of finding diversion, or restoring a normal state of mind, and bringing cheerfulness out of gloom, try some of the suggestions now to be named:

1. Write out, with detail, your most troublesome thoughts or reflections, in a terse style—in order to see how far they will bear such a statement. Having revised them carefully and honestly, read them critically again and again, pruning severely—and then burn them.

2. Select some familiar topic of thought or opinion, respecting which you differ essentially from the community in which you are living; write down your peculiar views without mincing phrases, but severely testing their conformity to written reason; revise, read—and burn them as the last.

3. Visit places of public amusement, galleries of pictures, libraries, or museums of curiosities; try to find some desultory distraction, by casually seeing busy men, and observing current things, or by reading, superficially and miscellaneously, the lighter literature of the day.

4. Take up some interesting old or odd book that may arouse and keep your attention amused; continue to read it so long only as it is absorbing or very agreeable.

5. Seek the society of those whose tastes are thoroughly congenial. By conversation, or by pleasure excursion, or some other general amusement, get you outside of yourself, and aloof from your broodings, as widely and quickly as you may.

6. Go into the open air—driving, riding, sailing, walking, or the like; but never alone.

7. Begin some severe work, either of business or amateurship; endeavor to give it your whole mind.

8. So soon as you find yourself strongly interested in any occupation that involves no egoity, give your full strength to it. Nay, do not hesitate to commit yourself to the execution of what you have undertaken, so far, that your self-respect, or love of the good opinion of your fellow-men, will make you ashamed to leave it unfinished.

9. Alternate upon these rules, when practicable—as either one becomes irksome—until your fevered self-consciousness has acquired a normal pulse; then resume your real life-work.

"By these simple devices," said my friend Tristis, "I can sometimes attest the merit of the well-known remedy prescribed, in somewhat similar cases, by Lady Macbeth's physician."—*From Paul Siegvolk's "Ruminations."**

* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WATCH OF THE OLD GODS.

WERE the old gods watching yet,
From their cloudy summits afar,
At evening under the evening star,
After the star is set,
Would they see in these thronging streets,
Where the life of the city beats
With endless rush and strain,
Men of a better mold,
Nobler in heart and brain,
Than the men of three thousand years ago,
In the pagan cities old,
O'er which the lichens and ivy grow?

Would they not see as they saw

In the younger days of the race,
The dark results of broken law,
In the bent form and brutal face
Of the slave of passions as old as earth,
And young as the infants of last night's birth?

Alas! the old gods no longer keep
Their watch from the cloudy steep;
But, though all on Olympus lie dead,
Yet the smoke of commerce still rolls
From the sacrifice of souls,
To the heaven that bends overhead.

From *Morton E. Peck's*, "*Webster's Ghost and Other Stories*."*

*Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Republican Printing Co.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Russia and the
Russians.

AROUND the study of no people do more difficulties cluster than about those of Russia; and such difficulties have never been overcome by a historian in more complete manner than by the writer of "*The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians*."* The work is not so much a history as a philosophy of history. The chronological order of events, though clearly outlined, holds a place decidedly subordinate to the study of the underlying causes producing those events. The land, its position, topography, climate; the people, their origin, temperament, and hereditary tendencies; the government, its traditions, and influence; the resultant effects of the outer world and of the mental and moral nature of the inhabitants as manifested in the national character, are all critically investigated and the logical deductions derived are expressed in a very lucid and interesting manner. In this study it was necessary for the author to divest himself in a marked degree of all preconceived ideas—which are so apt to be misconceived ideas—and to work on an independent plan. He found there were no standards according to which Russia could be compared and judged; it is a country neither Asiatic nor European, but one entirely apart by itself. National life blood courses sluggishly through its veins; its development is slow. It is at once to be ranked as the oldest and the youngest of the nations of the earth. No book could be written which would be more just to the present tsar, and yet the work is forbidden in Russia because autocracy there will not allow itself to be discussed at all. A man of upright char-

acter and of aspiring purposes, the author states that the great mistake in the popular opinion concerning this Russian ruler is, that he is compared with other prominent potentates of the nineteenth century, when he should be likened to those of the days of Queen Isabel of Castile. Nihilism in the peculiar form in which it is manifested there is closely analyzed; class distinctions are plainly traced; and the emancipation and its effects are carefully studied.

Poetical.

Teaching ancient literature through the medium of translation grows yearly deservedly popular. A valuable contribution for this purpose comes from Prof. Appleton of Swarthmore College. The selections are made with admirable taste and judgment and are an excellent representation of the great ages and phases of Greek poetry.*

A relief to the reader weary with distilling tears from the alembic of the contemporaneous muse will be furnished by "*Cap and Gown*."† Happy, careless, witty, everything but artificial or doleful, are its moods.

Two historical narratives in verse are entitled "*The Quest of Columbus*"‡ and "*The Conquest of Mexico and Peru*."|| Both are worked out with creditable success.

*Greek Poets in English Verse. By Various Translators. Edited by William Hyde Appleton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

†Cap and Gown. Some College Verse. Chosen by Joseph La Roy Harrison. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.

‡The Quest of Columbus. By Henry Howitz. Chicago and Philadelphia: H. J. Smith and Co.

||The Conquest of Mexico and Peru. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: "Daily Investigator," 52 Broadway.

*The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

That exquisite poem of the Hebrew Scriptures, "The Song of Songs,"* has been analyzed, translated, and explained in a manner which cannot fail to add to the pleasure of reading it, or to prove beyond question that it is a tribute to human love so pure that it may be accepted as a symbolical portraiture of the relation existing between Christ and His church. The version will well repay a careful perusal.

"The Pilgrim's Vision"† shows a poor command of metrical art. It would have been more effective in prose.

The modest preface of "Ideals"‡ turns the edge of criticism. The romance is, as the author says, "clad in crude and faulty habiliments," but there is an earnestness of spirit that atones for a good deal.

The author of "Night Etchings"§ must have gone to take Pegasus out of the pound, and been deluded into accepting a bucking broncho. The following lines will suffice as a specimen of the uncertain gait of the steed:

"How few the hours, that wear the deep carmine,
Or hold the rich bouquet of rose-red wine!"

The author of "The Vagrant of Lover's Leap"¶ hopes, in his preface, that the narrative "will not be considered devoid of poetic merit." We fear that his hope will never be fulfilled.

"Ranch Verses"‡ are wrought from simple material, and some of them are "not half bad."

There is much that is tender and beautiful in the collection of verses, "In the Shade of Ygdrasil."***

It is hard to tell which are the more atrocious, the alleged "Poems"†† of F. B. Owen, or the illustrations used as tailpieces.

Religious. "THE Divinity of Jesus Christ"‡‡ presents a close investigation into this important religious question. Giving plain reasons as to why the discussion is necessary at

* The Song of Songs. Analyzed, Translated, and Explained by Milton S. Terry, Professor in Garrett Biblical Institute.—† The Pilgrim's Vision. By Minnie Willis Baines. 75 cts. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis.

‡ Ideals. A Romance of Idealism. By Charles Grissen. Portland, Ore.: The Lewis and Dryden Printing Co.

§ Night Etchings. By A. R. G. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

¶ The Vagrant of Lover's Leap. By John T. Broderick. Boston: The New Nation Publishing Co.

‡ Ranch Verses. By William Lawrence Chittenden.—

*** In the Shade of Ygdrasil. By Frederick Peterson, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†† Columbian and Other Poems. By "Francis Brown- ing" Owen. Ann Arbor, Mich.: The Register Publish- ing Co.

‡‡ The Divinity of Jesus Christ. By the authors of Pro- gressive Orthodoxy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.00.

the present time, the book proceeds to an in-quiry regarding Christ's own expressions and the belief of the primitive church regarding the mat-ter; and then studies revelation and redemption as taught by Christ, and His divine-human per-sonality; and closes by pointing out the satisfac-tion which humanity finds in Him. In the char-acter of God as expressed in fatherhood and son-ship is found the essential value of Christianity. The book is the joint production of professors in Andover Theological Seminary.

The distinctive character which marks each individual as different from every other is indic-ative of the special mission on which God sent each separate person into the world. Only by being true to his own individuality can man ful-fill his high destiny. Such is the drift of the argument advanced in "Revelation by Char-acter,"** and as forcible illustrations of the theme the author instances many Bible characters through whom God taught the world great moral truths. The work is unique and interest-ing.

From the standpoint of a decided advocate of the higher criticism the book entitled "The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character,"† has been written. Close in his researches, frank in his statements, the author gives the methods of his studies and the conclusions he drew from them. He claims for higher criticism the merit of being constructive and that it will tend to save instead of to destroy the Bible.

Another book somewhat in the same line of thought as the preceding, but directing its search-light to another phase of the question is "What is Inspiration?"‡ Its trend of teaching is that while the Bible is not infallible as a book, the light of inspiration shines through it so bright and clear as to leave no doubt concerning its Di-vine origin.

The answer given by the author of "How to Begin to Live Forever"§ could have been re-vealed to him only after deep and heartfelt in-quiry. The little volume is full of the "sweet-ness and light" which shine only through a spiritual nature, and it carries gladness to all other hearts eager in the same quest.

A most satisfactory work for busy people, who want direct and comprehensive definitions and explanations, is the "People's Dictionary of the

* Revelation by Character. By Robert Tuck, B.A. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. \$2.00.

† The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character. By Jabez Thomas Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ What is Inspiration? By John De Witt, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. \$1.00.—§ How to Begin to Live Forever. By Joseph Merlin Hodson. New York: Anson D. F. Ran-dolph & Company. 50 cts.

Bible."* It contains outline articles on all the history, biography, theology, and antiquities mentioned in the Sacred Writings. No important fact has been passed by without notice. The book is well bound in cloth, well printed, and well edited.

The author of "Laws of the Soul"† charges to the infancy and the necessarily imperfect knowledge of science, its errors and misstatements regarding divine revelation. When it shall have developed and matured, its teachings will all tend toward Christianity. Meanwhile, taking a firm stand for the infallibility of Scriptural teachings the author throws upon science in its present state the burden of proof as to its antagonistic claims. The work is well conceived and well carried out.

A text-book‡ on the Bible as "the oldest history, the best known classic, the deepest philosophy, an ideal excellence of poetry and rhetoric, the embodiment of an American constitutional law, the foundation of good morals," prepared by Bishop Warren for the special use of students in Denver University, is in that well-known author's best style, and is a powerful work in its influence for good. The Scriptures are critically and reverently examined and their relations to other studies and to the questions of life sought out and defined.

A condensed but comprehensive history of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the one recently written by Dr. Curtiss || as a text-book for use in the school of theology in De Pauw University. All the leading facts are impressively stated and the relation between them carefully traced. The accounts of the schisms which have disturbed the harmony of the great body are made in a candid manner which is at the same time so free from all partisan spirit as to give no offense to any. The work is brought down to the present time.

A book§ has but recently been published composed of articles left in manuscript form by Bishop Haven at his death. It rings with the gladness of immortality. A deep sense of spirituality pervades all of its words, and the present life is made to appear beautiful and glorious, only because to the Christian it prefigures the life that is to be.

The testimony that is found in the Scriptures regarding the doctrine of the Holy Spirit has been gathered into a connected form and pre-

sented in a very clear manner in "*Vox Dei*."* The work is an earnest and a happy effort to help evangelical truth win the victory over its enemies in all disguises.

In a booklet entitled "Two Letters to a Minister,"† Bishop Vincent makes a close and able study of the teaching given by St. Paul to Timothy in his two Epistles to the latter. He shows that the great truths there taught are as applicable and as much needed at the present day as when they were written and points out the similarities in the conditions which existed in that time and those which exist now. A large space is devoted to a consideration of woman's place in the church and in the world, and shows a pronounced leaning toward the generally accepted literal meaning applied to the Apostle's words regarding this matter.

The secondary title of "The Holy Waiting"‡ fully explains the scope of the work: The Christian's Hand-Book in the Church of God and for Home Meditation and Prayer. To prepare one for the divine services of the Sabbath day so that the whole being—body, mind, and soul—may be fully attuned to the occasion is the object of the volume.

"Safe Counsel and Sweet Comfort"|| is a book of inspiring messages for young people. Its aim is to point out to them the kingdom of God, and to direct them how to become worthy members of that kingdom. It is clearly, forcibly, and eloquently written.

Plain practical talks on missionary work are given in the six lectures composing "The Holy Spirit in Missions."‡ The divine plan of carrying the Gospel to all mankind is pointed out. How best to accomplish this command, what preparation and administration are necessary, what fruit may be expected, and what prophecies believed are among the phases of the question discussed. An outline history of mission movements and brief biographies of the leading men engaged in the cause are presented.

"The Homiletical Commentary on the Book of Exodus"¶ deepens the favorable impression of the work made by the first volume which treated after the same manner the book of Genesis. The critical notes on each chapter are

* *Vox Dei*. By R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.B. \$1.00.—† *Two Letters to a Minister*. By Paul the Apostle. By Bishop John H. Vincent. 20 cts.—‡ *The Holy Waiting*. Prepared by Bishop John H. Vincent. 50 cts. New York: Hunt and Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis.

|| *Safe Counsel and Sweet Comfort*. By the Rev. C. C. Albertson.—‡ *The Holy Spirit in Missions*. By A. J. Gordon, D.D. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25.

¶ *Homiletic Commentary on the Book of Exodus*. By the Rev. J. S. Excell. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

* *People's Dictionary of the Bible*. Edited by Edwin W. Rice, D.D. Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union. 25 cts.

† *Laws of the Soul*. By M. W. Gifford, Ph.D. 75 cts.—

‡ *The Bible in the World's Education*. By Henry White Warren, S.T.D. \$1.00.—§ *Manual of Methodist Episcopal Church History*. By George L. Curtiss, M.D., D.D. \$1.75.—|| *Christus Consolator*. By Gilbert Haven. \$1.25.

followed by a fine analysis of the leading thought of each paragraph in the chapter; this in turn is succeeded by suggestive comments on the verses; and the study closes with a collection of impressive illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Personal Reminiscences of the War. By the Rev. J. D. Bloodgood, Ph.B. \$1.00.—The Galilean Gospel. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. 75 cts.—Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. A Symposium.—Work and Workers. Practical Suggestions for the Junior Epworth League. By Frederick S. Parkhurst, B.D. 40 cts.—The Witness of the World to Christ. By the Rev. W. A. Mathews, M.A. 90 cts.—The Master Sower. By the Rev. F. S. Davis, A.M. 75 cts.—The Prophecies of Daniel Expounded. By Milton S. Terry, S.T.D. 75 cts.—The Pentateuch and Isaiah. By Henry White Warren, D.D. 40 cts.—Seven Graded Sunday Schools. Edited by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut. 50 cts.—Four Won-

derful Years. A Sketch of the Origin, Growth, and Working Plans of the Epworth League. By Joseph F. Berry, D.D. 75 cts.—New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis.

How Should the English Language be Taught? Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Plain English. Cleveland, Ohio: Practical Text-Book Company.

Practical Lessons in Language. By Benjamin Y. Conklin. —Exercises in Greek Prose Composition. By William R. Harper, Ph.D., LL.D., and Clarence F. Castle, Ph.D. 75 cts.—A School History in the United States. By William Swinton. 90 cts.—Sohrab and Rustum. By Matthew Arnold. 20 cts.—The American Scholar, Self-Reliance, Compensation. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 20 cts. New York: American Book Company.

The Picturesque Geographical Readers. Fourth Book, Part II. By Charles F. King. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 64 cts.

Picturesque Chicago and Guide to the World's Fair. Hartford, Conn.: D. S. Mosely.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR AUGUST, 1893.

HOME NEWS.—August 1. Opening Day of the twentieth annual Assembly at Chautauqua. —The first annual convention of the American Bimetallic League opens in Chicago.—Paid admissions for first half of the Exposition, 6,485,121.

August 2. Five World's Fair directors fined \$1,000 each for contempt of court in opening the World's Fair on Sunday.—Gold reserve in the United States treasury above the limit, reaching \$100,791,370.

August 6. The period within which pensioners whose pensions have been suspended may prove their right to receive them, extended to October 10.

August 7. Extra session of Congress assembled in response to call of the president.—\$1,500,000 in gold brought from Europe by the *Umbria*.

August 8. Third annual convention of the surgeons of the National Guards of the United States begins in Chicago.

August 10. One death from cholera on the steamer *Karamania* in quarantine at New York.

August 12. Launching of the commerce-destroyer, *Minneapolis*, at Cramps' shipyard, Philadelphia.—The Supreme Court decides in favor of the Republicans in the Rhode Island legislative controversy.

August 13. A \$2,000,000 fire in Minneapolis; 1,500 people made homeless.

August 21. Many iron mills in and near Pittsburgh resume operations.—Live stock exhibit at the World's Fair opened to the public.

FOREIGN NEWS.—August 1. Siam gives the

guarantees demanded by France for the fulfillment of the terms of the ultimatum.

August 4. Financial panic in Costa Rica on account of the condition of the silver market.

August 6. Delegates from sixteen countries attend the opening of the International Socialistic Congress at Zurich.

August 8. Debate on the silver-question in the House of Commons.—Emperor William enthusiastically received at Heligoland.

August 9. Amendment to the Home Rule bill, limiting the voting power of Irish members to be retained in the Imperial Parliament, defeated in the House of Commons. The Parnellite convention in Dublin declare against the bill on account of these restrictions.

August 10. Order completely restored in Samoa; Mataafa exiled to Union Islands.

August 12. Survivors of the *Victoria* arrive at Portsmouth, England.—Riots between Hindoos and Mohammedans in Bombay.

August 13. A new ministry formed in the Argentine Republic.

August 16. Death of Dr. Charcot, the eminent French physician.

August 18. Cholera situation in Naples improving; seventy-one deaths in the last week.

August 19. Critical situation in the mining districts of Wales, trouble with the strikers feared.

August 21. The Republicans gained sixty-three seats in the French elections; 155 districts will rebalot.—Unveiling in Edinburgh of the statue of Abraham Lincoln, erected as a memorial to the Scottish-American soldiers of the American Civil War.

